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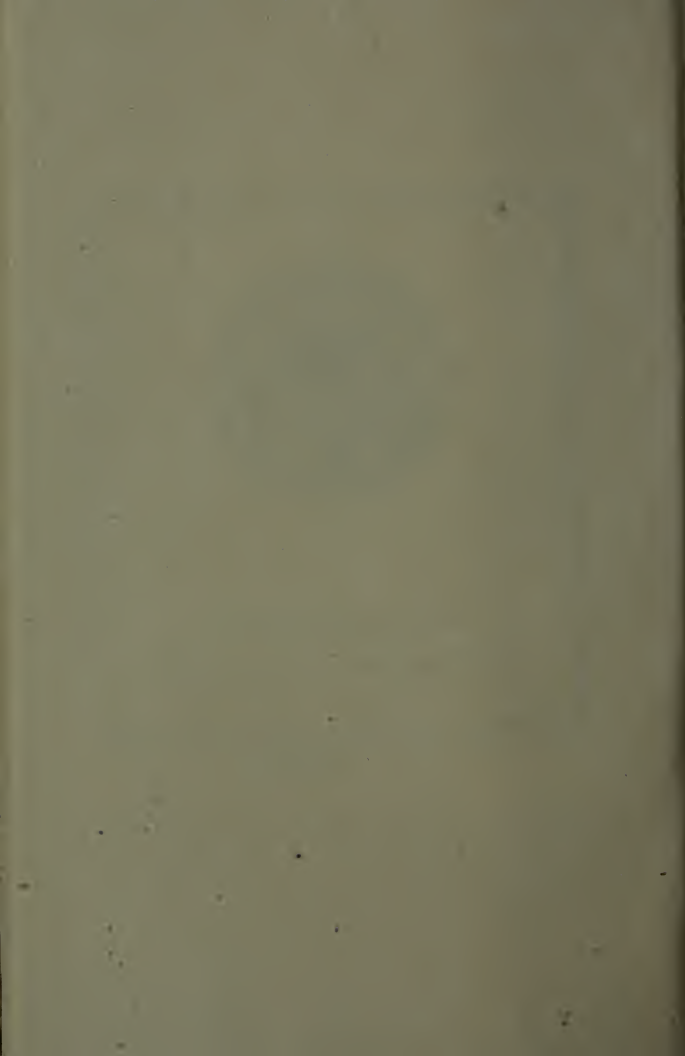
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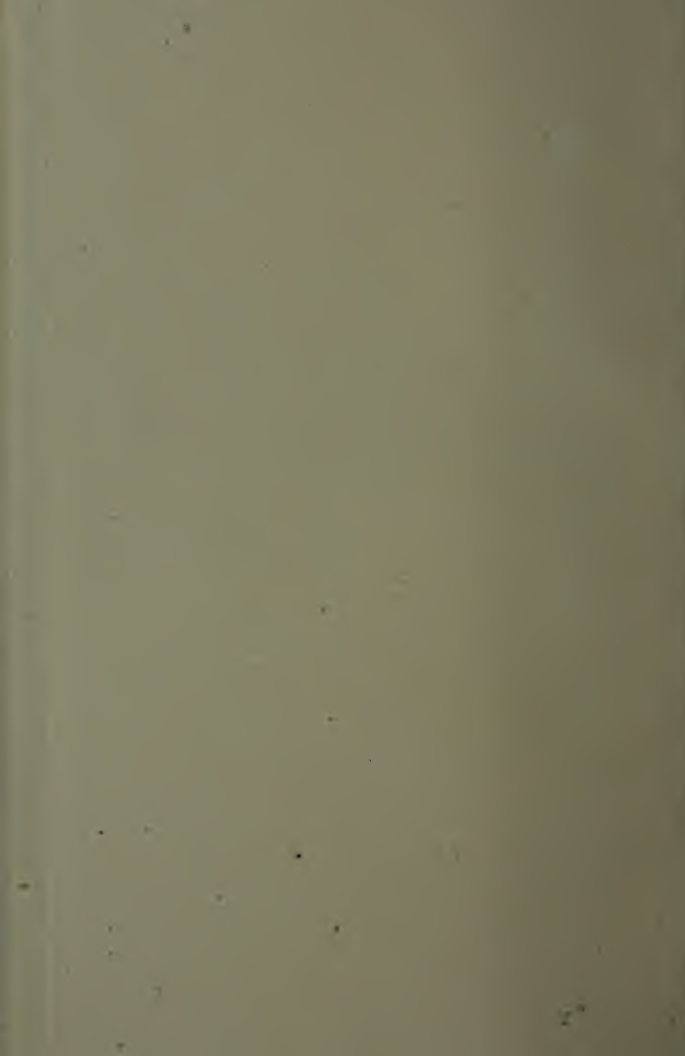
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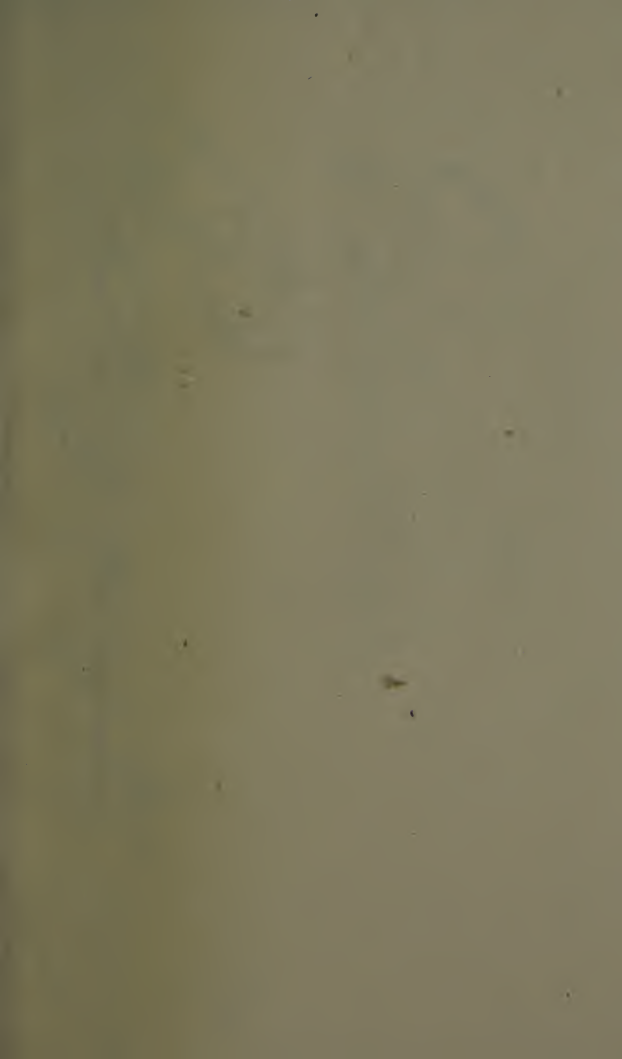


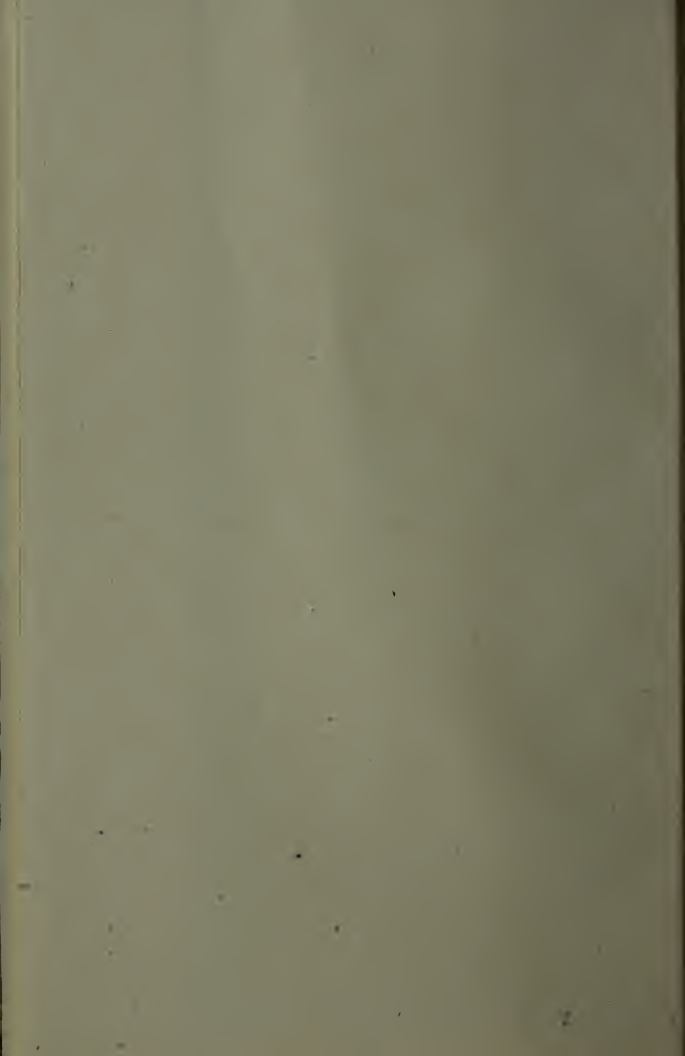
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THE
AMERICAN JEST BOOK,

BEING

A CHASTE COLLECTION

OF

ANECDOTES, BON MOTS, AND EPIGRAMS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

FOR

THE AMUSEMENT

OF

THE YOUNG AND OLD OF BOTH SEXES:

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE AMERICAN CHESTERFIELD.

Ride si sapis.

PHILADELPHIA:
HOGAN & THOMPSON.
Pittsburg—D. M. HOGAN.

1833.

W. H. Howe

Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year
1832, by J. Howe, in the clerk's office of the District
Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

. Editors of newspapers are permitted to make extracts
from this work, on condition that they affix the title,
"American Jest Book."

TO THE READER.

It is a remarkable fact, that no book of this description has ever yet continued long a universal favourite with the public. An inquiry into the cause of this repeated failure, may not be wholly unprofitable; nor will it be very difficult, the author of this little volume presumes, to assign a reason. Each succeeding book of anecdotes has been almost entirely a transcript of its predecessors; which would, of itself, be sufficient to blunt the edge of curiosity, and cloy the appetite of the fondest votary of humour: but, when the species of materials, of which they are in a great measure composed, is considered, by a mind even not morbidly sensitive to the perception of impropriety, the question is easily solved. The *point* of a large majority of the anecdotes and bon mots, hitherto offered to the public, in such compilations, rests merely upon oaths, upon indelicate and indecent allusions; upon a man being at one time transformed into the hackneyed character of a goose, or an ass: the domestic and professional relations of life, also, have been, for centuries, a standing jest; the husband is generally embellished with a pair of horns, the wife arrayed in a pair of breeches; the doctor is in league with the undertaker, the

attorney with the devil ; the clergyman is looking after his tythe-pig, and the taylor after his cabbage. Indeed, not a single volume, in the form of a Jest Book, has ever yet been published, that was fit to be read by any female without a blush, nor by young persons, of either sex, without some injury to their morals.

The present volume professes to be superior, in every respect, to any of the kind that has ever yet been published. Many of the best anecdotes, which it contains, are original, and never before have met the public eye ; most of the remainder are selected from various sources, such as Barrington, Kelly, and Bernard ; and those which have already appeared in similar volumes, have been admitted on account of their possessing a more than ordinary degree of merit. Its aim is to combine wit and humour, without indelicacy ; to excite pleasure in the mind, without leaving an injurious impression on the heart.

THE AMERICAN JEST-BOOK.

MICHAEL M'SHERRY.

ABOUT fifty years ago, the ship Franklin arrived at Philadelphia from Londonderry, with an assorted cargo of live stock, then known by the designation of Redemptioners. One of these, a robust-made, strapping young fellow, called Michael M'Sherry, was selected on board the vessel in the Delaware, and purchased from the captain, by a full-fed, round-shouldered Dutch agriculturalist, named Simon Stover. Simon was particularly fond of a *leetle sweet vine*, and also a *leetle goot branty-vine*, when he met with any clever merchant in Third street, who would give him a *treat*; and even at his own expense, he generally indulged himself in the morning with a *nishe treenk* of some kind of spirits, made more palatable with a beaten egg. Mr. Stover was well pleased with the appearance of his *Irisher*, and, having equipped him in a decent new suit of habiliments, took his departure one afternoon, in a gig, and after repeated libations, they both arrived safe at the little town of Darby, where they slept. Next morning, after some egg-nog and bitters, they started again, and M'Sherry, being by this time pretty well acquainted with the peculiarities of his German companion, thought it would be no difficult matter, and no sin, not only to obtain his liberty in this land of freedom, but also to put a little money into his pocket, to help him along the road. When Mr. Stover had slaked his thirst so frequently as to render him completely insensible to what was passing around him, his man Mike drove off the high road into a lane, and, having encased

himself in the Dutchman's broad-brimmed hat, coat, and boots, replaced his own shoes, coat, and hat, in exchange, and thus metamorphosed, they arrived at one of the inns at Chester, a little after dark, M'Sherry passing himself as the master, and the Dutch farmer as the man. It was no easy matter to get Mr. Stover carried up stairs, to bed; however, there he was at length deposited; M'Sherry all the while cursing his ill-luck, in having laid out his money upon such a drunken hog of a Dutch Redemptioner, and offering to dispose of him to any person who would be bothered with him, for half his cost. He was not long without a purchaser. A bargain was shortly struck; one hundred dollars was paid down for him, by the landlord himself. M'Sherry was up before day the next morning, and while the horse was putting into the gig, he told the new master that the first thing Simon Stover would call for would be *egg-nog*.—Away goes M'Sherry, in the Dutchman's gig, and the hundred dollars in his pocket; and the landlord had scarcely got back to his bar-room, when the floor overhead was violently disturbed, by Mr. Stover striking it repeatedly with the leg of a chair, while he lay enjoying himself in his bed.—“What do you make such a rumpus for, you lazy scoundrel?” exclaimed the landlord, on entering the room. “Get up, in the twinkling of a bed-post, and come down stairs to your work; I have bought you from your master, and will make you know your business ere long.”—“Some egg-nog—some egg-nog, landlord—bring me some hot egg-nog!”—“I'll egg-nog you! you drunken rascal,” replied the landlord; and, going down to the bar-room, he returned with a tremendous wagon-whip, with which he laid on poor Simon's back and shoulders, as if he had been a stalled horse on a township road.—“I'll egg-nog you, you beast of a Dutchman; I'll take the worth of my hundred dollars out of your lazy carcass, or my name's not Jim!” The Dutchman, continuing to vociferate for his egg-nog, and to threaten vengeance upon the whole house, was tied fast to the bedstead, and at length becoming

partly sober, was made to understand the transfer that had been negotiated, and began to perceive the trick that had been played upon him by his man Mike; and it was not until after repeated asseverations of *his* being the real master, and the Irishman the redemptioner, that the landlord was persuaded to ride into Philadelphia, and bring out a respectable merchant, who recognized the unfortunate detenu as Mr. Simon Stover, an old and wealthy inhabitant of Frederick county, Maryland, whose only failing was his too frequently moistening his clay. To conclude, Michael drove somewhere into the western part of Pennsylvania, married a fine, bouncing girl, (the only daughter of a rich farmer) who could vault over a five-railed fence, cradle two acres of wheat before dinner, and carry a barrel of flour on one shoulder across the threshing-floor; became a proprietor of land himself, and dying full of years and *honor*, left a considerable estate to his wife and the young M'Sherrys.



THE BULL-FROG.

THERE once lived in Charleston, a family named Frog, and the father and mother carried their infant son to one of the churches, to have it baptized.—“What is the name of the child?” asked the minister, at the same time taking up a handful of water, ready to pour upon the infant’s face—“In troth,” replied the father, “we hav’nt yet made up our minds on that particular, and don’t know well what to call it!” “Och,” says the facetious Judge Burke, who happened to be present, “Sure, there’s his honor, Judge Bull, is a very good friend of yours; suppose, Dennis, you call him after the Judge.”—“With all my heart,” replied the father; “be it so;” and the clergyman instantly pouring the water upon the child’s face, and repeating the name, the unconscious parents found that their darling baby was neither more nor less than a *Bull Frog*.



JUDGE BURKE, however, himself, by the hurried manner in which he was accustomed to attend to his

own personal concerns, sometimes brought the laugh against himself. It is the practice in South Carolina for the judges and members of the bar to wear black gowns in court. The Judge's wife usually wore a dress of the same material and color, and one morning, when his honor had taken his seat upon the bench, enrobed, as he thought, in his official toga, and was beginning to address the grand jury of one of the counties of the interior, he was not a little surprised and disconcerted to find the whole auditory—jurymen, barristers, tipstaff, and all—burst into a loud laugh, at the ridiculous figure of the Judge, who, instead of his own proper gown, sat solemnly arrayed in his wife's black petticoat, with his arms stuck out through the pocket-holes; he having in a mistake packed up that feminine garment in his trunk, at Charleston, instead of his own.



RETURN JONATHAN.

TALKING of *names*, every one knows that the late postmaster-general of the United States was *Return Jonathan Meigs*. His father, Mr. Jonathan Meigs, was one of the society of Friends, and accordingly, when he wanted a wife, he paid his addresses to a young quaker. The girl was willing enough, as indeed is generally the case when the question is put in real earnest, but her mother was a woman of the old school, and, wishing to saddle her daughter's inamorata with sundry tedious and disagreeable preliminaries, to which he would not accede, she one day gave him his dismissal. The daughter began to sob aloud, the mother began to soften, and before the young Strephon had reached the outer gate, the old lady threw up the parlour-window, and, at the top of her shrill voice, called out, "*Return, Jonathan! thee shall have my daughter!*"—Jonathan did accordingly measure back his steps, and, in remembrance of the happy invitation, called his first son *Return Jonathan Meigs*.

DR. PHILIP SYNG PHYSIC, the celebrated anatomist of Philadelphia, some years ago wrote a book on the subject of his profession, which, having been translated into French, at Paris, was published there as the work of "Philip Syng, Physician of Philadelphia."



ON another occasion, one of the French literati exhibited an admirable knowledge of the English idiom, when, coming to a passage in an American volume of travels, in which the author mentions, that in order to mark his journey through a certain forest, he had *blazed* the trees, (meaning that he had pared off the bark on one side with an axe) he rendered the expression so as to read that "he had *set fire* to the forest."



A FELLOW in the Mayor's Court of Philadelphia, was called on to plead to an indictment, and to hold up his hand. He held up his *left*; upon which he was ordered by the clerk to hold up his *right* hand. "I am *left-handed*," said the culprit.



SPOUTING IRISH.

THE father of the vice-president of the United States, old Mr. Calhoun, was a native of Ireland, none of your harebrained, hot-headed nullifiers, but a cool, steady, plain-spoken, matter-of-fact man, who wished business done in a straight-forward, intelligible manner. He was a member of the legislature of South Carolina, and was much annoyed by the perpetual introduction of classical quotations, with which the young broad-cloth collegians affected to illustrate their fancy speeches. He determined to put an end to such interpolations, and in replying one day, "Mr. Speaker," said he, "the gentleman is very fond of interlarding his speeches with the *Lettin* tongue, which I suppose few of the members of this assembly understand any more than myself. I give him warning, therefore, that if he don't quit spouting his *Lettin*, I'll spout my *Irish*, and then let me see whether

he'll be able to understand *that* or not." This threat had the desired effect, and Mr. Calhoun was little annoyed with learned quotations during the remainder of the session, which was much shortened by the reformation.



THE same gentleman was greatly troubled also by a motion that was brought forward by some fashionable innovator, to change the name of the town called *Ninety-Six*, to *Columbia*. It was a pity, he said, and a crying sin, to make any alteration in the name of that ancient settlement, "for, turn it which way you will," said he, "it is 96 still."



THE first of those two anecdotes, in which Mr. Calhoun is the hero, reminds me of a scene that occurred between two celebrated individuals in Europe.

Father O'Leary told me, (says Michael Kelly in his *Reminiscences*) of the whimsical triumph which he once enjoyed over Dr. Johnson. O'Leary was very anxious to be introduced to the learned man, and Mr. Murphy took him one morning to the Doctor's lodgings. On his entering the room, the Doctor viewed him from top to toe, without taking any further notice of him; at length, darting one of his sourest looks at him, he spoke to him in the Hebrew language, to which O'Leary made no reply. Upon which the Doctor said to him, "Why do you not answer me, Sir?" "Faith, Sir," said O'Leary, "I cannot reply to you, because I don't understand the language in which you addressed me." Upon this, the Doctor, with a contemptuous sneer, said to Murphy, "Why, Sir, this is a pretty fellow you have brought hither! Sir, he does not comprehend the primitive language." O'Leary immediately bowed very low, and complimented the Doctor with a long speech in Irish, to which the Doctor, not understanding a word, made no reply, but looked at Murphy. O'Leary, seeing that the Doctor was puzzled at hearing a language of which he was ignorant, said to Murphy, pointing

to the Doctor, "This is a pretty fellow to whom you have brought me! Sir, he does not understand the language of the sister kingdom." The Reverend Padre then made the Doctor a low bow, and quitted the room.



THE horrible atrocities practised by the Spanish ecclesiastics against the amiable and simple inhabitants of the new world, shortly after its discovery by Columbus, are familiar to every one. "Are there any *Spaniards* in that Heaven which you promise us as the reward of our becoming Christians?" exclaimed a native of Cuba, to a fanatic priest. "If there are, we desire not to follow them."



A FARMER having made sale of his plantation near Pittsburg, the purchaser, to be certain that he got the worth of his money, had it re-surveyed; when lo! it was found to measure much more than it appeared to contain on its first settlement by the vendor. Expressing his wonder at so material an increase, an Irish laborer who was standing by, said there was nothing wonderful in the thing at all, for sure it must have *tramped out* in the long spell of rain.



BILLY M'GLAZY.

AN Irishman who had happened to take a glass too much, wandered one afternoon into a tunnel near Pottsville, and fell asleep. Awaking in the night and finding all in perfect silence and utter darkness, he concluded that he had departed this life, and become a tenant of the other world. He cared little about the dying, knowing it was what every one must come to, some time or another, took a cursory retrospect of the many happy *sprees* he had witnessed when a mortal, and only regretted he had not had an opportunity of getting rid of a few of his worst sins, by the absolution of a priest. He would have given all the clothes on his back, for a half hour's communication with Father Meekin. In the midst of his reverie, he heard the trampling of feet, and presently

beheld moving towards him a number of lights, carried by the workmen returning to their daily task. The poor fellow began to tremble violently, and bel-
lowed so as to make the whole cavity resound. He
thought the devil and his imps were coming to begin
his torment; and to avoid the terrific sight, he closed
his eyes. Presently he received a violent shake, and
was saluted with an "*horrah!* stranger, what are yes
doing here, and what in the name of the virgin are
ye?" "Och, Sir, dear," replied the shivering Hiber-
nian, "sure am'n't I a *corpse* now? but when I was
living, my name was Billy M'Glazy, and I was by
trade a *waver*."



THE democratic spirit at one period flourished so
much in its purity in the little state of Delaware, that
every foreigner, immediately after being blessed with
putting his foot upon the soil, was gifted with the
elective franchise, or, to speak in plainer English, was
allowed to vote at the general election. In the midst
of a hot contest between the two political parties, a
passenger-vessel happened to arrive at Newcastle
with a full cargo of the raw material, consisting of
several hundred "go the whole" republicans from the
North of Ireland. The struggle was of course be-
tween the *ins* and the *outs*; and the friends of the
former party having laid hold of a sturdy Hibernian
the moment he had landed, and primed him well with
a glass of good whiskey, expected, as a matter of
course, to procure his vote in favor of the *government*
candidate. But they were mistaken as to the politi-
cal notions of the new citizen: he begged them in-
stantly to unhand him, swore he was a *patriot*, that
he always voted *against the government*, and that he
was proud to say that all his generation had done the
same, since the time of the flood.



CARPERE ET COLLIGERE.

WHEN the proprietor first published his "Museum,"
in Philadelphia, by way of helping it along in the
world, he employed as the conductor, at a very con-

siderable expense, the editor of a *Gazette* which had an extensive circulation; expecting, as a matter of course, that the gentleman would seize every favorable opportunity of giving it a *review* in the columns of his newspaper; a sort of thing now looked upon by the booksellers as “a regular business transaction.” The motto chosen for the title-page was *Carpere et Colligere*; which means literally to “cull and to collect.” A wag, who was well acquainted with the doings of the aforesaid editor, supplied the ellipsis by a very obvious interlineation, so that the motto read thus:—

cives pecuniam.
Carpere Δ et Colligere Δ

To pluck the citizens, and collect money.



MENS CONSCIA RECTI.

THERE are in all professions certain queer fellows, who manage to get forward in the world by some out-of-the-way manner of recommending themselves to public notice. There lived in a certain city of the United States, a maker of shoes, who, in order to draw off the customers of a rival residing at the opposite side of the street, inscribed upon his sign the Latin words,

Mens conscia recti,

which, being translated, signify, “*a mind conscious of honesty.*”—This learned motto produced the desired effect. The young Corinthians concluded that the *conscia recti* were a new sort of shoes, of the very latest London or Parisian cut, and flocked to his shop for them in dozens. His opponent’s customers dropped off one after another, until the unhappy Jobson feared he would have to give up the ship. A lucky thought, however, one day, struck him. He was determined to offer for sale the same article to suit *both* the sexes, ladies as well as gentlemen; and the next Monday morning the front of his shop was emblazoned with a flaming new sign, bearing the inscription—

Men’s and Women’s Conscia Recti.

The battle speedily turned in his favor. His shop was soon crowded with all the fashionable females of the city; the exquisites flocked to the same shop, to meet the ladies, and in a short time the artist who offered for sale only the *men's* conscia recti, was compelled to haul down his flag.



LAUREL HILL.

A FEW miles from Philadelphia, there is a beautiful country-seat, called *Laurel Hill*, much frequented as a public place of amusement. On the panel of a coach which runs thither from the city, are inscribed, in most curious orthography, the words *Lorrel Hill*; which caused the facetious editor of the United States Gazette to remark in his paper, that there was but little *birch* in the place where that laurel grew.



THE THREE R'S.

A LATE alderman of the city of Philadelphia, who had amassed a large fortune from a slender beginning, and wished to be thought one of the *literati*, gave one evening, at a large party, as a toast, "*The Three R's*." The toast having been drunk, one of the company begged the worthy magistrate to explain what he meant by the Three R's.—"Reading, Riting, and Rathmatic," replied the learned gentleman.



FAMILY GOUT.

THE same alderman, desiring to be considered a man of some blood, went to the coffee-room with one of his shoes down at the heel, and seemingly much distressed by a lameness.—"Dear me, Alderman," said a neighbour, "what is the matter with you? what makes you hobble so? I hope you hav'nt hurt your foot." "'Tis only the *gout*," replied the Alderman: "the complaint is *heradditary* in my family; my *wife's* *uncle* died of it."



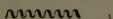
A GENTLEMAN, dining at Barnum's hotel, in Baltimore, wanted some bread, and laid hold of a large

chunk, intending to cut off a slice; when his neighbour promptly exclaimed, "*That's my bread, sir.*"—"Oh, I beg pardon," replied the other, "I really thought, Sir, it was the *loaf.*"



THE COUNTRY POSTMASTER.

A GENTLEMAN, travelling from Harrisburg to Reading in the stage-coach, chose to sit outside with the driver, who seemed a man of some smartness and intelligence. He changed the mail several times on the journey, and, amongst other places, stopped at a post-office in a small village in Lebanon county, where he and the postmaster had some high words, and the driver came out of the house in a temper which indicated anything but a good feeling between the parties. The driver at length mounted the box, and, shaking his head significantly towards the post-office, he said, "That fellow had better do nothing to disoblige *me*: he *can't read*, and if he quarrels with me, he will have no one to sort the letters for him."



THE IRISH NEGRO.

It is but little known in the United States, that in the island of St. Thomas the Irish language is a good deal spoken, even amongst the blacks. A passenger-vessel having arrived at New-York, at a time when the weather was excessively hot, happened to moor next to a schooner from that island; and one day, when a sturdy Hibernian was landing with his family, he was not a little surprised to hear his native Gaelic spoken fluently by some men standing on the wharf, whose complexion was none of the fairest, and whose heads were rather more lanigerous than he had been accustomed to see in the Emerald Isle.—"Arrah," says Paddy, to the man next him, "how long are you in the country, friend?" (supposing him to be from the land of potatoes, like himself).—"Only three days," replied the negro; "we reached this port on Monday last."—"Holy virgin!" exclaimed the affrighted emigrant, looking pitifully at his wife and children—

"Only three days in the country, Judy, and turned as black as my hat! Och! that we were safe in ould Ireland again!"



A CONVERSATION occurred between two persons, as to the comparative expense of fuel in America and France. The American said that he had a family of ten persons, and that his firing cost him at least one hundred dollars a year. "By gar, that is ver grate deal," observed the Frenchman. "I be burn this house and all your family, in my contree, for half that sum."



FIERI FACIAS.

SOME years ago, during one of those extensive conflagrations that have so frequently desolated Savannah, a troop of volunteer cavalry was stationed in various places of the city, to prevent plunder. "This is a *judgment*," observed the president of the county court, looking around with a countenance full of trepidation and awe. "I rather think, Sir," replied the sheriff, who rode next him, "it is a *fieri facias*."



OPEN HOUSE.

AT one period, when the western parts of Pennsylvania were much more thinly inhabited than at the present day, and but few able lawyers resided therein, the late Mr. Dallas, and another eminent member of the Philadelphia bar, were specially retained to conduct an important ejectment suit, in that quarter. Inns being then but few and far between, the two lawyers were frequently compelled to put up with sorry lodging. In one instance, they were stowed away in a garret, floored with loose clapboards, between which a citizen of slender dimensions might easily have descended to the lower regions; and the house, which was recently built of logs, was not yet *stopped* with clay, an operation which is generally deferred until a perfectly convenient opportunity permits. In the morning, the two travellers proceeded

on their journey, and Mr. Dallas, less habituated than his more hardy companion to such rustic accommodation, continued to ride forward, and, feeling rather uncomfortable, uttered not a word. "I say, Dallas," vociferated his companion, "why so chop-fallen this morning? what is the matter with you?" "Oh, nothing," replied the shivering barrister, "only I see that they keep *open house* in this part of the country."



JUDGE HALLOWELL.

AT the last March term of the District Court of the City of Philadelphia, one of the council, as is too frequently the case, indulged himself in disparaging observations upon the opposite party, who happened then to be a justice of the peace, but had formerly been something of a travelling merchant, vulgarly denominated a tin-pedlar. At the Philadelphia bar, as at all other bars in the United States, several of the lawyers had originally been brought up to other professions, and, amongst the number, at least one gentleman had served a regular apprenticeship as a working tailor; and the advocate himself, who had sneeringly commented upon the former calling of the plaintiff, was the son of a wealthy clothier, who had given him a collegiate education, and thus enabled him to use advantageously his natural talent for public speaking. Ned I——n was in this case employed on the other side, and, as he usually indulges himself to rather unwarrantable lengths in cracking his jokes upon all that come in his way, he thought the present too legitimate an opportunity to be passed by without some remark. "I don't like these illiberal observations," said he, "upon certain professions. One trade is as good as another. It is no *joke*, at the *Philadelphia* bar, for instance, to say that a *tailor* is only the ninth part of a man. A tailor, gentlemen, in Pennsylvania, may become a lawyer, and an eminent one too: he may even become a judge, and sit upon the bench." "Yes," said Judge Hallowell, in his good-humored way; "he can *try a suit*."

A LITTLE boy in Philadelphia, about two years of age, one night saying his prayers as usual, having put up his supplications for all his relations, not forgetting Nancy and Jane, (two white servants of the family) turned round his head, and with the utmost sang froid and sincerity, said to a negro girl who was standing by, "there is *no use* in praying for *you*, Minta, for God does not let any *black people* into Heaven."



THE LOTTERY TICKET.

AN Irishman once purchased a share of a lottery ticket in New York, for which he paid two dollars. Afterwards, when inquiring its fate, he was informed at the office that his ticket had drawn a handsome prize, and the proceeds were accordingly paid to him, amounting to one dollar and fifty cents. "Oh how lucky," exclaimed Pat, "that I didn't draw the *high* prize, kaze if I had, I would have been wholly ruined!"



PROFIT AND LOSS.

A SHOP-KEEPER in Boston, who pretended to sell goods extremely low, made a practice of telling the purchasers that he lost money by every article he sold. "I wonder much," says one of his customers, "that you continue in so bad a line of business." "Oh," replied the shop-keeper, "I couldn't stand it at all, only *I do so much of it.*"



AN awkward servant, handing a plate to a gentleman at the City Hotel in New-York, spilled some of the gravy upon his clothes, and immediately cried out, "*Take care, Sir!*" "Why, you rascal," exclaimed the gentleman, who thought he had suffered enough from the fellow's negligence, "*are you going to do it again?*"



BUTTON-HOLES ON BOTH SIDES.

A GENTLEMAN in Charleston, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a black fellow as an attendant, who was a native of Africa, and never

could be taught to hand things invariably to the *left* hand of the guests at table. At length, his master thought of an infallible expedient to direct him, and as the coats were then worn in Charleston *single-breasted*, in the present Quaker fashion, he told Sambo always to hand the plate, &c. to the *button-hole* side. Unfortunately, however, for the poor negro, on the day after he had received this ingenious lesson, there was amongst the guests at dinner a foreign gentleman with a *double-breasted* coat, and Sambo was for a while completely at a stand. He looked first at one side of the gentleman's coat, then at the other, and finally, quite confounded by the outlandish make of the stranger's garment, he cast a despairing look at his master, and exclaiming in a loud voice, "Button-holes at *both* sides, massa," handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.



TRIAL BY PEERS.

THE bridge over the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, leading from Market Street to Hamilton Village, owes its erection chiefly to the exertions of the late Judge Peters. One day, when the Judge was standing on the bank, watching the progress of the workmen, an acquaintance of his, being rather skeptical as to the ultimate practicability of the undertaking, asked the judge, did he really think that his bridge would stand against the freshets of that impetuous river; when the latter, pointing to the solid masonry upon which was to rest the wooden superstructure, replied, "I am willing, Sir, to be tried by my *piers*."



THE ISLAND OF SOAP.

JUDGE PETERS was an habitual jester, and of course every one considered him as a fair subject to be made a *butt* of. "Did you hear, Judge," said an intimate acquaintance, as he was one day riding into the city from Bellevue, "*of the island of soap*, which has lately risen in the Atlantic, more than a mile long?" "No," replied the Judge, "I didn't;" and he continued to ride for some time silently ahead. "What is

the matter, Judge? why are you silent, Sir?" "I was only thinking," rejoined he, "how much *ley* it would require to make so large a quantity of soap!"



THE FIRST CIRCLE.

IN the city of Philadelphia, there is a number of families who arrogate to themselves a species of conventional nobility, and denominate themselves the exclusives,* or *first circle*. For the most part, they are distinguished for nothing except their wealth, and many of them would blush deeply if they could discover the several callings of their respective ancestors, two generations back. They are great sticklers for etiquette, and have frequent occasions to put this in practice, at their periodical dancing assemblies. One night, there was unusual difficulty in settling the precedence of rank, so as to arrange the ladies in the dance. Some alleged that *their* families were the *richest*, some that theirs were the *oldest*, and not a few claimed kindred with the nobility of England, (a notion which is regularly indulged in the great cities of the United States, when there exists a similarity of names,) and insisted that *they* were entitled to the *first* places in the dance, according to the table of precedence established at the court of St. James' at London.—Judge Peters being fortunately present, proposed a mode by which the question was soon set at rest, and the disputants silenced for the remainder of the night.—“Send to the proper office at the State-House,” said he, “and find out which of your ancestors was *first transported* to the United States.”



THE BIRTH-NIGHT BALL.

DURING the presidency of Washington, when that heroic patriot resided in Philadelphia, his Birth-Night Balls, on the 22d of February, were observed with singular enthusiasm and splendor, and attended by all

* It is said that a select party of females, of a *certain character*, who frequent the pit of the Chesnut-street Theatre, arrogate to themselves the denomination of *The Exclusives*.

the noble families in town. Their pride, however, one night experienced a most lamentable shock. The most fashionable hair-dressers in the city, at that period, were a Mr. K—d and his lady; and these personages having, by some means, obtained tickets from the managers for the birth-night *exclusive* ball, and cleansed themselves from their powder and pomatum, appeared there *in propriis personis*, after the labors of the day, attired, in every particular, *à la mode*. Mr. K. was armed with a *chapeau de bras*, and a small-sword; and, had it not been for the latter unfortunately tripping him as he passed along the ball-room, he might not probably have been recognized. This accident, however, drew a crowd of gentlemen around him, and being discovered, particularly from the strong scent of musk, he was ordered out, and immediately withdrew. Next came his lady, not in the least disconcerted by the incident which had befallen her detrudded lord. She was both young and handsome, was much admired by the young exquisites, who sighed for an opportunity of an introduction, when (*miserabile dictu!*) a certain lady, whose hair had that afternoon been put in buckle by Mrs. K. screamed aloud, and fell in a swoon upon the floor! The hair-dresser's wife then "stood confessed," and the managers were ordered to intimate to her that she had better return to her *boutique*. Mr. S—— K—— was deputed to execute this ungracious ~~deed~~, and having, in the gentlest and politest manner imaginable, signified to her the pleasure of the company, the lady, instead of gently complying, flew at Mr. S. like a wild-cat, and with her nails depicted upon his face something resembling the map of Pennsylvania, with the "red ink" which flowed in copious streams therefrom. Mr. S. being thus rendered *hors de combat*, retired from the field of battle; and it required the remaining four managers, with all their physical ability, to convey the fair intruder in their arms to the foot of the stairs.

THE WHISKERS.

It has become customary, in Philadelphia, for students of law, before they make their appearance at the bar, to divest themselves of their whiskers, in order to assume a more clerical and business-like air. A Mr. J. who had, the preceding winter, at the cotillion parties, been not the less admired by the ladies for a formidable appendage of that kind to his juvenile chin, having passed the usual examination, determined to put *his* also upon the peace establishment, and certainly was much altered in countenance by the operation. An acquaintance meeting him shortly afterwards, remarked, that he supposed he had taken off his whiskers to make himself look *modest*.—"Not at all, Sir," replied the young barrister, "I think it is one of the most *barefaced* acts that a person can be guilty of!"



THE QUART BOTTLE.

A MOUNTEBANK in England, wishing to profit by the extreme credulity of the common people, hired a theatre, and advertised that he would, for the public amusement, put himself into a quart bottle. The theatre was soon crowded, and the spectators were waiting, in breathless expectation, the performance of so miraculous a feat, when the showman, with the utmost *sang froid*, and appearance of honorable intention, appeared upon the stage, apologized for his inability, owing to some unavoidable disaster, to gratify them on *that* night, by putting himself into a quart bottle, as he had announced; but, as a compensation for their disappointment, and as an evidence of his gratitude for the honor conferred upon him by their patronage, he announced that if they would favor him with their company on the *following* night, he would put himself into a *pint*.—After some slight indications of displeasure, the spectators gave three cheers, and dispersed, with a design of attending the theatre according to invitation; but when they again assembled, they were informed that the fellow had decamped.

THE SCOTCH DINNER.

AN Englishman invited a friend from the land of cakes to dinner. The eatables were boiled beef, cabbage, and potatoes. The host apologized to the Scotchman for the simple fare, when the latter requested he would make himself easy: "it is just such as I am used to at hame," said he, "*a' but the beef.*"



THE SWEEP'S SON.

A MECHANIC, passing along with his saw and axe in his hand, espied a master-sweep talking familiarly to a smart-looking boy.—"Is that boy your son?" inquired the mechanic.—"Yes," replied the other, "he is."—"You don't surely intend making a sweep of that fine little fellow, do you?"—"If he *behaves* himself *well*," rejoined the father, "I shall; but if he is not a good boy, I will bind him apprentice to a *carpenter*, or some such trade."



THE CORK LEG.

A GENTLEMAN in Charleston conceived a very great liking to a young lady from Ireland, and was on the eve of popping the question, when he was told by a friend that his *dulcinea* had got a *cork leg*. It is difficult to imagine the distress of the young Carolinian: he was over head and ears in love with her, and would rather have parted with a dozen of the best negroes on his plantation, than give her up. He went to her father's house, knocked impatiently at the door, and when admitted to his fair one's presence, asked her if what he had heard respecting her was true. "Yes, indeed, my dear sir, it is true enough: but you have heard only the half of my misfortune; I have got *two* cork legs; having had the ill luck to be *born in Cork.*" This is the incident on which is founded Hart's afterpiece called Perfection.

THE IRISHMAN IN AMERICA.

AN Irishman, on sailing from his own country for America, promised some of his friends that he would send word to them after his arrival, what sort of a place it was to live in. He landed at Philadelphia, and lost no time in making himself acquainted with the statistics of the country. He was delighted with the account he heard of every thing, and doubted not that his report would be highly encouraging to his countrymen at home. "It's the finest country on the face of the earth," says he, in a letter to one of his relations. "It's the very place for an Irishman to live in. Whiskey's only a hapenny a glass, and there hasn't been a man hung in this county for twenty years."



THE PATIENT SHOP-KEEPER.

IN days of yore, there lived in Chester, in the state of Pennsylvania, an old gentleman who kept a dry-goods store, and was remarkable for his imperturbable disposition, so much so that no one had ever seen him out of temper. This remarkable characteristic having become the subject of conversation, one of his neighbours, who was something of a wag, bet five dollars that *he* could succeed in ruffling the habitual placidity of the stoic. He accordingly proceeded to his store, and asked to see some cloths suitable for a coat. One piece was shown to him, and then another; a third and a fourth were handed from the shelves: *this* was too coarse, *the other* was too fine; one was of too dark a colour, another too light; still, the old Diogenes continued placid as new-milk, and no sooner did his customer start an objection to any particular piece, than he was met by some other variety being laid before him, until the very last piece in the shop was unfolded to his view. The vendor now lost all hope of pleasing his fastidious purchaser, when the latter, affecting to look at the uppermost piece with satisfaction, exclaimed, "Ah, my dear sir, you have hit it at last; *this* is the very thing; I will take a

cent's worth of this pattern" at the same time laying the money plump upon the counter before him, to show that he was prompt pay. "You shall have it, my good friend," replied the merchant, with the utmost seriousness of speech and manners; and then, laying the cent upon the surface of the cloth, and applying his ample scissors, he cut it fairly round to the very size of the money, and wrapping it carefully in paper, made a low bow, thanked him for his custom, and hoped that he would call at his store when he wanted any thing in his line again.



THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

THOUGH in the several states in America, it is customary, when meeting on a road, for drivers to keep the *right-hand* side, yet in England and Ireland a contrary practice has been established; which is described in the following lines:—

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
In riding or driving along,
If you keep to the left, you are sure to go right,
If you keep to the right, you go wrong.



Two men were thrashing in a barn: one struck the other accidentally with his flail, on the foot, which caused him to start, and immediately to place his hand upon the wounded part—"What's the matter," said Pat; "sure I ha'n't hurted your foot, have I?" "No," replied Dennis, "my *foot's* safe enough; but, botheration to you, man, you have broken my *buckle*. The foot would soon mend of itself, but you know it will cost money to mend the buckle."



THE CURIOUS HORSE.

A FELLOW in London, being hard pressed to raise the wind, hired a stable, and exhibited a sign, stating, that for the low price of one shilling, the public might be gratified with the sight of "a horse with his head where his tail should be." Such a *lusus naturæ*,

as might have been expected, drew crowds of admiring visitors, who were in no small degree indignant, when they beheld, instead of the expected monster, a common quadruped, regular in every particular, only haltered with his tail towards the manger.



A COUNTRYWOMAN, in old times, brought a piece of domestic linen to be printed. The printer observed that there was a *hole* in it, and that it should have been previously mended. "Oh, never mind the hole," said she; "clap a *big flower* on it; *that* will hide it."



It is said that when Robert Emmett was ascending the scaffold in Dublin, in the year 1803, he gave the executioner a guinea; upon which the latter, in order to show his gratitude for so liberal a bequest, touched his hat, like a true-born Irishman, and exclaiming, "*Long life to your honor!*" put the money safely into his pocket.



DEAN SWIFT conceived a strong dislike to Newry, and every thing belonging to it. The old Episcopal church, which is without a spire, has certainly little in its appearance to recommend it. One Sunday, after an occasional sermon which in his travels he preached there, he wrote upon the door the following couplet:—

High church, low steeple,
Dirty streets, and proud people.



THE POOR SCHOLAR.

It is customary in the South of Ireland for little boys to go about the country, and collect money to pay for their education; and, under colour of a desire for learning, frauds are often committed upon the charitable. A gentleman riding in the neighbourhood of Dublin, was saluted by one of those mendicant literati for some assistance, saying that he was a *poor scholar*. He carried a slate, a small book, and a roll of paper. "How far have you gone in arithmetic?"

inquired the gentleman. "Oh, Sir, I hav'n't got so far yet." "Can you read?" "No, Sir, I hav'n't begun reading yet." "Can you spell?" "No, Sir." "Do you know your letters?" "No, Sir, not all of them." "Then you are indeed a *poor scholar*," observed the gentleman, and rode on.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND THE KITTENS.

It is well known to the close observers of mankind, that the most ingenious philosophers are often most signally deficient in the exercise of what is called *common sense*. This observation was remarkably illustrated in the case of Sir Isaac Newton, who is generally ranked as the most profound mathematician and astronomer that ever lived. His study was frequented by a favourite cat, which found ingress and egress through a hole cut in the door, just large enough to admit her body. This cat having produced a brood of kittens, when they began to run about, the philosopher was much fretted to think that they would be confined entirely to the room, unless some mode were devised, by which *they* also, as well as their mother, could be provided with the means of exit as often as they pleased. He, however, at length hit upon an expedient, and had a *small* hole cut in his study door, through which the little cats were enabled to pass, while the *large* hole continued to be used by the mother.



AN Irishman happening to be stunned by a spent ball, one of his comrades immediately ran up to him, and shouted lustily in his ear, "Hollo, Dennis, I say, are you dead?" "Och no, my dear honey," replied the prostrate son of Mars, "I'm not dead, but I'm *speechless*."



THE EXPRESS.

A GENTLEMAN riding along the road, espied a boy with a letter-bag slung from his shoulders, his horse being tied to a tree, while he himself was playing

about. "How now, you little rascal," exclaimed the gentleman, "is it not a shame for a *post-boy* to be thus loitering on the way, for his own amusement?" "You are mistaken," replied the urchin; "I'm not the *post*, Sir; I'm only the *express*."



A YOUNG lady in Boston, Miss Margaret Carson, intending shortly to be married, went round paying the usual visits, and left her cards, with the initials, P. P. C. (*pour prendre congé*) written under her name. "*Poor Peg Carson!*" exclaimed a young gentleman of her acquaintance, on seeing one of the cards in the rack, "she's off at last!"



"WHO is that ugly woman?" said one gentleman to another, at a ball, pointing to a female at the opposite side of the room. "That's my *sister*, Sir," replied the latter. "Oh," rejoined the former, much confounded at his unhappy inquisitiveness, "I don't mean *her*, but that *fright* sitting next to her, with the pink ribbon." "*That*," replied the other, "is my *wife*."



THE STATE KITCHEN.

THE present Marquis Conyngham, commonly known in Ireland by the nick-name of the rack-comb, because it was said of him that he was all *back and teeth*, has a splendid castle at Slane, which he seldom inhabits. During the vice-royalty of the late Duke of Richmond, the marquis was commander of the forces in that district, and his grace was invited to spend a few days with him at Slane, to enjoy the pleasures of shooting and drinking; at the latter of which amusements they were both distinguished adepts. Shortly after his arrival, the Marquis conducted his guest and suite through the numerous apartments of that spacious mansion, and amongst the number, he had the vanity to treat the Duke to a view even of the *State Kitchen*, which, from its chilly, death-like appearance, seemed never to have been

conscious of a fire. One of the duke's aid-de-camps, who was a little of a humourist, affected to shiver, on being introduced into this subterranean apartment, designed principally for show, and turning silyly to the marquis, "I presume," said he, "this is the *magazine* in which your grace keeps your *gunpowder*."



THE TWO GUNS.

THE duke often visited a family named *Gun*, who resided in the county of Wicklow, about a dozen miles from Dublin. Mr. G. had two lively daughters, to whom the duke, being something of a gallant, was particularly attentive; which caused a caricaturist to exhibit his grace as the hero of De Foe's popular novel, with one of these young ladies upon each shoulder, and underneath, the inscription, "Robinson Crusoe, and his two Guns."



THE SEDAN.

AN Irish sailor, having just been paid off, posted up to London, in order to spend his money. Tired of driving about in a coach, he hired a sedan-chair, and ordered the men to carry him to Drury Lane. But, wishing to play a trick upon the Hibernian, the fellows slipped the bottom out of the chair, so that their employer was deprived of the usual luxury of a seat, and was reduced to the condition of a mere pedestrian, with the exception of having a cover over his head; which made him exclaim, "Why, split my timbers, you lazy land-lubbers, I might as well be *walking*, only for the honor of the thing."



THE late Counsellor Egan, a very corpulent, unwieldy man, was one day complaining, in the hall of the Four Courts, in Dublin, that a new pair of half-boots, which he then wore for the first time, did not fit him.—"I think," said Curran, "they show rather much of the *calf*."

THE BITER BITTEN.

THERE lived in the city of Dublin, a celebrated horse-dealer, named Giles, who, like most of his profession, was not very scrupulous as to the means by which he made money, and often profited by his bargains with the unwary. He sold, to a major in a regiment quartered at the royal barracks, for £110, a horse which had more beauty than soundness; and the officer, on discovering the imposition, asked him to take the animal back. Giles refused to receive the horse, unless at a loss of £40, but proposed to help the officer to get him off at the next Palmerston fair, and by way of recommendation, it was arranged that Mr. Giles should publicly examine him there, and offer for him a certain price. The fair arrived, the major's servant was exhibiting the several qualifications of the horse, when Giles ordered the man to stop, and asked whose property he was. The officer himself makes his appearance, a crowd of gentlemen assemble, to view the prancing steed, when Giles asks the major his price.—“£120,” replied the officer.—“I’ll give you,” said Giles, “£100 for him,” (putting a bank note for that sum, as had been privately arranged, *into the officer’s hand.*)—“*He’s yours, Sir,*” replied the major, putting the note into his pocket, and throwing the bridle over the jockey’s arm; “he’s yours, Sir, I wish you luck of him;” and thus the officer disposed of the worthless animal to the astonished horse-jockey himself, with a loss of only £10.



THE KEYS OF ST. PETER.

A CERTAIN cardinal had been observed, for several years, to walk with a considerable stoop, but having been elected Pope, he suddenly recovered his erect posture, upon which he was congratulated by one of the courtiers.—“I was looking for the keys of St. Peter,” said the artful ecclesiastic; “I have now found them, and may walk upright.”

COUNSELLOR M'NALLY had a son named Leonard, who, in the exercise of his profession of attorney, usually travelled the north-western circuit in Ireland, and was tolerably successful in obtaining business in the criminal line. Once, however, on returning to the capital, he was stopped by some highwaymen, and deprived of the proceeds of his periodical campaign. A few days afterwards, a group of barristers having collected in the hall of the Four Courts, the counsellor said to Mr. Curran, "Did you hear of my Lenny's robbery?"—"No, my dear friend," exclaimed Curran, with affected sympathy for the father's misfortune; "*Whom did he rob?*"



CORK QUALITY.

MR. B. father of the author of the amusing little romance called *Cherubina*, was an extensive brewer, and originally carried on business in the city of Cork. Having, however, like many more of the inhabitants of Munster, lived rather fast, and thereby got his affairs a little out at the elbows, he determined to remove from the scene of his early extravagance, and settle in a new place, where he could brew his malt with equal advantage, and "astonish the vulgar" with less injury to his diminished means. He took up his residence at Navan, in the county of Meath, rented an extensive building for his brewery, and a handsome mansion for his domicile, at the same time starting a very decent "turn-out" of a chariot, in which his stately wife, and not less stately daughter, occasionally exhibited themselves amongst the gentry and plebeians of that delightful neighbourhood.—Cork had been celebrated for its excellent porter, and Mr. B. wishing to profit by the reputation of his native city, had a label printed, with the words, *Cork Quality*; one of which was regularly displayed on the end of each barrel of his malt-liquor. At that time, there resided in Navan an attorney, named, from the unwieldy size of his corporeal structure, *Big Dillon*, a facetious fellow, who lost no opportunity of exercising

a practical joke. Having procured one of the aforesaid labels, one Sunday morning, just as the ladies of the family were preparing to set out to church, he hired a little rascal to paste it upon the back panel of the carriage. The horses were put to, the unconscious Jehu drove with his accustomed velocity to the hall-door, the ladies glided along the steps—which were elegantly spread with a wilton carpet, to preserve their toes from catching cold from the morning dew, and with majestic dignity took their seats within the chariot, which, amidst the admiration of the more humble towns-people, then wending their way to their respective places of worship, on foot, moved on, in solemn grandeur, with the aforesaid label of **CORK QUALITY** most conspicuously emblazoned at their backs.



A CERTAIN member of the Irish parliament, whose father had been a shoemaker, having, in the course of his speech, used some language which caused him to be called to order by Mr. Curran, the gentleman complained that Mr. C. *had broken the thread of his discourse*. “Then, *wax it better* the next time,” replied Curran.



SIR BOYLE ROCHE proposed in the Irish house of commons, that a law should be passed, rendering it imperative that every quart-bottle should hold a quart.



It is said that an ordinance was passed some years ago, by the councils of the city of Philadelphia, enacting, that if any Oysters should be offered for sale within their jurisdiction, after the first day of April in any year, they being then considered *injurious to the health*,—they should be forfeited, and *given to the poor*.



THE MISS FEET.

EVERY one has heard of the celebrated Lundy Foot, the maker of the famous Irish snuff, called

blackguard. One evening, when his lady and daughters were ushered into a drawing-room in the city of Dublin, the servant, who it appears had acquired some smattering of English grammar, announced their *entrée* by exclaiming aloud, "Mrs. Foot, and the Miss Feet."



FOOT AND LEG.

THERE resided near Lisburn, in the County of Down, in Ireland, a wealthy country gentleman, named *Leg*. When on a visit to Dublin, he went to Mr. Foot's shop, near Essex Bridge, to purchase a bottle of snuff, when the latter being behind the counter, Mr. Leg addressed him by saying that he believed they were *near relations*. "How so?" asked Mr. Foot. "I don't recollect having had the pleasure of your acquaintance." "Oh, my dear Sir," rejoined the stranger, "we are certainly relations: your name is *Foot*, and mine is *Leg*."



THE IRISH ELECTOR.

AT a warmly contested election in one of the rotten boroughs in Ireland, every means were resorted to, in order to attain votes without violating the letter of the law, by giving a direct bribe. One of the candidates, a Mr. A., went into a barber's shop, and, having submitted to the idle ceremony of getting his beard taken off, paid five guineas for the operation. The polls being opened, the barber tendered his suffrage, (which in that country is *viva voce*,) but to the astonishment of Mr. A., the man voted for his *opponent*! "What, Sir," exclaimed the disappointed candidate, "did you not *shave me* this morning?" "Yes, Sir," replied the artful politician, "but I shaved that *other gentleman, since*."



A BOARDING-HOUSE near the Five Points in the city of New-York, exhibited the following sign: "Young men taken in, and done for."

THE PENNSYLVANIA JUSTICE.

A CERTAIN justice of the peace in Pennsylvania, never heard evidence except on the part of the *plaintiff*. "When I hear witnesses on *both* sides," he used to say, "I get so confoundedly puzzled, that I never can make up my mind *which* is right."



AN ingenious mechanic of Cincinnati, having invented a new washing machine, or taken out a new patent for an old one, which answers the purpose equally well, headed his advertisement thus: "Every man his own washer-woman."



"THIS *soldier*!" observed Curran, sarcastically, on a certain trial in Dublin, in which a Major Sandys was the defendant:—"this *soldier*, gentlemen!"—"I am no *soldier*, Sir," retorted the Major, "I am an *officer*."—"This *officer*, gentlemen," continued Mr. Curran, "who is *no* soldier?"—



A PARADOX.

"WHICH side of the Delaware are we now walking on?" said a gentleman to his companion. "On *this* side, to be sure," replied he. "I'll bet you a dollar," said the querist, "we are on the *other* side."—"Done."—"That," continued he, pointing across the river, "is *one* side, and *this* is the other."



QUESTIONS FOR GROWN CHILDREN.

PROPOSITIONS, very simple in the abstract, may be stated in such a manner as to render their solution not a little embarrassing. For instance,—

"What relation is a child to its father, that is not its own father's son?"

"If Dick's father is John's son, what relation is Dick to John?"

"How much will 20,000 bricks amount to, at twenty shillings a thousand?"

“Which is the most—six dozen dozen, or half a dozen dozen?”



MR. SMITH.

IN England, as in the United States, the name of Smith is common to so many families, that it is no longer, of itself, of any use in designating an individual. On a certain occasion, the theatre of Drury lane being excessively crowded, and not a single seat vacant, a gentleman, wishing to obtain room for himself in the pit, put his head in at one of the doors, and exclaimed, “*Mr. Smith*, your house is on fire!”—Immediately, more than a hundred persons rushed out of the house, and thus the ingenious intruder was enabled to find room enough.



ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

ABOUT twenty years ago, the legislature of Pennsylvania assembled at Lancaster. Three dollars a day *wages*, as their compensation is often delicately called, is no small temptation to the country gentlemen of that commonwealth, who, Cincinnatus like, are in general their own wagoners and ploughmen, and accordingly the law-makers of Pennsylvania are mostly composed of men who are not curiously nice as regards either the quality or quantity of their wardrobe. One evening, a member of the senate went to his landlady, and asked her if he could have a pair of stockings washed. “Most assuredly, Sir,” she replied, “or any thing else.” “But, Madam,” rejoined he, “I shall want them in the morning, as I brought but the *one* pair with me.”—“Oh, if that be the case, Sir, you had better then take up your lodgings somewhere else, as we are not in the habit of letting our lodgings to gentlemen who have only one pair of stockings.”



“I THINK,” said one merchant to another, on one of the wharves of New-York, when looking for a

certain ship, "I think she lays hereabouts." "Yes, you are right, my friend," observed the other; "here is one of her *eggs*;" pointing to a large oval buoy which was then lying near them on the wharf.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

EVERY one has heard of the gallantry displayed by Sir Walter Raleigh, in spreading his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to tread on, when landing after a shower of rain upon the banks of the Thames. On that occasion, she presented him a diamond ring, and in the afternoon Sir Walter was observed writing with the diamond upon a pane of glass, the following line:—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

This having been communicated to the Queen by one of her maids of honor, her majesty proceeded to the window, and, taking her own ring from her finger finished the couplet, by writing under the line of Raleigh's:—

"If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all."



MILTON'S BULLS.

THE Irish are not the only nation that make what are called *bulls* in speaking. In his *Paradise Lost*, Milton says:—

So, hand in hand, they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam, the goodliest man of *men* since born,
His sons; the *fairest* of her daughters—*Eve*.

BOOK IV. 321.

In another place, also, with true Hibernian sublimity:
And in the *lowest deep*, a *lower deep*
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,

BOOK IV. 75.



BUT here is a Roman bull, nearly two thousand years old; from the pen of the inimitable Virgil:—

————— collectis omnibus, una

Defuit, —————

"When *all* were convened, *one*, only, was wanting, (*Cræusa*)

ÆNEID. Lib. II. 743.

BARRINGTON'S SCHOOLMASTER.

MR. GEORGE LODGE had married a love-daughter of old Stephen Fitzgerald, Esq. of Bally Thomas, who by affinity was a relative of the house of Cullenaghmore, and from this union sprang Mr. Michael Lodge.

"I shall never forget his figure," says Sir Jonah Barrington in his Sketches. "He was a tall man, with thin legs, and great hands, and was generally biting one of his nails while employed in teaching me. The top of his head was half bald; his hair was clubbed with a rose-ribbon; a tight stock, with a large silver buckle to it behind, appeared to be almost choking him: his chin and jaws were very long—and he used to hang his under jaw, shut one eye, and look up to the ceiling, when he was thinking or trying to recollect any thing.

"Mr. Michael Lodge had been what is called a Matross in the artillery service in India. My grandfather had got him made a gauger; but he was turned adrift for letting a poor man do something wrong about distilling. He then became a land surveyor and architect for the farmers:—he could farry, cure cows of the murrain, had numerous secrets about cattle and physic, and was accounted the best bleeder and bone-setter in that county—all of which healing accomplishments he exercised gratis. He was also a famous brewer and accountant—in fine, was every thing at Cullenagh: steward, agent, caterer, farmer, sportsman, secretary, clerk to the colonel as a magistrate, and also clerk to Mr. Barret, as the parson: but he would not sing a stave in church, though he'd chant indefatigably in the hall. He had the greatest contempt for women, and used to beat the maid-servants; while the men durst not vex him, as he was quite despotic! He had a turning-lathe, a number of grinding-stones, and a carpenter's bench, in his room. He used to tin the sauce-pans, which act he called *chymistry*; and I have seen him, like a tailor, putting a new cape to his riding-coat! He made all sorts of nets, and knit stockings; but above all he piqued himself on the variety and depth of his *learning*.

"Under the tuition of this Mr. Michael Lodge, who was surnamed the "wise man of Cullenaghmore," I was placed at four years of age, to learn as much of the foregoing as he could teach me in the next five years: at the expiration of which period he had no doubt of my knowing as much as himself, and then (he said) I should go to school "*to teach the master.*" This idea of teaching the master was the greatest possible incitement to me; and as there was no other child in the house, I never was idle, but was as inquisitive and troublesome as can be imagined. Every thing was explained to me; and I not only got on surprisingly, but my memory was found to be so strong, that Mr. Michael Lodge told my grandfather *half learning* would answer me as well as *whole learning* would another child. In truth, before my sixth year, I was making a very great hole in Mr. Lodge's stock of information (fortification and gunnery excepted,) and I verily believe he began to learn many things himself only when he commenced teaching them to me.

"He took me a regular course by Horn-book, Primer, Spelling-book, Reading-made-easy, Esop's Fables, &c. but I soon aspired to such of the old library books as had pictures in them; and particularly, a very large History of the Bible with cuts was my constant study. Hence I knew how every saint was murdered; and Mr. Lodge not only told me that each martyr had a painter to take his likeness before death, but also fully explained to me how they had all sat for their pictures, and assured me that most of them had been murdered by the *Papists*.

"Be this as it may, however, my wise man, Mr. Michael Lodge, used his heart, head, and hands, as zealously as he could to teach me most things that he did know, and many things he did not know; but with a skill which none of our schoolmasters practise, he made me think he was only amusing, instead of giving me a task. The old man tried to make me *inquisitive*, and inclined to ask about the thing which he wanted explained to me; and consequently, at eight years I could read prose and poetry, write text,

draw a house, a horse, and a game-cock, tin a copper sauce-pan, and turn my own tops. I could do the manual exercise with my grandfather's crutch; and had learned, besides, how to make bullets, pens, and black-ball; to dance a jig, sing a cronane, and play the Jew's-harp. Michael also showed me, out of scripture, how the world stood stock still, while the sun was galloping round it; so that it was no easy matter at college to satisfy me as to the Copernican system. In fact, the old Matross gave me such a various and whimsical assemblage of subjects to think about, that my young brain imbibed as many odd, chivalrous, and puzzling theories, as would drive some children out of their senses; and truly, I found it no easy matter to get rid of several of them when it became absolutely necessary, while *some* I shall certainly retain till my death's day."



A NATURAL DEATH.

JOE KELLY killed his man in a duel, for which he was tried and *narrowly* escaped. According to his *own* account, indeed, he killed plenty more men at the battle of Waterloo, and in other actions. He was himself shot at Paris by a commissary with whom he had quarrelled, and the humourists remarked thereupon that Joe had died a *natural* death. *Ibid.*



THE SET SPEECH.

LORD MOUNTMORRIS considered himself by far the greatest orator and politician in Europe; and it was he who sent a florid speech, which he *intended* to have spoken in the Irish House of Lords, to the press: the debate on which it was to be spoken did not ensue; but his lordship having neglected to countermand the publication, his studied harangue appeared next day in the Dublin newspapers, with all the suppositious *cheerings*, &c. duly interposed! I believe a similar *faux pas* has been committed by some English legislator. *Ibid.*

WITHOUT being absolutely disgusting, Lieut. Johnson, of the Royal Navy, was certainly the ugliest man in christendom. It was said of him that he need never fire a shot, since his countenance was sufficient to frighten the bravest enemy.—*Ibid.*



IRISH MEASUREMENT.

It has often been remarked and complained of by travellers and strangers, that they never could get a true answer from any Irish peasant as to *distances*, when on a journey. If you meet a peasant on the road, and ask him how far, for instance, to Ballinrobe? he will probably say it is "*three short miles.*" You travel on, and are informed by the next peasant you meet, that it is "*five long miles, or about that same.*" On you go, and the next will tell "your honour," it is "*four miles, or about that same.*" The fourth will swear, "if your honour stops at *three miles*, you'll never get there!" But on pointing to a town just before you, and inquiring what place that is, he replies,—"*Oh! plaze your honour, that's Ballinrobe, sure enough!*" "*Why, you said it was more than three miles off!*" "*Oh yes! to be sure and sartain, that's from my own cabin, plaze your honour. We're no scholars in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, plaze your honour, but from our own little cabins? Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that, plaze your honour.*"



AN IRISH ANSWER.

THE Irish peasant, also, never answers any question directly. In some districts, if you ask him where such a gentleman's house is, he will point and reply, "Does your honour see that large house there, all amongst the trees, with a green field before it?" You answer, "Yes." "Well," says he, "plaze your honour, that's *not it.*" But do you see the big brick house with the cow-houses by the side of that same, and a pond of water?" "Yes." "Well, plaze your honour, *that's not it.*" But, if you plaze, look quite to the

right of that same house, and you'll see the top of a castle amongst the trees there, with a road going down to it, between the bushes." "Yes." "Well, plaze your honour, *that's not it* neither. But if your honour will come down this bit of a road a couple of miles, I'll show it you, *sure enough*—and if your honour's in a hurry, I can run on *hot foot*, and tell the squire your honour's galloping after me. Ah! who shall I tell the squire, plaze your honour, is coming to see him? He's my own landlord, God save his honour, day and night."



THE EMPTY HEAD.

A HANDSOME young woman, maid-servant to a Mrs. Lett, who was considered as a great *patriot* in Wexford, happened one summer's evening to sit at her mistress's window singing songs, but to certain airs that were not considered orthodox by the aristocracy.

The Marquis of Ely, with the high sheriff and other gentlemen of the county, were retiring after their wine from the grand jury, and heard this unfortunate young syren warbling at the window: but as the song sounded to their loyal ears of a rebellious tendency, it was thought advisable to demolish the fragile parts of Mrs. Lett's house-front without delay; and accordingly, my lord, the high sheriff and their friends (to preserve the peace, and protect the constitution from such traitorous maid-servants,) forthwith commenced their laudable undertaking; and stones being the weapons nearest at hand, the windows and the warbling maid received a broadside, which was of the greatest utility to the glazier, and had nearly put fees into the pockets, not only of the surgeon, but of the sexton and coroner likewise.

However, on this occasion, justice was not so far off as the peasants had been persuaded: my lord, the high sheriff and others, being indicted and tried, Sir Jonah Barrington acted as his lordship's counsel, and as his duty was to make "the worse appear the better cause," he did his utmost for the Marquis;—but his lordship, conceiving the counsel's delicacy to the maid-

servant rather too great, requested permission to ask her a few questions himself, which was granted.

"Now, girl," said the Marquis, "by the oath you have taken, did you not say you would *split my skull open*?"

"Why, then, by the virtue of my oath," said the girl, turning to the judge, "it would not be *worth my while* to split his skull open, my lord!"

"Ha! ha!" said the Marquis, "now I have her!" (wisely supposing she made some allusion to a reward for killing him;) "and *why*, girl, would it not be worth your while?"

"Because, my lord," answered she, "if I had split your lordship's skull open,—by virtue of my oath, I am sure and certain I should have found little or nothing inside of it!"

The laugh against the noble Marquis was now too great to admit of his proceeding any further with his cross-examination: he was found guilty and fined.



LORD REDESDALE'S DINNER.

LORD NORBURY had more readiness of repartee than perhaps any other man in Ireland, who possessed neither classical wit nor genuine sentiment to make it valuable. But he had a fling at every thing; and, failing in one attempt, made another—sure of carrying his point before he relinquished his efforts. His extreme good temper was a great advantage. The present Lord Redesdale was much (though unintentionally) annoyed by Mr. Toler, (afterwards Lord Norbury,) at one of the first dinners he gave (as Lord Chancellor of Ireland) to the judges and king's counsel. Having heard that the members of the Irish bar (of whom he was then quite ignorant,) were considered extremely witty, and being desirous, if possible, to adapt himself to their habits, his lordship had obviously got together some of his best remarks (for of *wit* he was totally guiltless, if not inapprehensive,) to repeat to his company, as occasion might offer; and if he could not be humorous, determined at least to be entertaining. The first of his lordship's observa-

tions after dinner, was the telling us that he had been a Welsh judge, and had found great difficulty in pronouncing the double consonants which occur in the Welsh proper names. "After much trial," continued his lordship, "I found that the difficulty was mastered by moving the tongue alternately from one dog-tooth to the other." Toler seemed quite delighted with this discovery; and requested to know his lordship's dentist, as he had lost one of his dog-teeth, and would immediately get another in place of it. This went off flatly enough—no laugh being gained on either side. Lord Redesdale's next remark was, that when he was a lad, cock-fighting was the fashion; and that both ladies and gentlemen went full-dressed to the cock-pit, the ladies being in hoops. "I see now, my lord," said Toler, "it was then that the term *cock-a-hoop* was invented."

A general laugh now burst forth, which rather discomposed the learned chancellor. He sat for a while silent; until *skaiting* became a subject of conversation, when his lordship rallied—and with an air of triumph said, that in his boyhood all danger was avoided; for, before they began to skait they always put down bladders under their arms; and so, if the ice happened to break, they were buoyed out and saved.

"Ay, my lord," said Toler, "that's what we call *blatheram-skate*,* in Ireland."

His lordship did not understand this sort of thing at all; and though extremely courteous, seemed to wish them all at their respective homes. Having failed with Toler, in order to say a civil thing or two, he addressed himself to Mr. Garret O'Farrell, a jolly Irish barrister, who always carried a parcel of coarse national humour about with him; a broad, squat, ruddy-faced fellow, with a great aquiline nose, and a humorous eye. Independent in mind and property, he generally said whatever came uppermost. "Mr. Garret O'Farrell," said the chancellor, solemnly, "I believe your name and family were very respectable and numerous in the county Wicklow. I think I was

* An Irish vulgar idiom for "nonsense."

introduced to several of them during my late tour there." "Yes, my Lord," said O'Farrell, "we *were* very numerous; but so many of us have been lately hanged for sheep-stealing, that the name is getting rather scarce in that county."



RAISING THE WIND.

LORD REDESDALE was extremely puzzled by a *jeux d'esprit* of Plunkett's.—A cause was argued in Chancery, wherein the plaintiff prayed that the defendant should be restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange, as they were nothing but kites.—"Kites!" exclaimed Lord Redesdale:—"Kites, Mr. Plunkett? Kites never could amount to the value of those securities! I don't understand this statement at all, Mr. Plunkett."—"It is not to be expected that you should, my Lord," answered Plunkett: "in England and in Ireland, kites are quite different things. In England, the *wind* raises the *kites*; but in Ireland, the *kites* raise the *wind*."—"I do not feel any way better informed yet, Mr. Plunkett," said the matter-of-fact chancellor.—"Well, my Lord, I'll explain the thing without mentioning those birds of prey"—and therewith he elucidated the difficulties.



BULLY EGAN.

MR. EGAN, one of the roughest-looking persons possible, being at one time a supporter of government, made virulent philippics in the Irish House of Commons, against the French revolution. His figure was coarse and bloated; and his dress not over-elegant withal; in fact, he had by no means the look of a member of parliament.—One evening, this man fell foul of a speech of Grattan's; and amongst other absurdities, said, in his paroxysm, that the right honourable gentleman's speech had a tendency to introduce the guillotine into the very body of the House; indeed, he almost thought he could already perceive it before him.—("Hear him! hear him!" echoed from Sir Boyle Roche.) Grattan good-humouredly replied,

that the honorable member must have a vastly sharper sight than he had. He certainly could see no such thing: "but though," added Grattan, looking with his glass towards Egan, "I may not see the guillotine, yet methinks I can perceive the *executioner*."



HENRY GRATTAN.

"Colonel Burr, who had been vice-president of the United States, came over to England, and was made known to me," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "by Mr. Randolph, of South Carolina, (with whom I was very intimate.) He requested I would introduce him to Mr. Grattan, whom he was excessively anxious to see. Colonel Burr was not a man of a very prepossessing appearance—rough featured, and neither dressy nor polished; but a well-informed, sensible man; and though not a particularly agreeable,—yet an instructive companion.—People in general form extravagant anticipations regarding eminent persons. The idea of a great orator, and an Irish chief, carried with it, naturally enough, corresponding notions of physical elegance, vigour, and dignity. Such was Colonel Burr's mistake, I believe, about Mr. Grattan, and I took care not to undeceive him. We went to my friend's house, who was to leave London next day. I announced that Colonel Burr (from America), Mr. Randolph, and myself, wished to pay our respects, and the servant informed us that his master would receive us in a short time, but was at the moment much occupied on business of consequence. Burr's expectations were all on the alert! Randolph also was anxious to be presented to the great Grattan, and both impatient for the entrance of this Demosthenes. At length the door opened, and in hopped a small, bent figure,—meagre, yellow, and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head. This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously:—asked (without any introduction) how long they had been in Eng-

land, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other:—their replies were costive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself; but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course; who appeared quite delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the tallest, and most dignified looking man of the two, gray-haired and well dressed: Grattan therefore, of course, took him for the vice-president, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph at length begged to know if they could shortly have the honour of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which our host, (not doubting that they knew him,) conceived it must be his son James for whom they inquired, and said, he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere, to amuse himself. This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain; and taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right Honourable Henry Grattan. I never saw people stare so, or so much embarrassed! Grattan himself now perceiving the cause, heartily joined in my merriment; he pulled down his shirt sleeves, pulled up his stockings; and in his own irresistible way apologized for the *outré* figure he cut, assuring them that he had totally overlooked it, in his anxiety not to keep them waiting; that he was returning to Ireland next morning, and had been busily packing up his books and papers in a closet full of dust and cobwebs! This incident rendered the interview more interesting: the Americans were charmed with their reception; and after a protracted visit, retired highly gratified, while Grattan returned again to his books and cobwebs."



BARRINGTON AND CURRAN.

"CURRAN and I," continues Barrington, "were in the habit for several years, of meeting, by appoint-

ment, in London, during the long vacation, and spending a month there together, in the enjoyment of the public amusements—but we were neither extravagant nor dissipated. We had both some propensities in common, and a never-failing amusement was derived from drawing out and remarking upon eccentric characters. Curran played on such people as he would on an instrument, and produced whatever tone he thought proper from them. Thus, he always had a good *fiddle* in London, which he occasionally brought to our dining-house for the general entertainment. We were in the habit of frequenting the Cannon coffee-house, Charing-Cross, where we had a box every day at the end of the room; and as, when Curran was free from professional cares, his universal language was that of wit, my high spirits never failed to prompt my performance of *Jackall* to the *Lion*. Two young gentlemen of the Irish bar were frequently of our party in 1796, and contributed to keep up the flow of wit, which, on Curran's part, was nearly miraculous. Gradually, the ear and attention of the company were caught. Nobody knew us, and, as if carelessly, the guests flocked round our box, to listen. We perceived them, and increased our flights accordingly. Involuntarily, they joined in the laugh, and the more so when they saw it gave no offence. Day after day, the number of our satellites increased, until the room, at five o'clock, was thronged to hear "the Irishmen." One or two days, we went elsewhere; and, on returning to "the Cannon," our host begged to speak a word with me at the bar. "Sir," said he, "I never had such a set of pleasant gentlemen in my house, and I hope you have received no offence." I replied, quite the contrary! "Why, sir," rejoined he, "as you did not come the last few days, the company fell off. Now, Sir, I hope you and the other gentleman will excuse me, if I remark that you will find an excellent dish of fish, and a roast turkey, or joint, with any wine you please, hot on your table, every day at five o'clock, while you stay in town; and, I must beg to add, *no charge*, gentlemen." I

reported this to Curran, and we agreed to see it out. The landlord was as good as his word:—the room was filled: we coined stories to tell each other, the lookers-on laughed almost to convulsions, and for some time we literally feasted. Having had our humour out, I desired a bill, which the landlord positively refused: however, we computed for ourselves, and sent him a £10 note, inclosed in a letter, desiring him to give the balance to his waiters."



CURRAN AND THE FLEAS.

CURRAN had a perfect *horror* of fleas: nor was this very extraordinary, since this vermin seemed to show him peculiar hostility. If they infested a house, he said, that "they always flocked to his bed-chamber, when they heard he was to sleep there!" He was once dreadfully annoyed in this way, at Carlow; and on making his complaint in the morning to the woman of the house, "By heavens! Madam," cried he, "they were in such numbers, and seized upon my carcass with so much ferocity, that if they had been *unanimous*, and all pulled one way, they must have dragged me out of bed entirely."



CHIEF JUSTICE CARLETON was a very lugubrious personage: he never ceased complaining of his bad state of health, (or rather of his hypochondriacism) and frequently introduced Lady Carleton into his "Book of Lamentations:" thence, it was remarked by Curran to be very extraordinary, that the Chief Justice should appear as *plaintiff* (plaintive) in every cause that happened to come before him.



ONE *Nisi Prius* day, Lord Carleton came into court, looking unusually gloomy. He apologized to the bar for being necessitated to adjourn the court and dismiss the jury for that day, "though," proceeded his lordship, "I am aware that an important issue stands for trial: but the fact is, I have met with a do-

mestic misfortune, which has altogether deranged my nerves ! Poor Lady Carleton (in a low tone, to the bar) has most unfortunately *miscarried*, and——” “Oh then, my lord !” exclaimed Curran, “there was no necessity for your lordship to make any apology, since it now appears that your lordship has *no issue* to try.”



MR. CURRAN'S BROTHER.

MR. CURRAN had a younger brother, who was an attorney—very like him, but taller, and better-looking. This man had a good deal of his brother's humour, and a little wit, and much satire ; but his slang was infinite, and his conduct very dissolute. He was, in fact, what may be termed the best blackguard of his profession (and that was saying a great deal for him.) The counsellor had justly excluded him from his house, but occasionally relieved his finances, until these calls became so importunate, that, at length, further compliance was refused. There was a small space of dead wall, at that time directly facing Curran's house, in Ely Place ; against which the attorney procured a written permission to build a little wooden box. He accordingly got a carpenter (one of his comrades) to erect a cobbler's stall there, for him ; and having assumed the dress of a Jobson, he wrote over his stall, “Curran, cobbler :—shoes toe-pieced, soled, or heeled, on the shortest notice : when the stall is shut, inquire over the way.” Curran, on returning from court, perceived this worthy hard at work, with a parcel of chairmen lounging round him. The attorney just nodding to his brother, cried, “how do you do, Jack !” and went on with his employment. Curran immediately despatched a servant for the spendthrift, to whom having given some money, the show-board was taken down, the stall removed, and the attorney vowed that he would never set up again as a cobbler.

JUDGE BOYD.

JUDGE BOYD, of the Irish bench, was a very clever, well-informed man, and a sound lawyer, but he rather indecorously indulged in the juice of the grape. The newspapers eulogized this gentleman very much for his singular *tender-heartedness*, saying, "So great was the humanity of Judge Boyd, that when he was passing sentence of death upon any unfortunate criminal, it was observable that his Lordship seldom failed to have 'a drop in his eye.'"



OLD Mr. Johnson, father of the two Irish judges of that name, when upwards of sixty, procured a diploma as physician, to make the family genteeler. He was a decent, orderly, good kind of apothecary, and a very respectable, though rather an ostentatious doctor; and, above all, a good orthodox, hard-praying Protestant. The doctor delighted in telling of the successes of his sons, Bob, Bill, Gam, and Tom the attorney, as he termed them; he was fond of attributing Bob's advancement rather to the goodness of Providence, than that of the Marquis of Downshire; and one day after dinner observed, most parentally, that "he had brought up his boys, from their very childhood, with the fear of God always before their eyes." "Ah! 'twas a fortunate circumstance, indeed, doctor," said Curran, "very fortunate, indeed, that you *frightened* them so early."



JUDGE KELLY always most candidly admitted his legal mistakes. Counsellor William Johnson once pressed him very fiercely to a decision in his favour, and stating as an *argument* (in his usual peremptory tone to judges he was not afraid of,) that there could be no doubt on the point; precedent was imperative in the matter, as his lordship had decided the same points the same way twice before. "So, Mr. Johnson," said the Judge, looking archly—shifting his seat somewhat—and shrugging up his right shoulder,—

"so, because I decided *wrong* twice, Mr. Johnson, you'd have me do so a *third* time. No, no, Mr. Johnson, you must excuse me, I'll decide the other way this bout." And so he did.



HOW TO QUIET A CHILD.

It is incredible, what a singular passion the Irish gentlemen (though in general excellent tempered fellows) formerly had for fighting each other, and immediately making friends again. A duel was indeed considered a necessary piece of a young man's education, but by no means a ground for future animosity with his opponent. One of the most humane men existing at present, a prominent public character, but who (as the expression then was) had frequently played both "hilt to hilt" and "muzzle to muzzle," was heard endeavouring to keep a little son of his quiet who was crying for something:—"Come, now, do be a good boy! Come now," said the father, "don't cry, and I'll give you a case of nice little pistols to-morrow. Come now, don't cry, and we'll *shoot them all* in the morning." "Yes! yes! we'll shoot them all in the morning!" responded the child, drying his little eyes, and delighted at the notion. This story has been likened to that of a butcher at Nenagh, who in like manner wanted to keep *his* son from crying, and effectually stopped his tears by saying, "Come, now, be a good boy, don't cry, and you shall *kill a lamb* to-morrow. Now won't you be good?" "Oh yes, yes," said the child, sobbing; "father, is the *lamb ready*?"



LORD ALDBOROUGH'S COUNTENANCE.

THE *high*-ways of Lord Aldborough, and the *by*-ways with which he intersected them, are well exhibited by an incident that occurred to him when the country was rather disturbed in 1797. He proceeded in great state, with his carriage, out-riders, &c. to visit the commanding officer of a regiment of cavalry which had just arrived in that part of the country.

On entering the room, he immediately began, by informing the officer that he was the Earl of Aldborough, of Belan Castle, that he had the finest park and fish-ponds in that neighbourhood, and frequently did the military gentlemen the honour of inviting them to his dinners; adding, with what he thought a dignified politeness, "I have come from my castle of Belan, where I have all the conveniences and luxuries of life, for the especial purpose of saying, Major, that I am glad to see the military in my county, and have made up my mind to give *you*, Major, my countenance and protection."—The Major, who happened to be rather a rough soldier, and of a country not famed for the softness of its manners, could scarcely repress his indignation at his Lordship's arrogant politeness: but when the last sentence was pronounced, he could restrain himself no longer:—"Countenance and protection!" repeated he contemptuously, two or three times; "as for your *protection*, Mister my Lord, Major M'Pherson is always able to protect himself; and as for your *countenance*, by heaven I would not take it for your earldom!"



SUICIDE BY MISTAKE.

IN the year 1800, a labourer, dwelling near the town of Athy, county Kildare, walking with his comrade up the banks of the Barrow to the farm of a Mr. Richardson, on whose meadows they were employed to mow; each, in the usual Irish way, having his scythe loosely wagging over his shoulder, and lazily lounging close to the bank of the river, they espied a salmon partly hidden under the bank. It is the nature of this fish, that, when his *head* is concealed, he fancies no one can see his *tail*; (there are many wise-acres besides the salmon, of the same way of thinking.) On the present occasion, the body of the fish was visible.—"Oh, Ned—Ned, dear!" said one of the mowers, "look at that big fellow there: isn't it a pity we havn't no spear?"—"May be," said Ned, "we could be after piking the fellow with the scythe—"

handle."—"True for you!" said Dennis; "the spike of yeer handle is longer nor mine; give the fellow a dig with it, at any rate."—"Ay, will I," returned the other; "I'll give the lad a prod he'll never forget, any how." The spike and their sport was all they thought of: but the *blade* of the scythe, which hung over Ned's shoulders, never came into the contemplation of either of them. Ned cautiously looked over the bank; the unconscious salmon lay snug, little imagining the conspiracy that had been formed against his tail—"Now hit the lad smart!" said Dennis: "there now—there! rise your fist: now you have the boy! now Ned—success!"—Ned struck at the salmon with all his might and main, and that was not trifling. But whether "the boy" was piked or not, never appeared: for poor Ned, bending his neck as he struck the salmon, placed the vertebræ in the most convenient position for unfurnishing his shoulders; and his head came tumbling splash into the Barrow, to the utter astonishment of his comrade, who could not conceive *how* it could *drop off* so suddenly. But the next minute he had the consolation of seeing the head attended by *one of his own ears*, which had been most dexterously sliced off by the same blow which beheaded his comrade. The head and ear rolled down the river in company, and were picked up with extreme horror at the mill-dam, near Mr. Richardson's, by one of the miller's men.—"Who the devil does this head belong to?" exclaimed the miller.—"Whoever owned it," said the man, "had three ears at any rate." A search being now made, Ned's headless body was discovered lying half over the bank, and Dennis in a swoon, through fright and loss of blood, was found recumbent by its side. Dennis, when brought to himself, (which process was effected by whiskey,) recited the whole adventure. They tied up the head; the body was attended by a numerous assemblage of Ned's countrymen to the grave; and the habit of carrying scythes carelessly very much declined. From that time, none of the country-people would on any occasion go after dark to the spot where the catastrophe

happened, as they say the doctor stole the head to *natomize* it; which fact was *confirmed* by a man without a head being frequently seen by the *women* and *children* who were occasionally led to pass the moat of Ascole, three miles from Athy, in the night-time; and they really believed the apparition to be no other than the ghost of poor Ned Maher looking everywhere for his head that the doctor had made way with.



THE IRISH BEAR.

FATHER O'LEARY, a most worthy Irish priest, used to relate numerous anecdotes, with a quaint yet spirited humour, quite unique. His manner, his air, his countenance, all bespoke wit, talent, and a good heart. It was singular, but it was fact, that even before he opened his lips, a stranger would say, "That is an Irishman," and at the same time guess him to be a priest. Coming from St. Omer, he stopped a few days, to visit a brother priest in the town of Boulogne sur Mer. Here he heard of a great curiosity which all the people were running to see,—a curious bear, that some fishermen had taken at sea, out of a wreck: it had sense, and attempted to utter a sort of lingo, which they called *patois*, but which nobody understood. O'Leary gave his six sous to see the wonder, which was shown at the port by candle-light, and was a very odd kind of animal, no doubt. The bear had been taught a hundred tricks, all to be performed at the keeper's word of command. It was late in the evening when O'Leary saw him, and the bear seemed sulky; the keeper, however, with a short spike at the end of a pole, made him move about briskly. He marked on sand what o'clock it was, with his paw, and distinguished the men and women in a very comical way; in fact, our priest was quite diverted. The beast at length grew tired; the keeper hit him with the pole; he stirred a little, but continued quite sullen: his master coaxed him—no! he would not work! At length, the brute of a keeper gave him two or three sharp pricks with the goad, when he roared out

most tremendously, and rising on his hind legs, swore at his tormentor in very good native Irish. O'Leary waited no longer, but went immediately to the mayor, whom he informed that the blackguards of fishermen had sewed up a poor Irishman in a bear-skin, and were showing him for six sous! This civic dignitary, who had himself seen the bear, would not believe our friend: at last, O'Leary prevailed on him to accompany him to the room. On their arrival, the bear was still upon duty; and O'Leary, stepping up to him, says, "*Gand e tha hawn, Pat?*" (How do you do, Pat?)—" *Slanger a manugouth,*" (Pretty well, thank 'ee,) says the bear. The people were surprised to hear how plainly he spoke: but the mayor directly ordered him to be ripped up; and after some opposition, and a good deal of difficulty, Pat stepped forth (stark naked) out of the bear-skin wherein he had been fourteen or fifteen days most cleverly stitched. The women made off; the men stood astonished; and the mayor ordered the keepers to be put in jail, unless they *satisfied* him; but that was presently done. The bear afterwards told O'Leary that he was very well fed, and did not care much about the clothing, only they worked him too hard. The fishermen had found him at sea on a hen-coop, which had saved him from going to the bottom with a ship, wherein he had a little venture of dried cod from Dungarvon, and which was bound from Waterford to Bilboa. He could not speak a word of any language but Irish, and had never been at sea before. The fishermen had brought him in, fed him well, and endeavoured to repay themselves by showing him as a curiosity.



JEMMY FOTTREL.

I REMEMBER seeing old Mr. Sheridan perform the part of Cato at one of the Dublin theatres; I do not recollect which: but I well recollect his dress, which consisted of bright armour under a fine laced scarlet cloak, and surmounted by a huge, white, bushy, well-powdered wig, (like Dr. Johnson's) over which was stuck his helmet. I wondered much how he could

kill himself without stripping off the armour before he performed that operation! I also recollect him particularly (even as before my eyes now) playing *Alexander the Great*, and throwing the javelin at *Clytus*, whom, happening to miss, he hit the cupbearer, then played by one of the hack-performers, a Mr. Jemmy Fötterel. Jemmy very naturally supposed that he was hit *designedly*, and that it was some *new light* of the great Mr. Sheridan to slay the cupbearer, in preference to his friend *Clytus*, (which certainly would have been a less unjustifiable manslaughter,) and that therefore he ought to tumble down and make a painful end, according to dramatic custom, time immemorial. Immediately, therefore, on being struck, he reeled, staggered, and fell very naturally, considering it was his *first death*; but being determined on this unexpected opportunity to make an impression upon the audience, when he found himself stretched out on the boards at full length, he began to roll about, kick, and flap the stage with his hands most immoderately; falling next into strong convulsions, exhibiting every symptom of exquisite torture, and at length expiring with a groan so loud and so long that it paralyzed even the people in the galleries, whilst the ladies believed that he was really killed, and cried aloud.—*Kelly's Reminiscences.*



It is customary in Italy for the composer of an opera, to preside at the piano-forte, the first three nights of its performance. A precious time he has of it in Rome. Should any passage in the music strike the audience as similar to one of another composer, they cry, "Bravo, il ladro,"—"bravo, you thief;" or, "bravo, Paesiello! bravo, Sacchini!" if they suppose the passage stolen from them; "the curse of God light on him who first put a pen into your hand to write music!" This I heard said, in the Teatro del Altiberti, to the celebrated composer Gazzaniga, who was obliged to sit patiently at the piano-forte to hear the flattering commendation. Cimarosa, who was their idol as a composer, was once so unfortunate as to

make use of a movement in a comic opera, at the Teatro del la Valle, which reminded them of one of his own, in an opera composed by himself for the preceding carnival. An Abbé started up, and said, "Bravo, Cimarosa! you are welcome from Naples: by your music of to-night, it is clear you have left behind you neither your trunk nor your old music; you are an excellent cook in hashing up old dishes!"—*Ibid.*



A TENOR SINGER of the name of Gabrielli, brother of the great female singer of that name, was engaged at the Teatro Argentini. Before he had got through five bars of his first song, the critics began to hiss and hoot, (and very deservedly so, for he was execrable,) saying, "Get away, you cursed raven!" "Get off, you goat!" On which he came forward and addressed the audience very mildly; "You fancy you are mortifying me, by hooting me; you are grossly deceived; on the contrary, I applaud your judgment, for I solemnly declare to you, that I never appeared on *any* stage without receiving the same treatment, and sometimes much worse." This appeal, though it produced a momentary laugh, could not procure a second appearance for the poor fellow.—*Ibid.*



AMONGST the living sights, I frequently saw in his carriage his Eminence Cardinal York, brother to the Pretender, but whom the Romans called brother of the King of England! He bore an excellent character, and was charitable in the extreme, particularly to any English who claimed his protection.

Father M'Mahon told me a comical story of a countryman of ours, a Mr. Patrick O'Flanagan, who, having been wrecked at Genoa, travelled on foot to Rome, to beg assistance, of Cardinal York, and got the Cardinal's porter, who was a Scotchman, to present his Eminence with the following conciliatory letter.

"May it please your Sanctity,

"I was cast on shore at Genoa, and travelled on foot to Rome. Hearing of your Holiness's humanity to poor Irishmen—for thirteen years I served his Britannic Majesty, King George the Third, in the Navy. God bless and prosper him to boot. I hate and detest the Pope and the Pretender, and I defy them and the devil and all his works, and am,

"Your Sanctity's obedient servant,

"Pat. O'Flanagan."

Pat waited until the Cardinal was going out to take his morning's ride, when he threw himself on his knees before his Eminence, who laughed heartily at his elegant epistle, and ordered him twenty Roman crowns.—*Ibid.*



On our return, I continued my attention to Apile, who gave me a lesson every day, and almost every day an invitation to dinner; he seemed much entertained by my boyish mimicry, a talent which I possessed at that time in no mean degree. I went with him to visit the miracle of St. Genaro or Januario, in the Cathedral; the King and Queen, in state, attended his saintship. There were two immense orchestras erected in the church, and all good professors, vocal and instrumental, were engaged to perform upon these occasions. The Archbishop prays, or appears to pray, while the Te Deum is sung. He then displays a phial, which contains the congealed blood of St. Genaro; towards this, he holds up a large wax taper, that the people may perceive it is congealed. The miracle consists, as every body knows, in this blood dissolving before the congregation, and is supposed to be performed by the saint himself. As soon as it is liquefied, the Archbishop roars lustily, "the miracle is accomplished." The Te Deum is again sung, and the whole congregation prostrate themselves before the altar of the saint with gratitude and devotion, and every face beams with delight.

On one of those miraculous days, I witnessed a lu-

dicrous scene. It happened by some accident, that the Archbishop could not make this miracle work. The Lazzaroni and old women loudly called on the Virgin for assistance. "Dear Virgin Mary! Blessed Madona! Pray use your influence with St. Genaro! Pray induce him to work the miracle! Do we not love him? Do we not worship him?" But when they found the saint inexorable, they changed their note, and seemed resolved to abuse him into compliance. They all at once cried out, "*Porco di St. Genaro!*"—"You pig of a saint!" "*Barone maladetto!*"—"You cursed rascal!" "*Cane faccia gialutto!*"—"You yellow-faced dog!" In the midst of this, the blood, thanks to the heat of the Archbishop's hand, dissolved. They again threw themselves on their knees, and tearing their hair, (the old ladies particularly,) with streaming eyes, cried, "Oh! most holy saint, forgive us this once, and never more will we doubt your goodness!" Had I not been an eye-witness of this scene of gross superstition and ignorance, I really could not have given credit to it.—*Ibid.*



IN the evening, Lady Cowper gave a concert to a large party. There, I had the gratification of hearing a sonata on the violin, played by the great Nardini: though very far advanced in years, he played divinely. He spoke with great affection of his favourite scholar, Thomas Linley, who, he said, possessed powerful abilities. Lord Cowper requested him to play the popular sonata, composed by his master Tartini, called the Devil's Sonata. Mr. Jackson, an English gentleman present, asked Nardini whether the anecdote relative to this piece of music was true, for Mr. De la Lunde had assured Dr. Burney that he had it from Tartini's own mouth. Nardini answered, that he had frequently heard Tartini relate the circumstance, which was neither more nor less than this:—He said that one night he dreamed that he had entered into a contract with the devil, in pursuance of which his satanic majesty was bound to perform all

his behests. He placed his violin in his hands, and asked him to play; and the devil played a sonata so exquisite, that in the delirium of applause which he was bestowing, he awoke, and flew to the instrument to endeavour to retain some of the passages; but in vain! they had fled! yet the sonata haunted his imagination day and night, and he endeavoured to compose one in imitation, which he called "the Devil's Sonata;" but it was so inferior to the sonata of his dream, that he has been heard to say, that if he had any other mode of gaining a living, he would have left the musical profession.—*Ibid.*



WHEN we arrived at Ferrara, we determined on remaining there a day, to look about us; and accordingly left our boat, and went to the Hotel de St. Marc; we had a very good dinner, and a very merry landlord. He told us many stories in his talkative way: among others, one of the *mad* poet, Ariosto, as he chose to call him. It appears that Ariosto, one day passing a potter's shop in Ferrara, heard the owner singing a stanza of the Orlando Furioso. Attracted by his own poetry, he listened, and found that the potter mangled it most miserably, rendering a most beautiful passage rank nonsense. This so enraged the poet, that, having a stick in his hand, he laid about him lustily, and broke every thing he could reach. When the poor devil of a potter expostulated with him for destroying the property of a man who had never done him any injury; "You have murdered my verses;—I have caught you in the very fact." When pressed to pay the poor man for some of his property, his only answer was—"Let him learn to sing my poetry, and I will leave alone his pottery."—*Ibid.*



"MINE HOST" related a ridiculous circumstance, which some weeks before took place at the curious ceremony of the Doge of Venice marrying the Adriatic Sea. The celebrated and witty Lord Lyttleton, and several other English gentlemen, went in a barge

to see the ceremony. They had on board with them a *lacquais-de-place*, a talkative fellow, making a plaguy noise, explaining every thing that was going on. This unfortunate Cicerone was standing up in the barge, and leaning over it, at the moment the Doge dropped the ring into the sea; the loquacious lacquey bawled out with all his might and strength, "Now, my Lord, look, look, the Doge has married the sea!" "Has he?" replied Lord Lyttleton; "then go you, you noisy dog, and pay the bride a visit;" and giving him a push, into the sea went the poor prating varlet. He was taken up immediately, without having received any injury, beyond a ducking, for which he was well repaid.—*Ibid.*



ONE day, during the stay of Paesiello, the celebrated composer at Venice, I heard him relate an anecdote illustrative of the kindness of the Empress Catherine of Russia towards him. She was his scholar; and while he was accompanying her one bitter cold morning, he shuddered with the cold. Her Majesty perceiving it, took off a beautiful cloak which she had on, ornamented with clasps of brilliants of great value, and threw it over his shoulders. Another mark of esteem for him, she evinced by her reply to Marshal Beloselsky. The Marshal, agitated, it is believed, by the "green-eyed monster," forgot himself so far as to give Paesiello a blow. Paesiello, who was a powerful, athletic man, gave him a sound drubbing. In return, the Marshal laid his complaint before the Empress, and demanded from her Majesty the immediate dismissal of Paesiello from the Court, for having had the audacity to return a blow upon a Marshal of the Russian Empire. Catherine's reply was, "I neither can nor will attend to your request; you forgot your dignity when you gave an unoffending man and a great artist a blow; are you surprised that he should have forgotten it too? and as to rank, it is in my power, Sir, to make fifty Marshals, but not one Paesiello."—*Ibid.*

WHEN a very young man in the service of the Emperor of Germany, I was rather vain, and very fond of fine clothes; indeed my greatest expense was the decoration of my precious person. I wore every evening, full dress embroidered coats, either gold, silver, or silk. I wore two watches (as was the custom of the country,) and a diamond ring on each of my little fingers: thus decked out, I had not, of course, the least appearance of a Paddy. While sitting one evening in the Milan coffee-house, reading the Vienna Gazette, two gentlemen entered, and seated themselves opposite to me, to take their coffee. One of them said to the other, with a most implacable Irish brogue, "Arrah, blood and thunder! *luke* at that fellow sitting opposite to us! (meaning me.) Did you ever see such a jack-daw? "Really," answered his companion (who I perceived was an Englishman,) "the fellow does not seem to be on bad terms with himself." "Look at his long ruffles," said my countryman; "I suppose he wears ruffles, to mark his gentility." I continued reading my Gazette, but when the critique upon my long lace ruffles was ended, I laid down the paper, and tucked them up under the cuffs of my coat, not looking at the gentlemen, or seeming to take any notice of them. "But now do *luke*," continued the persevering brogueareer, "what a display he is making of his rings: I suppose he thinks he will dazzle our eyes a bit." Upon this, I deliberately took off my rings, and put them into my pocket; at the same time fixing a steady look at my critics, I told them, in English, that if there were any other part of my dress at all disagreeable to them, I should have the greatest pleasure in altering it in any way they might suggest." The Irishman (improbable as it may appear) blushed, and the Englishman said, "He hoped I would not feel an offence, where none was meant." I said, "certainly not;" and to prove my sincerity, requested them to take part of a bowl of punch, and drink our Sovereign King George's health, and towards our better acquaintance; and thus, in despite of my laced ruffles and diamond rings,

we introduced ourselves to one another. My Irish friend, I found, was a Doctor O'Rourke, from the county of Down, who had only the day before arrived from Prague, where he had been for many years a medical practitioner; and in my new English acquaintance, I had the pleasure to find the eccentric Walking Stewart, so named from having walked almost all over the world, and whose pedestrian exploits were universally spoken of.—*Ibid.*



THE IRISH NEWS-BOY.

IN the summer of 1789, Mrs. Crouch and I went to Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and Liverpool, and had a pleasant and profitable campaign. We performed "The Haunted Tower" in Dublin, with complete success. The morning after the first night's performance of that opera, I was at my father's, and heard a news-boy bawling about the street, "Here is the high-born Hibernian Journal! the Freeman's Journal! and Saunders' Great News, and more to come!" Anxious to hear what the papers said of my performance the night before, I opened the street door, and calling the news-boy to me, asked for Freeman's Journal—"Sir," said the ragged urchin, "I've sold the last I had."—"Then," said I, "you stupid dog, if you have sold them, why are you crying them about the streets?" With an arch look, scratching his head, and looking me full in the face, he replied, "Practice makes perfect, Mr. Kelly; I do it just to keep myself in voice:" and away he ran.—*Ibid.*



OLD MOTHER DRURY.

ON the 4th of June, the Old Drury Lane closed for ever, with the comedy of "The Country Girl," and "No Song, no Supper." At the end of the play, Palmer came forward, and thus addressed the audience:—"Ladies and gentlemen, on the part of the proprietors, manager, and performers, I have to express their gratitude for the unprecedented support with which you have favoured them, during the past season.—

When next we have the honour to appear before you on this spot, we trust it will be in a theatre better calculated for your accommodation, more deserving royal countenance, and the patronage of this great metropolis." In allusion to this occurrence, there seemed to me so much whimsicality in the following newspaper paragraph, which I took a copy of at the time, that I think it will not be unacceptable to my readers: the date is June 6th, 1691 :—

"Died, on Saturday night, of a gradual decay, in the hundred and seventeenth year of her age, old Madame Drury, who lived in six reigns, and saw many generations pass in review before her. She remembered Betterton in age, lived in intimacy with Wilks, Booth, and Cibber, and knew old Macklin when he was a stripling. Her hospitality exceeded that of the English character, even in its earliest days of festivity, having almost through the whole of her life entertained from one to two thousand persons of both sexes, six nights in the week. She was an excellent poetess, could be grave and gay by turns, and yet sometimes catching disorder from intrusive guests, could be dull enough in all conscience; her memory was excellent, and her singing kept in such a gradual state of improvement, that it was allowed her voice was better the three or four last years of her life than when she was in her prime. At the latter end of the last century, she had a rout of nearly two thousand people at her house, the very night of her death; and the old lady felt herself in such spirits, that she said she would give them *no supper without a song*, which being complied with, she fell gently back in her chair, and expired without a groan. Dr. Palmer, one of her family-physicians, attended her, in her last moments, and announced her dissolution to the company."—*Ibid.*



TATE WILKINSON.

WILKINSON was certainly one of the most eccentric men I ever met. One of his whims was, to hide

chocolate drops and other sweetmeats in different holes and corners of his house, his great pleasure consisting in finding them, as if by accident, some days afterwards. When he had taken a few glasses of old Madeira, of which he was very fond, he would mix his conversation about theatricals and eatables together, in a manner at once ludicrous and incomprehensible. I was sitting with him one night, in high spirits, after supper, and we spoke of Barry, the actor: "Sir," said he, "Barry, Sir, was as much superior to Garrick in Romeo, as York Minster is to a Methodist chapel,—not but I think, that if lobster sauce is not well made, a turbot is'n't eatable, let it be ever so firm.—There, there's that Miss Reynolds; why she, Sir, fancies herself a singer, but she is quite a squalini, Sir! a nuisance, Sir! going about my house the whole of the day, roaring out 'The Soldier tired of War's alarms.' Ah! she has tired me, and alarmed the whole neighbourhood!—not but what when rabbits are young and tender, they are very nice eating. There was Mrs. Barry, for example; Mrs. Barry was very fine and very majestic in Zenobia; Barry, in the same play, was very good; not but that wild rabbits were better than tame ones. Though Mrs. Barry was so great in her day, yet Mrs. Siddons—stewed and smothered with onions, either of them are delicious. Mrs. Pope was admirable in Queen Elizabeth—a man I had here, made a very good Oronooko; not but I would advise you to have a calf's-head dressed with the skin on, but you must always bespeak it of the butcher yourself; though the last bespeak of Lord Scarborough did nothing for me, nothing at all—the house was one of the worst of the whole season; with bacon and greens,—not twenty pounds altogether, with parsley and butter;" and on he went talking, until he talked himself asleep, for which I did offer my thanks to Somnus, with all my soul; yet when clear of these unaccountable reveries, he was an amusing companion.—*Ibid.*

TATE WILKINSON was not singular in mixing with whatever subject he was talking about, that of eating. I knew a countryman of mine, a captain in the Irish brigade, whose constant habit was always to bring in something or other about eatables. A gentleman praising the Bay of Dublin, and its similitude to the Bay of Naples, "Dublin Bay, Sir," said my countryman, "is far and away finer than the Bay of Naples; for what on earth can be superior to a Dublin Bay herring?"—*Ibid.*



"I AM told," said the gentleman, "that the Irish brigade, in the Empress Maria Theresa's service, are a fine set of men." "You may say that, Sir," said my friend, "and she has also in her dominions the finest beef and mutton I ever tasted anywhere."—*Ibid.*



ONE winter, there was a severe frost in Dublin, and such a scarcity of coals, that hardly any were to be got, for love or money. A gentleman was lamenting the situation of the poorer orders from the severity of the weather:—"It's very true, they are much to be pitied, poor devils," said the captain; "and the cold is very shocking, but it will bring in the cur-lews."—*Ibid.*



M'NALLY'S OPERA.

I WENT one day to dine with my witty countryman, Curran, then Master of the Rolls, at his pretty place of Rathfarnham. Amongst his guests, was Counsellor M'Nally, the author of the opera of "Robin Hood." I passed a delightful day there. Many pleasant stories were told after dinner; among others, one of M'Nally's, to prove the predilection which some of our countrymen formerly had, for getting into scrapes when they first arrived in London. The night his opera of "Robin Hood" was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, a young Irish friend of his, on his first visit to London, was seated on the second seat in

the front boxes. On the front row, were two gentlemen, who, at the close of the first act, were saying how much they liked the opera, and that it did great credit to Mrs. Cowley, who wrote it. On hearing this, his Irish friend got up, and tapping one of them on the shoulder, said to him:—"Sir, *you* say this opera was written by Mrs. Cowley; now *I* say it was not. This opera was written by Leonard M'Nally, Esq. Barrister at Law, of No. 5, Pump Court, in the Temple. Do you take my word for it, Sir?" "Most certainly, Sir," replied the astonished gentleman; "and I feel very much obliged for the information you have so politely given me." "Umph! very well, Sir," said he, and sat down. At the end of the second act, he got up, and again accosted the same gentleman, saying, "Sir, upon your honour, as a gentleman, are you in your own mind perfectly satisfied that Leonard M'Nally Esq., Barrister at Law of No. 5, Pump Court, in the Temple, has actually written this opera, and not Mrs. Cowley?" "Most perfectly persuaded of it, Sir," said the gentleman, bowing.—"Then, Sir," said the young Irishman, "I wish you a good night; but just as he was leaving the box, he turned to the gentleman whom he had been addressing, and said:—"Pray, Sir, permit me to ask, is your friend there convinced, that this opera was written by Mr. M'Nally, Barrister at Law, of No. 5, Pump Court, in the Temple?" "Decidedly, Sir," was the reply; "we are both fully convinced of the correctness of your statement." "Oh, then, if that is the case, I have nothing more to say," said the Hibernian, "except that if you had not both assured me you were so, neither of you should be sitting quite so easy on your seats as you do now."—*Ibid.*



HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

I HAVE often heard it said that Irishmen are generally prone to be troublesome and quarrelsome. Having, in the different countries I have visited, had the pleasure of mixing much with them, I can aver,

from experience, that the contrary is the case, and that, generally speaking, they are far from being either the one or the other ; and if they find that an affront is not intended, no nation in the universe will join more freely in the laugh, if even against themselves. I will take leave to quote an example,—Curran versus M’Nally :—M’Nally was very lame ; and, when walking, had an unfortunate limp ; which he could not bear to be told of. At the time of the Rebellion, he was seized with a military ardour, and when the different volunteer corps were forming in Dublin, that of the lawyers was organized. Meeting with Curran, M’Nally said, “ My dear friend, these are not times for a man to be idle : I am determined to enter the Lawyer’s Corps, and follow the camp.” “ You follow the camp, my little limb of the law !” said the wit ; “ tut, tut, renounce the idea, you never can be a disciplinarian.” “ And why not, Mr. Curran ?” said M’Nally.—“ For this reason,” said Curran ; “ the moment you were ordered to march, you would halt.”—*Ibid.*



MARSHAL SACKS.

ONE day, the eccentric major O’Reily was in the streets of Clomnel, when the Tipperary militia were marching out of that town : their colonel’s father had formerly been a miller, and amassed a large fortune, which he had bequeathed to the colonel himself. O’Reily, seeing the gallant officer at the head of the corps, exclaimed, “ By the god of war, here comes Marshal Sacks, with the *flour* of Tipperary at his back.”—*Ibid.*



THE TWO WITS.

TOM SHERIDAN had a good voice, and a true taste for music, which, added to his intellectual qualities and superior accomplishments, caused his society to be sought with the greatest avidity. The two Sheridans were supping together one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into

parliament. "I think, father," said he, "that many men, who are called great patriots in the House of Commons, are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be let.'" "And under that," said his father, "write—'Unfurnished!'" Tom took the joke, but determined to be even with him on another occasion. Mr. Sheridan had a cottage about half a mile from Hounslow Heath,—Tom being very short of cash, asked his father to let him have some. "Money I have none," was the reply. "Be the consequence what it may, money I must have," said Tom. "If that is the case, my dear Tom," said the affectionate parent, "you will find a case of loaded pistols upstairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable,—the night is dark, and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath." "I understand what you mean," said Tom, "but I tried that last night. I unluckily stopped Peake, your treasurer, who told me, that you had been beforehand with him, and robbed him of every sixpence he had in the world."



A PAIR OF BULLS.

"I HAD once objected to me," says Judge Brackenridge, "by a *Virginia* lawyer, an expression of the act of assembly (of Pennsylvania) that the state-house yard (in the city of Philadelphia) should be 'surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an *open inclosure* for ever;' but I put him down by the act of the legislature of Virginia, which is entitled "a supplement to an act, entitled an act making it penal to alter the mark of an *unmarked* hog."



QUID PRO QUO.

JUDGE R——, when president of the court of common pleas for the county of Philadelphia, was one day asked by Mr. B. a member of the bar, whether the court would *set* the next day. "*Sit*, Mr. B." the Judge replied, "not *set* ; hens *set*." Soon afterwards,

in a case in which the same lawyer was concerned, Judge R. observed, that an action would not *lay* in that case. "*Lie*, your honour," retorted Mr. B. "not *lay*; hens lay."



SIR HECTOR M'GILLIE CUDDIE being once on his legs in the House of Commons, indulging in a course of remarks by no means agreeable to the feelings or privileges of the patriots, an attempt was made to *cough* him down. After affecting for some time not to observe this effort, Sir Hector at last found the symptoms too urgent to be disregarded, and accordingly ejaculated the following *morceau*:—"Mr. Spaker, the gentlemen may cough *here*,—and they know it; but in the *street*, Sir, I should be glad to hear a *whoeeze* from the most asthmatic member of the opposition."



LAWYER AND CLIENT.

It is said, that in former days, an eminent counselor was called on for his professional advice, by a countryman, who entered on the consultation thus: "*Mr. A——, my father died, and made his will.*" The lawyer professed himself utterly unable to understand him; the countryman in vain endeavoured to make himself understood; and took his departure, surprised at the dullness of one reputed to be singularly acute. Meeting with a friend, he expressed to him his disappointment: his friend, more knowing, at once inquired whether he had given a retaining fee to the lawyer? "No," was the reply; "I left that for another opportunity." His friend advised him to return, and by no means to postpone that preliminary step. He did so; placed a shining guinea in the learned gentleman's hand, and began once more,—"*My father died, and made his will.*" The lawyer stopped him, saying, "Oh! I understand you now; you mean, *your father made his will, and then died.*" From that time forward, the client found no cause to complain that his counsel was either dull of appre-

hension, or negligent of his interests. Hints should not be thrown away.



JUDGE PETERS.

A LAWYER, engaged in a cause before Judge Peters, tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say any thing more. Upon this, the Judge called out to the teasing lawyer, "I think, Sir, you must have done with that witness now, for you have pumped him dry."



ON some occasion, a very fat man, and a very slim man, stood at the entrance of a door into which the Judge wished to pass. He stopped a moment for them to make way, but perceiving they were not inclined to move, and being urged by the master of the house to come in, he pushed on between them, exclaiming, "Here I go, then, through thick and thin."



AN IRISH DEPOSITION.

THE following extract from an affidavit read in the court of common pleas in Dublin, is alike illustrative of the manner in which legal process is executed in Ireland, and of the precision with which legal instruments are drawn:—"And this deponent further saith, that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admission; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, said, that if said deponent did not instantly re-

tire, he would send his (the deponent's) *soul to hell*; which this deponent verily *believes he would have done*, had not this deponent precipitately escaped."



THE TIRED WAGON.

JUDGE PETERS remarked, upon seeing a wagon pass by, which had remarkably thick iron upon the wheels, that it must have come a very long journey, for it appeared so well *tired*. A gentleman who was present, and observed the laugh which the witticism occasioned, but who did not himself take the joke, undertook unfortunately to repeat it, by stating to a company as an admirable joke of the Judge's, that, on seeing a wagon pass with thickly ironed wheels, he had observed that it appeared to have travelled far, as it was so much *fatigued*. Every one stared, but no one laughed. He expressed great surprise at the very different effect produced by the original remark, and its repetition.



SCENE IN COURT.

March —, 18—.

Court of ———.

Present all the Judges.

The case of *Stiles vs. Nokes* was called up for judgment.

Judge ——. "We have considered the objections of the defendant's counsel—they are too nice. We do not see the reason of the cases that have been cited, and do not feel ourselves bound by their authority; judgment must be entered for the plaintiff."

Mr. Junior, (*counsel for the defendant.*) "I am *astonished* at your honour's decision."

Judge ——. "We feel ourselves insulted, Mr. Junior, by this expression. The court must receive an apology, or will feel itself bound to take special notice of this remark."

Mr. Senior, (*of counsel also with the defendant.*) "The court will be good enough to excuse my young friend. He made the remark through ignorance: if

he had been as long at the bar as I have been, he would have learned to be *astonished* at *no* decision of your honours."

"Judge —. Let there be an end of this matter."



THE FIRST QUAKER.

AN old Indian being at an inn at New-York, met with a gentleman who gave him some liquor, and being rather lively, the Indian boasted he could read and write English. The gentleman, willing to indulge him in displaying his knowledge, begged leave to propose a question; to which the old man consented: He was then asked, who was the first circumcised? The Indian immediately answered, Father Abraham; and directly asked the gentleman, who was the first Quaker? He said it was very uncertain, as people differed in their sentiments exceedingly. The Indian perceiving the gentleman unable to resolve his question, put his fingers into his mouth, to express surprise; and looking steadfastly, told him that Mordecai was the first Quaker, for he would not pull off his hat to Haman.



MARION'S CAMP.

A BRITISH officer, having been sent from Georgetown, South Carolina, to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, was conducted, after the usual ceremony of blindfolding, into Marion's encampment. When the business was concluded, the officer took up his hat, to retire.—"Oh no!" said Marion, "it is now about our time of dining; and I hope, Sir, you will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner."—On mention of the word *dinner*, the British officer looked around him; but, to his great mortification, could see neither pot nor pan, nor any other utensil that could raise the spirits of a hungry man. "Come, Tom," said the general, to one of his men, "give us our dinner."—The dinner, to which he alluded, was no other than a few sweet potatoes, roasting under the embers, and which Tom, with his pine-stick po-

ker, soon drew from their concealment; pinching them, every now then, with his fingers, especially the large ones, to ascertain whether they were sufficiently roasted: then, having cleansed them from the ashes, partly by blowing them with his breath, and partly by brushing them with the sleeve of his old cotton shirt, he piled some of the best on a large piece of bark, and placed them between the British officer and Marion, on the trunk of a fallen pine, on which they sat. —“I fear, Sir,” said the general, “our dinner will not prove so palatable as I could wish; but it is the best we have.”—The officer, who was a well-bred man, took up one of the potatoes, affecting to eat it, as if he had found a great dainty: but presently he broke out into a hearty laugh. Marion looked surprised.—“I beg pardon, general,” said the other; “I was only thinking how drolly some of my brother-officers would look, if our government were to give them such a bill of fare as this!”—“I suppose,” replied Marion, “it is not equal to *their* style of dining.”—“No, indeed,” said the officer; “but this, I imagine, is one of your accidental lent dinners; in general, no doubt, you live much better.”—“Rather worse,” rejoined the American; “for often we don’t get enough of this.”—“But though stinted in *provisions*, you draw noble *pay*.”—“Not a cent, Sir,” replied Marion, “not a cent.” On his return to Georgetown, the officer was asked by colonel Watson, why he looked so serious.—“I have cause, Sir,” replied he, “to look serious.”—“Has Marion refused to treat?”—“No sir.”—“Has Washington defeated Sir Henry Clinton?”—“No, Sir, not that neither; but *worse*. I have seen an American general and his officers, without pay, and almost without clothes, dining on roots, and drinking water, and all these privations undergone for liberty. What chance have we against such men?” Colonel Watson was little animated by this discovery; and the young officer was so affected by Marion’s sentiments, that he resigned his commission, and retired from the service.

COLONEL WASHINGTON.

BEING on a foraging excursion, this active officer had penetrated within thirteen miles of Camden, to Clermont, the seat of colonel Rugely, of the British militia. This was fortified by a block-house, encompassed by an abatis, and defended by one hundred inhabitants, who had submitted to the royal government. Colonel Washington advanced before it, mounted the trunk of a pine-tree on wagon-wheels, so as to resemble a field-piece, and peremptorily demanded a surrender. The stratagem had the desired effect.—Dreading a cannonade, the garrison instantly obeyed the summons, without a shot having been fired on either side.



SIR JOHN HOLT.

IT is related of this celebrated Judge, that being once upon the bench at the Old Bailey, a fellow was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. He was moved by that curiosity which is natural, upon a retrospection on past life, to know the fortune of the cotemporaries with whom he once associated, and of whom he had known nothing for many years; he therefore asked the fellow what was become of Tom such-a-one, and Will such-a-one, and the rest of the knot to which they belonged. The fellow fetched a deep sigh, and making a low bow, “Ah! my lord, (said he) they are all hanged but your lordship and me.”



THE table of the late George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, afforded the display of men too independent by both their place in society, and their consciousness of intellectual power, to feel themselves embarrassed by the presence of superior rank. Hare, Jekyll, Fitzpatrick, Erskine, with the great parliamentary leaders, were constant guests, and the round was varied by the introduction of celebrated foreigners, and other persons capable of adding to the interest of the circle.

THE merit of Hare's jeux d'esprit was their readiness and their oddity. Fox, after the fall of the coalition ministry, coming to dinner at the Pavilion, just as he had returned from London, and apologizing for appearing in his dishabille, and without powder: "Oh," said Hare, "make no apology; our great guns are *discharged*, and now we may all do without *powder*."



"PLEASANT news, this, from America," said Hare, meeting General Fitzpatrick on the first intelligence of Burgoyne's defeat. The general doubted, and replied, that he had just come from the secretary of state's office, without hearing any thing of it. "Perhaps so," said Hare, "but take it from me as a *flying* rumour."



THE Duchess of Devonshire applied to Fox for a charade. "On what subject?" said Fox. "The happiest of all subjects—*myself*," was the laughing reply. Fox took his pencil, and on the back of a letter wrote the lines so often since made the property of wits and lovers in distress.

My first is myself in a very short word,
My second's a plaything,
And you are my third. *Idol*.



ST. LEGER, a showy Irishman, coming to London, and being extensively known from his connexions and manners, had availed himself of the hospitalities of whig and tory alike; and on his first dinner at the Pavilion, was laughingly taken to task for his indiscriminate taste for the burgundy of both sides. The Irishman defended himself gallantly, and said, that he saw no difference of principle in beauty or burgundy: but that, "love or drink where he would, he would always adhere to his political friends." "St. Leger is quite right," said the prince, "he promises like the prospectus of a newspaper,—open to all *parties*, but influenced by none."

THE PRINCE'S EPAULETTES.

ON the king's opening the session of parliament, the prince had gone in state in a military uniform with diamond epaulettes. At dinner, Doyle came in late, and, to the prince's inquiry whether he had seen the procession? answered, that he had been among the mob, "who prodigiously admired his royal highness's equipage." "And did they say nothing else?" asked the prince, who was at this time a good deal talked of, from his encumbrances. "Yes, one fellow, looking at your epaulette, said, 'Tom, what an amazing fine thing the prince has got on his shoulders!' 'Ay,' answered the other, 'fine enough, and fine as it is, it will soon be on *our* shoulders.'" The prince paused a moment, then looked Doyle in the face, and laughing, said, "Ah! I know where that hit came from, you rogue; that could be nobody's but yours. Come, take some wine."



THE Lewes races were thinly attended, in consequence of a rainy day. The prince and a few persons of rank were there, and underwent a drenching. On their return, some observation was made on the small number of noblemen on the course. "I beg pardon," said the prince, "I think I saw a very handsome *sprinkling* of the nobility."



THE conversation turning on some new eccentricity of Lord George Gordon, his unfitness for a mob leader was instanced, in his suffering the rioters of 1780 to break open the gin-shops, and, in particular, to intoxicate themselves by the plunder of Langdale's great distillery, in Holborn. "But why did not Langdale defend his property?" was the question. "He had not the means," was the answer. "Not the means of defence?" said the prince; "ask Angelo: he, a brewer, a fellow all his life long at *cart* and *tierce*."

THE prince's regiment were expecting orders for Ireland. St. Leger said that garrison duty in Dublin was irksome, and that country quarters were so squalid, that they would destroy the lace and uniform of the regiment, which, even then, were remarkably rich. "Well, then," said the prince, "let them do their duty as dragoons, and *scour* the country."



A HEAVY-HEELED cavalry officer, at one of the Brighton balls, astounded the room by the peculiar *impressiveness* of his dancing. A circle of affrighted ladies fluttered over to the prince, and inquired, by what possibility they could escape being trampled out of the world by this formidable performer. "Nothing can be done," said the prince, "since the war is over: then, he might have been sent back to America as a republication of the *stamp* act."



HORNE TOOKE was committed to prison on a charge of treason, which he bore so loftily, that he was said to have an intention of establishing regular club dinners in the jail.—"The parson had better give a masquerade, and appear as *Tartuffe*," said Sheridan. "No; a *concert* is the thing," said the prince; "Newgate is a capital place for a *ketch* club."



At a later period, one of the newspapers quoted a speech of Sir Joseph Yorke, who, in his usual good humoured style, said, at some public dinner in winter, that "for his part, in such society he knew no difference of politics or seasons; and that a coal fire, campaign, and good company, might turn winter into summer at any day of the year." "Shakspeare and Sir Joseph agree," said the prince:

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the *Son of Yorke*."

THE late Sir William Curtis was equally known for his loyalty and his good living, his speeches and his jovial visage; in particular, that feature which gave Bardolph his fame, was the sign of many a banquet, as it was the theme of a good deal of caricaturing and temporary pleasantry. The prince, looking over one of those caricatures, representing Sir William, with an exaggerated nose, going to the siege of Walcheren, and singing a parody on Black-eyed Susan; remarked, that he supposed his old friend would succeed better as an orator than a poet, for no man cut a greater figure in the *rostrum*.*



ST. LEGER was repeating a fragment of a striking speech which Grattan had delivered at the Rotunda (a place of popular meeting in Dublin,) in his parliamentary canvass. The colonel apologized for its want of the original effect, "which belonged to the circumstances under which it had been spoken,—the place, the people, the speaker himself," &c. "Yes," said the prince, "nothing will do for a speech of Grattan's, but the *ore Rotundo*."†



AMONGST the adventures to which the prince's unrestricted style of life exposed him, he was once robbed; not by his friends or his household, for that seems to have been the daily occurrence with, at least, the lower ranks of both; but by those professional collectors of the streets, who, fifty years ago, made a midnight walk in London as perilous as a walk in Arabia. The prince and the Duke of York had remained till a late hour at one of the St. James's street clubs, where the duke had played, and, by an unusual fortune, had won a considerable sum. The royal brothers got into a hackney-coach, and were driving down Hayhill, when the coach was suddenly stopped, the doors were thrown back, and the robbers, masked,

* *Rostrum*, in Latin, literally signifies the *beak* of a bird.

† *Ore Rotundo*, ablative of *os rotundum*, an expression used to denote a flowing and eloquent delivery.

presented their pistols. Resistance would have been idle. The prince had a diamond watch of great value, which he cleverly slipped under the cushion, and thus saved: but the duke was obliged to refund all his winnings; and the robbers were so well satisfied with this prize, that they forgot the prince's purse, closed the doors, and wished them a good night. They had evidently been followed from the club-house, and, it was strongly suspected, by some of the gamesters themselves. On driving off, the prince triumphantly showed his purse. "How did you contrive to keep it?" said the duke. "Easily enough," answered the prince, drawing his chronometer from under the cushion; "there is nothing like having the *watch* in the coach with one."



CURRAN'S WIG.

CURRAN, the readiest and most versatile of human beings, a man whom it would seem impossible to embarrass by circumstances, pathetically declared, that "without his wig, he was nothing." He said that he felt not merely his barristerial physiognomy diminished, but his brains; he acknowledged the hand of another Delilah upon him, and that the extinction of his faculties followed the curled honours of his brow. When the Dublin barristers were compelled to appear without their wigs in court, from the chamber where they were kept being overflowed by the river, Curran, opening a cause, began, "My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, the counsel for the plaintiff is—what *remains* of me."



ERSKINE'S well-known habit of talking of himself, often brought the jest of the table against him. He was once panegyricizing his own humanity: "There," said he, "for instance, is my dog; I wish it to be happy in this life, I wish it to be happy in the other. Like the Indian, I wish that wherever I may go, my faithful dog shall bear me company." "And a confoundedly *unlucky dog* he would be," murmured Jekyll.

ALL the London world was amused by Mingay's retort on Erskine, in one of those fits of laudation. The trial was on some trivial question of a patent for a shoe-buckle. Erskine held up the buckle to the jury, and harangued on the extraordinary ingenuity of an invention which would have astonished and delighted past ages. "How would my ancestors," said he, "have looked upon this specimen of dexterity!" From this point, he started into a panegyric on his forefathers. Mingay was counsel for the opposite side; and concluded his speech with,—“Gentlemen, you have heard a good deal to-day of my learned friend's ancestors, and of their probable astonishment at his shoe-buckle: but, gentlemen, I can assure you their astonishment would have been quite as great at his *shoes and stockings*.”



AN occasional guest, and a sufficiently singular one, was the Irish Franciscan, Arthur O'Leary; a man of strong faculties and considerable knowledge. His first celebrity was as a pamphleteer, in a long battle with Woodward, the able bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, on questions of the establishment; in which he generally contrived to have what a Frenchman would reckon as victory, *les rieurs de son côté*, (the laugh on his side.) One of his retorts to the bishop's arguments against purgatory, was a recommendation, that "his lordship would be content to stop *there*; for he might *go further and fare worse*."



AN officer of remarkable stature was complaining at the prince's table of the neglect of some memorial at the Horse Guards. O'Leary consoled him by observing, that "no gentleman *stood higher* in the opinion of his friends; and no man could *look down* on him, at the Horse Guards, or elsewhere."



IN the house of commons, Sheridan was always formidable; and though Pitt's moral or physical courage never shrunk from man, yet Sheridan was the

antagonist with whom he evidently least desired to come into collision, and with whom the collision, when it did occur, was of the most fretful nature. "I leave," said Pitt, at the conclusion of an attack of this kind, "I leave the honourable gentleman what he likes so well, the woman's privilege—the last word." Sheridan started up: "I am perfectly sensible," said he, "of the favour which the right honourable gentleman means, in offering me a privilege so peculiarly adapted to himself; but I must beg leave to decline the gift. I have no wish for the last word: I am content with having the *last argument*."



MORGAN PRUSSIA.

MORGAN, the gay and handsome son of a low Irish farmer, tired of home, went to take the chances of the world, and seek his fortune. By what means he traversed England, or made his way to France, is not told. But he at length crossed France, also, and, probably without much knowledge, or much care, whether he were moving to the north or the south pole, found himself in the Prussian territory. This was in the day of the first Frederick, famous for his tall regiment of guards, and for nothing else; except his being the most dangerous compound of fool and madman amongst the crowned heads of the Continent. He had but one ambition, that of inspecting twice a-day a regiment of a thousand grenadiers, not one of whom was less than six feet and a half high. Morgan was an Irish giant, and was instantly seized by the Prussian recruiting sergeants, who *forced* him to *volunteer* into the tall battalion. This turn of fate was totally out of the Irishman's calculation; and the prospect of carrying a musket till his dying day on the Potsdam parade, after having made up his mind to live by his wits, and rove the world, more than once tempted him to think of leaving his musket and his honour behind him, and fairly trying his chance for escape. But the attempt was always found impracticable: the frontier was too closely watched, and Morgan still marched up and down the Potsdam parade

with a disconsolate heart; when one evening a Turkish recruit was brought in; for Frederick looked to nothing but the thews and sinews of a man, and the Turk was full seven feet high. "How much did his majesty give for catching that heathen?" said Morgan to his corporal. "Four hundred dollars," was the answer. He burst out into an exclamation of astonishment at this waste of royal treasure upon a Turk. "Why, they cannot be got for less," replied the corporal. "What a pity my five brothers cannot hear of it!" said Morgan; "I am a dwarf to any one of them, and the sound of half the money would bring them all over immediately." As the discovery of a tall recruit was the well-known road to favouritism, five were worth at least a pair of colours to the corporal; the conversation was immediately carried to the sergeant, and from him through the gradation of officers to the colonel, who took the first opportunity of mentioning it to the king. The colonel was instantly ordered to question Morgan. But he had at once lost all memory on the subject.—"He had no brothers; he had made the regiment his father, and mother, and relations, and there he hoped to live and die." But he was urged still more strongly, and at length confessed that he had brothers, even above the regimental standard, but that "nothing on earth could stir them from their spades." After some time, the king inquired for the five recruits, and was indignant when he was told of the impossibility of enlisting them. "Send the fellow himself," he exclaimed, "and let him bring them back." The order was given, but, Morgan was "broken-hearted at the idea of so long an absence from the regiment." He applied to the colonel to have the order revoked, or at least given to some one else. But this was out of the question, for Frederick's word was always irrevocable; and Morgan, with a disconsolate face, prepared to set out upon his mission. But a new difficulty struck him. "How was he to make his brothers come, unless he showed them the recruiting money?" This objection was at last obviated, by the advance of a sum equal

to about three hundred pounds sterling, as a first instalment for the purchase of his family. Like a loyal grenadier, the Irishman was now ready to attempt anything for his colonel or his king, and Morgan began his journey. But, as he was stepping out of the gates of Potsdam, another difficulty occurred; and he returned to tell the colonel, that of all people existing, the Irish were the most apt to doubt a traveller's story, they being in the habit of a good deal of exercise in that style themselves; and that, when he should go back to his own country, and tell them of the capital treatment and sure promotion that a soldier met with in the guards, the probability was, that they would laugh in his face. As to the money, "there were some who would not scruple to say that he had stolen it, or tricked some one out of it. But undoubtedly, when they saw him walking back as a common soldier, he was sure that they would not believe a syllable, let him say what he would, about rising in the service." The objection was intelligible enough, and the colonel represented it to Frederick, who, doubly outrageous at the delay, swore a grenadier's oath, ordered Morgan to be made a *sous officier*, or upper sergeant, and, with a sword and epaulette, sent him instantly across the Rhine, to convince his five brothers of the rapidity of Prussian promotion. Morgan flew to his home in the county Carlow, delighted the firesides for many a mile round with his having outwitted a king and a whole battalion of grenadiers, laid out his recruiting money in land, and became a man of estate at the expense of the Prussian treasury.

One ceremony remains to be recorded. Once a year, on the anniversary of the day in which he left Potsdam and its giants behind, he climbed a hill within a short distance of his house, turned himself in the direction of Prussia, and, with the most contemptuous gesture which he could contrive, bade good-by to his majesty! The *ruse* was long a great source of amusement; and its hero, like other heroes, bore through life the name earned by his exploit, Morgan Prussia.

MRS. OLDMIXON.

THIS estimable and accomplished lady, who has been for many years, and is at present, one of Philadelphia's most respected inhabitants, was in early life ranked in the first class of vocal performers in Europe. In addition to her talents as a singer, she was considered a most excellent actress, and her irreproachable character, and fascinating manners, gained her the esteem and support of every audience which had the pleasure of witnessing her performances. Previous to her marriage, when Miss George, the citizens of Dublin were gratified with the exhibition of her brilliant and diversified abilities, in conjunction with the celebrated singer, Mrs. Billington. On one occasion, the favourite piece, the Beggar's Opera, was advertised, the parts of Polly and Lucy by the rival candidates for public favour. The theatre was filled to overflowing; Mr. Weischall, brother to Mrs. Billington, considered one of the first performers on the violin, of his day, was leader of the orchestra. The performance went on, to the delight and gratification of the audience, till both ladies came forward, and sang alternately in the same scene. Every aid in the power of Weischall to give effect to his sister's voice was called into action, but the moment Miss George commenced, he became quite careless. With the most dignified composure, she immediately walked to the front of the stage, gave a reproving look at Mr. Weischall, and then, without uttering a word, curtsied with inimitable grace to the audience. Quick as lightning, a simultaneous burst of indignation arose from every part of the house, against Weischall, and a most ample apology was required, and made, ere the performance was allowed to proceed.

The above is from the recollections of an eye-witness, who believes he has faithfully delineated the most prominent facts; though some five-and-thirty years, or more, have intervened since the occurrence.

MUFFINS.

DR. THOMPSON, a celebrated physician, and a remarkable *sloven*, could not endure the sight of *muffins*. At breakfast, one morning, a plate of muffins being introduced, the doctor grew outrageous, and called out—"Take away the muffins!" "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, "take away the *rag-amuffins*."



NARROW ESCAPE.

A DISTINGUISHED gentleman of Pennsylvania, whose nose and chin were both very long, and who had lost his teeth, whereby the nose and chin were brought near together, was told, "I am afraid your nose and chin will fight before long; they approach each other very menacingly." "I am afraid of it myself," replied the gentleman, "for a great many words have passed between them already."



EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Soon after Lord Ashley had taken his seat in the house of commons, he rose to speak in support of the act "for granting counsel to prisoners in cases of high treason," but found himself so embarrassed, that he was unable to proceed. The house cheered him; and, recovering from his confusion, he very happily turned the difficulty and embarrassment of his own situation in favour of the bill. "If I, Sir," said he, addressing the speaker, "if I, who rise only to offer my opinion on the bill now depending, am now so confounded that I am unable to express the least of what I intended to say, what must the condition of that man be, who, without any assistance, is pleading for his life?"



THE IRISH SOLDIER.

DURING the American war, whilst Colonel Burgoyne commanded in Cork, he saw a corpulent soldier among the spectators on the parade, whom he addressed as follows: "Who are you, Sir? You must

be drilled twice a day to bring down your *corporation*. Who are you, Sir?" "Please your honour," replied Pat, "I am, Sir, the *skeleton* of the 5th regiment of foot, who has just come over from America." The fact was so, for such was the carnage of that disastrous war, that only this fat soldier and Captain Webb returned to Europe, out of a full regiment landed in America.



A WOULD-BE dramatic author, on presenting a comedy to the manager of Tremont theatre, assured him that it was a production by no means to be *laughed at*.



LICENSE FOR HAWKING.

A POOR country hawker, being detected in the act of shooting a butcher-bird, was taken before a justice. "So, fellow," cried Mitimus, "you think fit to shoot without a license, do you?"—"Oh, no, your honour," cried the offender; "I have a license for *hawking*;" so saying, he handed him his pedlar's license, and, the bird shot being a *hawk*, the man was discharged.



WEWITZER, having given orders for a spencer, asked the tailor how much it would cost. Snip replied, "I cannot say exactly, but it will *come very low*." "Then," said the wit, "*it will not be a spencer*."



LORD NORBURY.

LORD NORBURY being lately threatened with a determination of blood to the head, Surgeon Macklin found it necessary to open the temporal artery; and during the operation, his lordship said to him, in his usual quick manner, "Macklin, I believe you were *never called to the bar*." "No, my lord, I never was," replied the surgeon. "Well, but, certainly," rejoined his lordship, "*you have cut a figure in the temple*."

HUNTING.

SOME years ago, a Mr. Hare breakfasted with Mr Fox, whose dealings with the Jews were pretty extensive. Looking out of the window, the latter perceived a number of the money-hunting tribe at the door; upon which, he called out, "Pray, gentlemen, are you *fox*-hunting or *hare*-hunting this morning."



ROUGH MODE OF COURTING.

WHEN Henry the 8th was dying, he had recommended it to his executors to attempt, by every means in their power, to bring about the marriage of his son Edward with Mary, the young queen of Scots. In order to accomplish this purpose, the protector *made war* on Scotland, and published a long manifesto, stating the advantages that this *match* would produce to both kingdoms. Lord Huntley, however, smartly observed, that "he disliked not the *match*—but hated the *manner of wooing*!"



CHARLES YORKE.

WHEN he was returned a member for the university of Cambridge, 1770, he went round to thank those who voted for him. One of these was Mr. —, who had a large and very uncomely physiognomy. In thanking him, Mr. Yorke said, "Sir, I have great reason to be thankful to my friends in general; but I confess myself under a particular obligation to you for the remarkable *countenance* you have shown me on this occasion."



THE SEXTON'S WIFE.

THE wife of a sexton belonging to one of the churches in Whitehaven, was last week interrupted in the middle of an harangue upon the hardness of the times, by a person who offered to sell her a couple of ducks. "Ducks!" exclaimed she; "how can I buy ducks, or any thing else? We have not *buried a living soul* these six months!"

STOCKS.

AT the period in England, when stocks were exchanged for cravats, a friend asked Churchill what could have caused the sudden rise of cravats—"The *fall of stocks*," he replied.



AGESILAUS.

IT was debated before Agesilaus, whether courage or justice was the greatest virtue. "There would be no occasion for valour, if all men were just," observed the king.



WHEAT.

IN a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest old Dutch farmer of the Mohawk, was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were in the right way to heaven. "Well, den," said he, "ven we ride our wheat to Albany, some say dis is de pest road, and some say dat is de pest; but I don't tink it makes much tifference which road we take; for when we get dare, dey never ask us which way we come—and it is none of deir business—if *our wheat is good*."



A LITTLE MORE.

A NEW-ENGLAND merchant who had accumulated a vast property by care and industry, yet still was as busy as ever, in adding vessel to vessel and store to store, though considerably advanced in life, being asked by a neighbour, how much property he supposed would satisfy a human being, after a short pause, replied, "*A little more*."



LEE LEWIS, shooting in a field, the proprietor attacked him violently. "I allow no person," said he, "to *kill game* on my manor but myself, and I'll *shoot you* if you come here again." "What!" said the other, "I suppose you mean to *make game* of me."

SECRETS.

THE reply of Charles the Second, when importuned to communicate something of a private nature, deserves to be engraven on the heart of every man. "Can you keep a secret?" asked the subtle monarch. "Most faithfully," returned the nobleman. "So can I," was the laconic and severe answer of Charles.



SON AND HEIR.

WHEN the present lord Holland was born, Mr. Fox, who had been presumptive heir to the family estate and title, was said by a witty lady to resemble a fine complexion that was injured by the *sun* and *air*.



VERY COMMON.

A YOUNG fellow, whose talent lay in comedy, came to offer himself to the play-house; and having given a specimen of his abilities, Mr. Quin asked if he had ever played. The young fellow answered, "Yes, he had played Abel in the Alchymist." "I am rather of opinion," said Quin, "you played *Cain*, for I am certain you murdered Abel."



A PLAIN ANSWER.

IN the Jury Court at Edinburgh, a few years ago, a gentleman was prosecuted for a trespass. The evidence on behalf of the plaintiff was conclusive, but the Judge, as a matter of course, inquired whether any thing was to be urged in defence? Turning to a gentleman who sat within the bar, and who displayed a most lugubrious elongation of countenance, he said, "Pray, Sir, are you *concerned* for the defendant?" "Yes, my Lord, I am most *deeply concerned*. He's my *brother*!"



TICK.

JUST after Sheridan had taken a new house, he met lord Guildford, to whom he said, "Well, now all will go on like clock-work." "Ay," said his lordship, "Tick, tick!"

A NEW GENERAL.

WHEN the accounts arrived of the astonishing success of Bonaparte in Italy, a young nobleman observed, that he had gained most of those advantages from the assistance of some new generals he had created. "I know no general he has lately created," said George Colman, "but one—General Consternation."



MATTHEWS' TOAST.

AT a theatrical dinner, Mr. Terry was prevented by his professional duties from attending till late in the evening, which Matthews observing, immediately filled up his glass "To the *late* Mr. Terry."



A FANATIC PREACHER.

A PREACHER, being requested to perform the last sad office for a young woman at the point of death, pressed her to believe that *flesh* and *blood* cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. "Then I am safe," replied the patient, "for I have been so long ailing, that I am nothing but *skin and bone*."



BOTTLES FLYING.

THE late Judge Boyd was dining with a large party of his countrymen, in Dublin, when, after having drunk freely, one of the company took up a decanter, and flung it at the head of the person that sat facing him. Boyd, however, seeing the missile about to be thrown, dexterously stretched forth his hand, and caught it, exclaiming, at the same time, "Really, gentlemen, if you send the bottle about this way, there will not one of us be able to stand out the evening."



BAPTISM.

A COUNTRYMAN taking his son to be baptized, the parson asked what was to be his name. "Peter, my own name, please your reverence." "*Peter!* that is a bad name; *Peter denied his Master.*" "What then would you advise?" "Why not take the name of *Joseph?*" "*Joseph!* ah! *Joseph denied his Mistress.*"

CURRAN.

DURING Curran's last illness, his physician observing that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."



PETER PINDAR.

DR. WALCOT, (the facetious *Peter Pindar*) on being once reproved by a gentleman for the liberties he had taken with his Sovereign, is said to have replied with as much truth as wit, "I confess there exists this difference between the King and me—the King has been a good *subject* to me; but I have been a *bad subject* to his Majesty."



A REAL KENTUCKIAN.

A KENTUCKIAN, we believe of that class familiarly called a "*Hog Merchant*," rode up to a public house in the west, where a number of gentlemen were seated in the piazza. After a low bow to the company, he inquired if any present could inform him what was good for a burn. A young physician (there being several present) stepped forward, and, with much complaisance, gave him a learned lecture on burns, the mode of treatment, &c. &c. for which he was thanked politely by the Kentuckian, who informed him, that his prescription would not answer his present complaint, as his saddle blanket had been very badly burnt the night previously. On hearing this, the physician became exasperated, and told him if he would alight, he would give him a flogging. The Kentuckian again bowed and said, "he would not alight for two floggings," and rode off with much gravity and self-satisfaction.



A FALSE REPORT.

WHEN Mr. Alexander Gun was dismissed from the Customs of Edinburgh, the entry made against his name in the books was, "A GUN discharged for making a *false report*."

THE NEW PLAY.

AN author, having just seen one of his pieces damned at the theatre, went to the actress who had played the principal part; and, in the hope that she would say something to console him, he told her that the public was not always just; that, besides, his friends were wrong in having pressed him so much to write, and that the fruit was not yet ripe. "Oh," replied the actress, "ripe or not, it has *fallen*."



A TENDER MAID.

SIR WILLIAM GARROW, when at the Bar, was endeavouring, by the examination of an old woman, to prove the tender of a debt before the action was brought, which would have been fatal to the plaintiff. The old lady, however, was too wary, and nothing satisfactory could be elicited from her. The Master Jekyl (then also at the Bar) observed this wordy war, and taking up a strip of paper, wrote upon it, and handed it to Garrow, who immediately sat down, laughing immoderately at the lines on the paper, which were these :

"Garrow forbear, that tough old jade
Will never prove a *tender made*."



A TRANSPORTING VOICE.

THE recorder of London, at a city dinner, having been called upon for a song, regretted that it was not in his power to gratify the wishes of the company; a worthy alderman, who was present, observed, that he was much surprised by the refusal of the learned person, as it was notorious that numbers had been *transported* by his voice.



GOING FAST.

A GENTLEMAN met another in the street, who was ill of a consumption, and accosted him thus: "Ah! my friend, you *walk* slow." "Yes," replied the man, "but I am *going* fast."

HONEY-MOON.

AMONG the fashionables, a coach-maker remarked, that a *sociable* was all the ton during the honey-moon, and a *sulkey* ever after.



CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

IN a new-raised corps, a soldier observed that "a corporal was to be dismissed from the regiment." "Then I hope," said an Irishman, "it is *corporal punishment*."



GENERAL STARK.

AT the battle of Bennington, when the armies were about to commence the engagement, the British Colonel Baum addressed a speech to his troops, exhorting them to contend valiantly with the enemy, who, in their white frocks, were in view before them, representing them as the owners of the soil, who would fight hard to defend it. General Stark addressed his men in the following laconic speech, every word of which indicates the determined bravery of this hardy American—"My boys! you see those *red coats* yonder! They must fall into our hands in fifteen minutes, or—Molly Stark is a widow!"



THE DISTINCTION.

A SHOP-KEEPER was asked how he obtained the appellation of *little rascal*, and replied, "to distinguish me from the rest of the trade, who are all *great rascals*."



A BENEFICE.

A CLERGYMAN in the west of England being supposed at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied for the next presentation; upon which, the former, who soon afterwards recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said he wanted his *death*. "No, no, doctor," says the other, "you quite mistake me; it was your *living* I wanted."

A GRECIAN.

Two Oxonians, dining together, one of them noticing a spot of grease on the neckcloth of the other, said—"I see you are a *Grecian*." "Pooh," said the other, "that's far-fetched." "No, indeed," said the punster, "I made it on the *spot*."



LAWS OF HONOUR.

As much talk has been expended with regard to the right of the challenged party to choose his weapon, perhaps the following story may settle the question:—Some years ago, an American captain was challenged by a French gentleman in Paris. The captain had been a whaler, and chose the harpoon for his weapon. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders—"Eh, diable, je ne sais pas, vat is de harpoon? I vill meet you, as un jintilhomme, vith my small-sword." But the old whaler was inexorable. The dispute was submitted to a court of honour, which decided that the Frenchman must fight with the harpoon, or apologize. He shrugged his shoulders a second time—"Begar, monsieur capitaine, I beg pardon; I ave no skill in de harpoon; I am not one whale; I beg pardon, begar." Thus matters ended peaceably, and the harpoon of the Nantucket whaler did not make a pin-cushion of the body of the Gaul.



WEATHER IN SCOTLAND.

ON a very wet day in the west of Scotland, an English traveller inquired peevishly of a native, whether it *always rained* in that country. "No," replied the Highlander, dryly, "it sometimes *snows*."



A PAINTED ANGEL.

"WHY did you not admire my daughter?" said the Lady Archer to a gentleman. "Because," said he, "I am actually no judge of *painting*." "But surely," rejoined her ladyship, "you never saw an angel that was *not painted*."

A JOCKEY AT A FAIR,

Who had bargained with a countryman for a horse that happened to have a bald face, observed to the latter, that he *looked pale in the face*. "Yes," said the countryman; "and if you had looked through a halter as long as he has, you would be *pale in the face too*."



NO SLANDER.

COLONEL T. complained to Foote, that a slanderer had ruined his character. "So much the better," replied the wit, "for it was a very bad one, and the sooner destroyed the better."



BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

A PRISONER in the state-prison of New Jersey, being dangerously ill, requested the keeper to send for a clergyman, to visit him. The keeper, doubtful of the lawfulness of granting the request, sent for one of the inspectors of the prison, to know if he might admit the clergyman, "the act for the punishment of crimes," having declared the *benefit of clergy* for ever abolished and done away.



MILITIA.

DURING the embargo, a debate took place in the general assembly of Pennsylvania, upon the expediency of a new organization of the militia; during which, a member from one of the German counties, exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, me tink de militia may do mit de drums and vifes, mitout de organs."



FLIP.

A FRENCHMAN, stopping at a tavern, asked for Jacob: "There is no such person here," said the landlord. "'Tis not any person I want, sare; but de beer make warm wid de poker."—"Well," answered the landlord, "that is flip." "Ah! yes, sare, you are in the right: I mean *Philip*."

SAVING OF FUEL.

Not long ago, stoves were offered for sale in Boston, which the seller remarked, "would save *half* the fuel." Mr. W. being present, observed, "Sir, I will buy *two* of them, and then I shall save the *whole*!"



A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

A MAN about to be executed, pointing to his companion who was swinging, observed to the multitude, "You there see a spectacle: directly I shall be hanged, and then you will see a *pair of spectacles*."



HONEST CONFESSION.

A CLERGYMAN, catechising the youth of his parish, put the first question from the Catechism of Heidelberg to a girl, "What is your only consolation in life and in death?" The poor girl smiled, but did not answer. The priest insisted—"Well, then, (said she) since I must tell, it is the young shoemaker of Ag-neaux street."



PUN.

Two gentlemen were passing the late residence of Chief Justice Tilghman, the day after the workmen commenced pulling it down. One remarked, in reference to the progress they had made, "that they had *gutted* the building already!" "Gutted it," replied the other, "true, the *liver* went out yesterday, and they are taking out the *lights* to-day."



STAND FOR BUSINESS.

A FRENCHMAN, being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating, at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Oh yes, he's very good *stand* for de business; ma foi, me stand all day, nobody come to make me *move*!"

THE TWO DUTCHMEN.

Two Dutchmen, not long ago, had occasion to go to a blacksmith's on business, and finding the smith absent from the shop, they concluded to go to the house; having reached the door, said one to the other, "Come, Haunse, you ax about de smit." "Nain, nain, (said the other) but you can tell so better as I can; vell den so I knocks." The mistress of the house came to the door. Haunse then inquired—"Is de smit mitin?"—"Sir," said the woman: "Is de smit mitin?" "I cannot understand you," said the woman. Haunse then bawled out, "Vot de debil, I say is de smit mitin?" The other Dutchman, perceiving that the woman could not understand Haunse, stepped up and pushed him aside, and said, "Let a man come up what can say something; is de blacksmi-shop in de house?"



TOO CIVIL BY HALF.

A LEARNED Irish judge, among other peculiarities, has a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. On his circuit, a short time ago, his favourite expression was employed in a singular manner. At the close of the assizes, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him, that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship, "*I really beg his pardon—bring him in!*"



GOOD MANNERS.

WHEN Pope Clement XIV. ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the different states waited on him for congratulations. When they were introduced, they bowed, and he returned the compliment by bowing likewise; the master of the ceremonies told his holiness he should not have returned their salute. "O, I beg your pardon," said the good pontiff; "I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners."

TO LET.

A GENTLEMAN, informed by a bill on the window of a house, that "*apartments were to let*," knocked at the door, and, attended by a pretty female, took a survey of the premises. "Pray, my dear," said he, smiling, "are *you to be let* with these lodgings?" "No," replied the fille de chambre with vivacity, "I am to be *let alone*."



WHIMSICAL INTERRUPTION.

WHEN Dr. Bradon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, the text he one day took to preach from, was, "Who are thou?" After reading the text, he made (as was his custom) a pause, for the congregation to reflect upon the words; when a gentleman in a military dress, who at the instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied, "I am, Sir, an officer of the seven-teenth foot, on a recruiting party here; and having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry." This so deranged the divine, and astonished the congregation, that though they attempted to listen with decorum, the discourse was not proceeded in without considerable difficulty.



THE GRAY ASS.

THE prince of Hesse having stopped at an inn, the sign of which was the *Gray Ass*, the landlord, admiring the head of his highness, solicited and obtained the honour of a painting of it, which he placed in the room of the ass. A rival inn-keeper, seeing the celebrated sign of the gray ass removed, bethought himself of adopting it, which had the effect to bring him all the other inn-keeper's customers. The latter, finding he had done a foolish thing, saw no remedy for the matter, but writing over the head of the prince—"This is the original *gray ass*."

PRIDE OF PARENTAGE.

A CORNET of hussars, who was not the most polished in his manners, having joined his regiment, was asked by his colonel, what his father was? He replied, "A farmer." "Pity your father did not make you follow his trade." Upon which the cornet asked, "Pray, Sir, what is your father?"—"A gentleman, Sir." "Pity he did not make you one," replied the cornet.



DR. JOHNSON'S PUDDING.

DURING the doctor's excursion to Scotland, Boswell generally preceded him in search of food, and, being much pleased with an inn, he went into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton, which he ordered to be roasted, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. On his arrival, the doctor got off his pony, and, finding his coat damp, went into the kitchen, and threw it on a chair before the fire; he sat on a hob, near a little boy who was busy, attending to the meat. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head, and, upon the boy's scratching, thought he saw something fall upon the mutton. The dinner being ready, the doctor fell eagerly to work on the pudding, and left the meat for Boswell. The table being cleared, Boswell said, "Doctor, while I was eating the mutton, you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray tell me what tickled your fancy." The doctor then told him all that passed at the kitchen fire. Boswell turned pale and sick, and said to the boy, "You little filthy hound, when you basted the meat, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?" "I could'nt, Sir," replied the boy, "for mammy took it to boil the pudding in." The doctor gathered up his Herculean frame, with his mouth wide open, and stomach heaving: at last he recovered his breath, and roared out, with the lungs of a Stentor—"Mr. Boswell, Sir, leave off laughing, and, under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a syllable respecting this disgusting affair."

LOOSE READINGS.

A LITERARY lady expressed to Dr. Johnson her approbation of his Dictionary, and in particular her satisfaction at his not admitting any *improper words*." "No, Madam," replied he, "I hope I have not soiled my fingers. *I find, however, you have been looking for them.*"



PRINCIPAL.

A GENTLEMAN, passing through one of the public offices, was affronted by some clerks, and was advised to complain to the principal, which he did thus:—"I have been abused here by some of the rascals of this place, and I come to acquaint you of it, as I understand you are the *principal*."



SENSIBILITY.

A LADY, who made pretensions to the most refined feelings, went to her butcher, to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices. "How," said she, "can you be so barbarous as to put innocent little lambs to death?" "Why not, madam," said the butcher; "you would not eat them alive, would you?"



NOTHING REMARKABLE.

"*I rise, Sir, for information,*" said a very grave member of a legislative body, who then made no great figure in the business in which he was engaged, but has since far outgrown in political importance both his own and his neighbour's expectations. "*I am very glad to hear it,*" said a by-stander, "*for no man wants it more.*"



THE GHOST-SEER.

A PERSON, being asked what a ghost said to him, which he pretended to have seen, replied, "How should I know what he said? I am not skilled in any of the *dead languages*."

HENRY CLAY.

A FEW years ago, shortly after the agitation of the famous compensation bill in Congress, Mr. Clay, who had voted in favour of this bill, upon returning home to his constituents, found a formidable opposition arrayed against his re-election. After addressing the people from the hustings, previous to the opening of the poll, he stepped down into the crowd, where he met an old and influential friend of his, named Scott, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, and of course, in his younger days, a great huntsman. This gentleman coming up, addressed Mr. Clay as follows—"Well, well, Harry, I've been with you in six troubles; I am sorry I must now desert you in the seventh; you have voted for that miserable compensation bill; I must now turn my back upon you." "Is it so, friend Scott? Is this the only objection?" "It is." "We must get over it the best way we can. You are an old huntsman?" "Yes." "You have killed many a fat bear and buck?" "Yes." "I believe you have a very good rifle?" "Yes, as good a one as ever cracked." "Well, had you ever a fine buck before you, when your gun snapped?" "The like of that has happened." "Well, now, friend Scott, did you take that faithful rifle and break it all to pieces on the very next log you came to, or did you pick the flint, and try it again?" The tear stood in the old man's eyes. The chord was touched. "No, Harry, I picked the flint, and tried her again; and I'll try you again; give us your hand." We need scarcely say that the welkin rang with the huzzaing plaudits of the bystanders. Clay was borne off to the hustings, and re-elected.



SCRAPERS.

FOOTE, being once annoyed by a poor fiddler "straining harsh discord" under his window, sent him out a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one *scraper* at the door was sufficient.

RIDING DOWN HILL.

THE late Richard Owen Cambridge, was famed for very hard riding along the turnpike road. When far advanced in years, however, he was met by King George III. walking his horse very gently down hill. "What, Cambridge," observed his majesty, "riding slowly!" "Sire," replied the old gentleman, "I feel I am going down hill *very fast*." The same gentleman was the author of a periodical paper, called "*The World*." In an absent fit, during service one Sunday at church, he continued sitting when the congregation were standing up, and was roused by his lady, with this exclamation:—"Mr. Cambridge, what are you thinking of?" "Of the *next World*, my dear."



REPARATION.

AT the commencement of the revolution, when the French nation appeared inclined to take part in the contest in favour of America, Sir Joseph Yorke, the ambassador from England to the United Netherlands, meeting the French ambassador at the Hague, censured his court for interfering in the dispute, and taking so ungenerous a part. "You have been guilty of a dishonourable act," said he, "that is unpardonable—no less than that of seducing our daughter." "I am sorry," replied the French ambassador, "that your excellency should put so severe a construction upon the matter; she made the first advances, and absolutely threw herself into our arms; but rather than forfeit your friendship, if matrimony will make any atonement, we are ready to act honourably, and marry her."



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DIGNUM and Moses Kean the mimic were both tailors, and intimate friends. Charles Bannister met them under the piazza in Covent Garden, arm in arm. "I never see these men together," said he, "but they remind me of one of Shakspeare's comedies." "But which of them?" "Why measure for measure."

FOOTE.

FOOTE, who was ever in the extremes of fortune, now at the top, now at the bottom of her wheel, happened to be in the *latter condition*, when Macklin and he chanced to meet. They were both at the Bedford coffee-house together, when Foote, perhaps to keep up the appearance of prosperity, was every now and then showing off a fine gold repeating-watch, which he kept either dangling in his hand, or up to his ear. At last, he suddenly exclaimed, "Zounds! my watch has *stopped!*"—"Pooh! pooh!" said Macklin, "never mind that, Sam; you may depend upon it, *it will soon go.*"



LORD BYRON.

ONE morning, a party came into the public rooms at Buxton, somewhat later than usual, and requested some tongue. They were told that his lordship had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his lordship," said a lady in the company, loud enough for him to hear the observation. "I am sorry for it, madam," retorted his lordship; "but before I ate the tongue, I was assured *you* did not want it."



HERALDRY.

A GENTLEMAN, having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name, and was informed it was Russell. "Pray," says the gentleman, "is your *coat of arms* the same as the duke of Bedford's?" "As to *arms*, your honour," says the porter, "they are pretty much alike; but there's a deal of difference between our *coats.*"



CLERICAL WISDOM.

A NOBLEMAN one day asked a bishop why he conferred orders on so many blockheads. "Oh, my lord," said he, "it is better the ground should be ploughed by asses, than to lie quite untilled."

GOOD REASONING.

THE late marquis of Townsend being, when very young, at the battle of Dettingen, a drummer's head was shot off so close to him, that his brains bespattered his lordship's regimentals. A veteran went up, to encourage him, and told him not to be alarmed, as this was a common accident of war. "O dear!" said the other, "I think nothing of that, but I am considering what the devil could bring the drummer here, who possessed such a quantity of brains."



ELEGANT APOSTROPHE.

A GENTLEMAN, known for his tardiness, was invited to join a party to Nahant. Contrary to all expectation, he was the first on the ground; and his friend, in surprise at his punctuality, burst out in the following lucid apostrophe—"So, you're come *first at last*; you used to be *behind before*; I suspect you get up *early of late*."



COINCIDENCE.

THE great duke of Marlborough passing the gate of the Tower, was accosted by an ill-looking fellow, with, "How do you do, my lord duke? I believe your grace and I have now been in every jail in the kingdom."—"I believe, friend," replied the duke, with surprise, "this is the only jail I ever visited."—"Very likely," rejoined the other; "but *I* have been in all the rest."



ROYAL BON MOT.

THERE is abroad a Royal bon mot, which, strange to say, has not found its way into the newspapers. The king, on hearing some one declare that Moore had murdered Sheridan, observed: "I won't say that Mr. Moore has *murdered* Sheridan, but he has certainly *attempted his life*."

NATHAN VS. SOLOMON.

A MATTER was heard before one of the magistrates, between two Jews—"Nathan versus Solomon."—It turned out to be a villanous fraud practised upon the former, in a bargain of *old clothes*.—After the award, the magistrate, jocularly addressing the plaintiff, said, "I wonder, my honest fellow, that *you* should be *taken in* by one of *your own tribe*." "Ah, Sir," replied Nathan, "your worship does not consider that *every Jew* is not a Solomon."



HATCHING CHICKENS.

A FRENCHMAN, being taken prisoner by the Algerines, was asked what he could do as a slave? His answer was, he had been used to a *sedentary* employment. "Well, then," said the pirates, "we will put a pair of *feather breeches* on you, and make you *hatch chickens*."



A SCRIPTURE LESSON.

THE duke of Clarence, (now William IV.) jocularly observing to a captain of the navy, that he heard he read the Bible, wished to know what he learned from it. The captain replied, that there was one part of scripture, at least, which he well remembered, and thought it contained an admirable lesson.—"What is that?" replied the duke. "*Not to put my trust in princes*, your royal highness."



NOVEL WAGER.

AN English gentleman, travelling in America, had his attention arrested by a singular contest between a negro and the mule on which he was mounted. The indocile animal had thought proper to take exception to the carriage of the gentleman, which preceded him, and evinced a decided disinclination to pass it; his rider, on the other hand, was as resolute in his determination to effect a change in the conduct of his beast. At length, the gentleman heard blackey

exclaim to the mule, "I'll bet you a fip-penny I make you go by, this time;" then, nodding his head, he added, "Do you bet?" After which, by means of some very *pressing* arguments of whip and spur, he succeeded in making the animal pass the carriage. The gentleman, who had been highly amused with the scene, called to the negro, and observed that though the wager had been laid, he did not see how payment could be obtained from the mule. "Oh yes," replied the black; "massa give me tenpenny for corn for him; he lose the bet, and me only give him fip-penny."



DUKE OF ARGYLE.

WHEN the great duke of Argyle was one night at the theatre, in a side box, a person entered the same box, in boots and spurs. The duke arose from his seat, and with great ceremony expressed his thanks to the stranger, who, somewhat confused, desired to know for what reason they were bestowed. The duke gravely replied, "For not bringing your horse into the box."



THE EXPEDITIOUS WORKMAN.

A BRICKLAYER, who was working at the top of a house, happened to fall through the rafters, and, not being hurt, he bounced up, and cried with a triumphant tone to his fellow-labourers, "I defy any man to go *through his work* as quick as I did."



NEGRO BON MOT.

A NEGRO in the island of St. Christopher, had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the sight of him. After exercising much tyranny amongst his slaves, the planter died, and left his son heir to the estates. Some time after his death, a gentleman, meeting the negro, asked him how his young master behaved. "I suppose," says he, "he's a chip of the old block?" "No, no," says the negro, "massa ~~be~~ all block himself."

DEAD MARCH.

ON the evening before Dr. Chubbe died, his physician feeling his pulse with much gravity, and observing that it beat more *even* than upon his last visit, "My dear friend," said he, "if you don't already know, or have not a technical expression for it, I will tell you what it beats—it beats the *dead march*."



NEW WAY TO MAKE BREAD.

A SCOTTISH nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which, at the time, there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, "Mr. ———, your office is as hot as an *oven*." "So it should be, my lord," replied the lawyer, "as it is here that I make my *bread*."



LIVING WITHOUT BRAINS.

As the late professor H—— was walking near Edinburgh, he met one of those beings usually called fools. "Pray," said the professor, "how long can a man live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied the fellow, scratching his head; "pray how lang hae you lived yoursel, Sir?"



THE WHARFINGERS.

A BILL was brought into the House of Assembly of Jamaica, for regulating wharfingers. Mr. Paul Phipps, a distinguished member, said, "Mr. Speaker, I very much approve the bill. The wharfingers are a set of knaves: *I was one myself for ten years*."



FAMILY ROW.

WHEN the attempt was made against the life of Bonaparte by the explosion of the *Infernal Machine*, madame B. was following her husband in another carriage, and the explosion took place between them. A person, being asked what the matter was, answered, "Nothing material; only a *blow up* between the first consul and his wife."

RETORT.

DR. BUSBY, whose stature was below the common size, was one day accosted in a public coffee-room, by an Irish baronet of colossal dimensions, with, "May I pass to my seat, O giant?" When the doctor politely made way, and replied, "Pass, O pigmy." "Oh, Sir," said the baronet, "my expression alluded to the size of your intellect." "And my expression," said the doctor, "to the size of yours."



JUSTIFICATION.

A DOG flying open-mouthed at a sergeant upon a march, he ran the spear of his halbert into his throat, and killed him. The owner was quite indignant that his dog was killed, and asked the sergeant why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt end of his halbert. "So I would," said he, "if he had run at me with his tail."



ROYALTY RALLIED.

DURING the war carried on by the Great Frederick of Prussia, the English envoy at Berlin having occasion to inform his majesty of a victory obtained by the British, observed, "It has pleased Divine Providence," &c.—"What," said his majesty, "is God Almighty one of your allies?" "Yes, sire," replied the Englishman, "and the only one who does not demand any subsidies from us."



THE BEAR AND THE STAKE.

MR. WILKES, going to Dolly's chop-house, accidentally placed himself near a rich and proud citizen, who almost stunned him with roaring for his *steak*. Mr. Wilkes, in the mean time, asking him some common question, received a very brutal answer.—The steak coming at that instant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, "See the difference between the city and a bear garden; in the latter, the bear is brought to the *stake*, but here the *steak* is brought to the bear."

A GREAT BORE.

WHEN Sir William Curtis returned from his voyage to Italy and Spain, he called at Gloucester Lodge, to pay his respects to Mr. Canning. Among other questions, Sir William asked, "But pray, Mr. Canning, what say you to the tunnel under the Thames?" "Why, I say," replied the secretary, "it will be the greatest *bore* London ever had, and that is saying a great deal."



DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnson visited the University of St. Andrew's,—a famous place for bestowing academical honours without much discrimination,—he took occasion to inquire of one of the professors into the state of their funds, and, being told they were not so affluent as many of their neighbours, "No matter," said the doctor, dryly, "persevere in the plan you have formed, and you will get rich *by degrees*."



RETORT COURTEOUS.

A QUARRELSOME French officer, lately travelling one of the boulevards, at Paris, observed a person turn towards him and laugh; upon which, he haughtily asked—"Why do you laugh, Sir, when I pass?" To which the other quickly rejoined—"Why do you pass, Sir, when I laugh?"



ARTFUL QUESTION.

DOMINICO, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at Suyver, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico." "And the partridges too, sire?" Louis, penetrating his art, replied, "And the partridges too." The dish was gold.



A CHECK.

SOON after the battle of Leipsic, a wit observed, "That Bonaparte must be in funds, for he had received a *check* on the *bank* of the *Elbe*."

DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

A POWERFUL mistress of a great nobleman requested to be included in the prayers of the church. The parson told her she was already comprehended in them. "How can that be?" said she; "I never heard it."—"O yes," replied the parson, "in the Lord's prayer—*Deliver us from evil.*"



HANDEL.

ONE Sunday, having attended divine worship at a country-church, Handel asked the organist to permit him to play the people out; to which, with a politeness characteristic of the profession, the organist consented. Handel accordingly sat down to the organ, and began to play in so masterly a manner, as instantly to attract the attention of the whole congregation, who, instead of vacating their seats, as usual, remained for a considerable space of time fixed in silent admiration. The organist began to be impatient, and at length addressing the performer, told him he was convinced that *he could not play the people out*, and advised him to relinquish the attempt; which being done, a few strains in the accustomed manner operated like the reading of the riot-act.



BITTER RETORT.

PORSON had once exasperated a disputant by the dryness of his sarcasm. The petulant opponent at length addressed the professor thus:—"Mr. Porson, I beg leave to tell you, Sir, that my opinion of you is perfectly contemptible." Porson replied, "I never knew an opinion of yours, Sir, which was *not* contemptible."



LIGHT.

A LINK-BOY asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light. "No, child," says the doctor; "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish, then," replied the boy, "you were hung up at the end of our alley for it is a very dark one."

SMALL HORSE.

SEVERAL gentlemen were assembled opposite a tavern in Augusta, viewing a very small horse. One of the company observing, that he never had seen so small a one before, an Irishman present declared that he did not think him a small horse at all, at all, "for, by —, I have seen one as small as *two* of him."



I HOLD MY OWN.

C. B. who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a how d'ye? answered, "pretty well—I hold my own"—"and mine too, to my sorrow," rejoined the man.



HEAD-QUARTERS.

AN officer being *intoxicated*, an old soldier observed, "That he was afraid there was something wrong at *head-quarters*."



LOOKING-GLASS.

A WAG was once standing with a friend, before a shop in Fleet street, observing some glass eyes exposed in the window. "I wonder," said his companion, "what kind of glass they were manufactured from?" "Guess," replied the wag. The querist began—"Plate glass, square glass, cut glass?" "No; what should eyes be made of but *looking-glass*!"



VALUE OF LAND.

DURING the sale of some land in London, it was remarked, that one foot (Miss Foote) of Covent Garden cost Mr. Hayne £12,000.



A STUDIOUS MAN.

THE wife of a studious man went into his library when he was reading, and wished that she was a book, for then he would be more attentive to her. "I wish you were an almanac," said he, "because then I should have a new one every year."

A GOOD ANSWER.

A CLERGYMAN in the cupola of the State House in Boston, observing captain W—— at work on the outside of the dome, said to him, "Sir, you are now in a dangerous situation—I trust you have made your *peace* with your Heavenly Father."—"I never was at *war* with him," responded the gallant captain.



GOOD BUSINESS.

As a broker was folding some bank-bills, a wag observed—"You must grow rich fast, for I perceive you readily *double your money*."



COQUETTE.

A COQUETTE has been compared to those *light* wines, which every body *tastes*, and nobody *buys*.



DESCENT.

FRANCIS the First, having asked Castelan, Bishop of Orleans, whether he was of noble extraction,—“Sire,” replied he, “Noah had three sons in the ark, I cannot say from which of them I am descended.”



AN IRISHMAN'S ANSWER.

AN Irish counsellor, being questioned by a Judge, to know for whom he was concerned, replied, “I am *concerned* for the plaintiff, but am *employed* by the defendant.”



SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

A VISITOR to Surgeon's Hall, lately remarked, when shown a number of dwarfs, &c. preserved in alcohol, “Well, I never thought that the *dead* could be in such spirits.”



HAM.

A JEW, paying particular attention to a ham of bacon, when asked what he was saying to it, replied, “I was saying, Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian.”

JUSTICE.

A FRENCH nobleman had been satirized by Voltaire, and meeting the author soon after, gave him a severe caning. Voltaire immediately complained to the Duke of Orleans, and begged him to do him justice. "Sir," replied the Duke, "you have had it done you already."



A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE OF NAMES.

THE *Terrible*, man-of-war, was built in *Execution Dock*—the captain's name was *Death*, and the first and second lieutenants, *Blood* and *Fury*.



A GOOD DUCK.

A CAPTAIN of a ship said to a sailor who fell overboard that morning, "You have had but an indifferent breakfast"—"Not so bad," replied the tar, "for I have had a *good duck*."



IRISH LAW.

AN Irish lawyer had a client of his own country, who was a sailor. During his absence at sea, his wife had married again, and he was resolved to prosecute her: coming to advise with his counsellor, he was told that he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife married again. "Arrah, by my shoul, but that will be impossible," said the other; "for my shipmates are all gone to sea again upon a long voyage, and will not return this twelvemonth."—"Oh! then," answered the lawyer, "there can be nothing done in it: and what a pity it is, that such a brave cause should be lost now, only because *you cannot prove yourself to be alive!*"



REASON FOR DROWNING.

A GENTLEMAN asked another, how his friend, who was involved in debt, came to drown himself.—"*Because he could not keep his head above water,*" was the reply.

WOMEN.

A SCOTS minister contended in the pulpit, that women never entered heaven, upon the ground, that as St. John in the Revelation says, "There was *silence* in Heaven for the space of half an hour;" it was unreasonable to suppose that women were there, for they would not remain so long *without talking*.



DAY AND NIGHT.

A FELLOW, found guilty of burglary before justice DAY, in Ireland, observed, "that his fate was singular, as he lost by *Day* what he got by *Night*."



HALF A REPORT.

"How this world is inclined to slander," said a maiden lady to an English nobleman—"Can you believe it, Sir—some of my malicious acquaintances reported that I had twins." "Madam, I make it a rule to believe only *half* what I hear!" replied his lordship.



A WAGER.

ONE of those idlers, that live by practising upon the simplicity of the farmers who frequent Smithfield, went to an inn, where he saw a farmer with a tankard of mulled wine. He entered into conversation with him, boasted of the many extraordinary things he could do, and among others, declared he could drink exactly a wine-glass full out of a tankard. The farmer expressed some doubts; when, to prove it, the fellow said, "I do not like to bet much, but I will lay you a penny I do it." The wager was accepted. The fellow swallowed the whole contents of the tankard, then very coolly said to his dupe, "I own, Sir, I have lost the wager; here is my penny."



TASTE.

It was observed of a philosopher who was drowned in the Red Sea, "that his taste would be suited, for he was a man of deep thinking, and always liked to go to the bottom."

LONG NIGHTS.

A GRAVE old gentleman told his son, that if he did not grow less dissipated, he would shorten his days. "Then dad," said the boy, "I shall lengthen my nights."



USE OF FALSEHOOD.

A JURY, who were directed to bring in a prisoner *guilty* upon his own confession and plea, returned a verdict of *not guilty*, and offered as a reason for their verdict, that they knew the fellow to be so great a liar, they did not believe him.



KEMBLE.

WHEN Kemble was rehearsing the romance, sung by Richard, in the play of Richard Cœur de Lion, Shaw, the leader of the band, called out from the orchestra, "Mr. Kemble, my dear Mr. Kemble, you are murdering time." Kemble, calmly and coolly taking a pinch of snuff, said, "My dear Sir, it is better for me to murder time at once, than be constantly beating him, as you do."



YEARS OF DISCRETION.

WHEN Lady Wallace was in company with a large party, and the conversation turned upon the time at which the canon-law of Paphas forbids a female to tell her own age, she applied to David Hume, who had sat without speaking for some time, with, "Pray, Mr. Justice Silence, when I am asked what is *my age*, what answer shall I give?" "Say, madam," replied he, "what I believe will be the truth, that *you are not yet come to years of discretion.*"



GEORGE COLMAN.

A YOUNG gentleman, being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them he could not, observed testily they intended to make a *butt* of him. "No, my good Sir," said Colman, "we only want to get a *stave* out of you."

FIRST DISCOVERY.

A GENTLEMAN praising the personal charms of a very plain woman—Foote whispered him, “Why don’t you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?” “What right have I to her?” said the other—“Every right by the law of nations, as the *first discoverer*,” replied Foote.



DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

A FRENCHMAN, being afflicted with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism. “One very great difference!” replied Monsieur—“’Spose you take one vise, you putty your finger in, you turn de screw till you bear him no longer—dat is de rheumatis—den ’spose you give him one turn more, dat is de gout.”



FEMALE SPIRIT.

A YOUNG couple, about to be married, had proceeded as far as the church door, when the gentleman stopped his intended bride, and thus addressed her:—“My dear Eliza, during our courtship I have told you most of my mind, but I have not told you the whole: when we are married, I shall insist upon three things.”—“What are they?” asked the lady. “In the first place,” said the bridegroom, “I shall sleep alone, I shall eat alone, and find fault when there is no occasion; can you submit to these conditions?”—“O yes, Sir, very easily,” was the reply; “for if you sleep alone, I shall not—if you eat alone, I shall eat first—and, as to your finding fault without occasion, that I think may be prevented, for I will take care you shall never want occasion.”



BOOKSELLER’S CATALOGUE.

IN a bookseller’s catalogue, appears the following article—“Memoirs of Charles I.—with a *head capitally executed*.”

KINGS AND CALIPHS.

DON SANCHE, second son of Alphonso, king of Castile, being at Rome, was proclaimed king of Egypt by the pope. The air was instantly rent with applause, and Sancho, not knowing the language, asked what it meant of his interpreter. "Sire," said he, "the pope has created you king of Egypt."—"Has he so?" replied Don Sancho, "well, I do not like to be ungrateful; rise and proclaim the holy father Caliph of Bagdad."



FALLING OUT.

A NEW-MARRIED gentleman and lady, riding in a chaise, were unfortunately overturned. A person coming to their assistance, observed it was a very shocking sight. "Very shocking, indeed," replied the gentleman, "to see a new-married couple fall out so soon."



GOOD LIVING.

AN Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, the Welshman said, "There is such noble house-keeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner."—"Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."



GARRICK.

GARRICK, performing a king in a new piece in which the principal incident was similar to Lear's abdication of the throne in favour of his daughters—when he came to the passage, "*And now I divide this crown between you*" (his two daughters,) a fellow in the pit, cried out, "*that's just half a crown apiece.*" An incessant laugh prevailed, and another syllable could not be heard during the remainder of the representation.

THE LAST FOLLY.

A VOLATILE young lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my lord," said the countess, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," says he, "you may depend on it, this is my last folly."



A PARSON'S DREAD.

IN a storm at sea, the chaplain asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger. "O yes," replied the sailor; "if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock at night." The chaplain, terrified at the expression, cried out, "*The Lord forbid.*"



A PLAIN CASE.

MR. SERGEANT GARDNER, being lame of one leg, and pleading before Fortescue who had little or no nose; the judge said to him, "he was afraid he had but a *lame* case of it." "Oh! my lord," said the Sergeant; "have a little patience, and I'll prove every thing as *plain as the nose on your face.*"



PRIESTCRAFT OUTWITTED.

AN Italian noble being at church one day, and finding a priest who begged for the souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold. "Ah! my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul." The count threw upon the plate another piece. "Here is another soul delivered," said the priest. "Are you positive of it?" replied the count. "Yes, my lord," replied the priest; "I am certain they are now in heaven."—"Then," said the count, "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you now; seeing the souls are already got to heaven, there can be no danger of their returning to purgatory."

FALLING OFF.

AN officer, on a field day, happened to be thrown from his horse—and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend (who ran to his assistance) ‘I thought I had improved in my riding, *but I find I have fallen off.*’



STUTTERING LETTER.

A CERTAIN old woman took from the post-office in the town of G——, a letter. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near, to read the letter to her. He accordingly began and read :

“*Charleston, June 23d, 1821.*

“Dear mother,”—then making a stop, to find out what followed (as the writing was rather bad,) the old lady exclaimed, “O ’tis from poor Jerry, *he always stuttered.*”



JUDGE ROOT.

JUDGE ROOT, in going a circuit in England, had a stone thrown at his head, but from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. “You see,” said he to his friend, “had I been an *upright* Judge, I might have been killed.”



MORTARS.

DURING the time when martial law was in force in Ireland, and the people were prohibited from having fire-arms in their possession, some mischievous varlets gave information that a Mr. Scanlon, of Dublin, had *three mortars* in his house. A magistrate, with a party of dragoons in his train, surrounded the house, and demanded, in the king’s name, that the *mortars* should be delivered to him. Mr. Scanlon, a respectable apothecary, immediately produced them, adding, that as they were useless without the *pestles*, they also were at his majesty’s service.

COLLINS.

THIS sweet poet was much attached to a young lady, who was born the day before him, and who did not return his passion. "Yours is a hard case," said a friend. "It is so indeed," replied Collins, "for I came into the world *a day after the fair.*"



THE MEASURE OF TALENT.

A MR. HENRY CLAY, a Virginia dancing-master, happening to alight at a public house for refreshment, in a neighbouring town, it was immediately rumoured that Mr. *Henry Clay, Secretary of State*, had arrived; the rumour, of course, spread with great rapidity; and a great many people flocked to the tavern to see the secretary, and amongst the rest an honest countryman, who observed to the dancing-master, "that he had been taken to be the Secretary of State;" who promptly replied, "No, my dear fellow, I am not the man; although we have the same name, and are about the same height, yet there is about six feet difference in our talents—his talents are in his head, and mine are in my heels."



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

SANTEUIL, a poet of the 17th century, returning one night to the abbey of St. Victor, at eleven o'clock, was refused admittance by the porter, on the plea that the prior had absolutely forbidden the doors to be opened at so late an hour. A good deal of altercation ensued; at last, the poet slipped a piece of gold under the door, which was opened immediately. When fairly in, he pretended that he had left a book on the stone, where he was sitting during the dispute, and begged the porter to go for it. Encouraged by the generosity of the poet, the man readily complied. In the meanwhile, Santeuil fastened the door, and the porter, half naked, was obliged to stand knocking in his turn. "I cannot let you in," said the poet; "I am very sorry for it; but the prior has given positive

order not to have the doors opened at so late an hour." "I let you in," said the porter in a very humble tone. "So you did," replied Santeuil; "and I will do you the same good turn for the same price." The porter, not liking to sleep in the street, and fearful likewise of losing his place, slipped the piece of gold under the door again, saying, "I thought a poet's money would not stay long with me." And so he gained admittance.



A JUDGE.

A GRAVE magistrate was sitting at table between two young coxcombs, who took it into their heads to attempt making him the butt of their ridicule. "Gentlemen," said he, "I plainly perceive your design; but, to save unnecessary trouble, I must beg leave to give you a just idea of my character. Be it known to you, therefore, that I am not precisely a fool, nor altogether a knave, but (as you see) something between both."



A POINTED SATIRE.

THE following anecdote, relating to general Wilkinson, is taken from a letter addressed by Mr. M'Kean to President Adams.

Wilkinson was, in 1777, an aid to General Gates, and by him sent to congress, at York, in Pennsylvania, with the despatches giving an account of the surrender of Sir John Burgoyne and the British army at Saratoga. On the way, he *spent a day at Reading*, about fifty miles from York, *with a young lady* from Philadelphia, whom he afterwards married. When the despatches were read in congress, propositions were made for paying a proper compliment to the favourite of General Gates, who brought such pleasing news. Governor Samuel Adams, with a grave and solemn face, moved congress that the young gentleman should be presented with *a pair of spurs*.

SHERIDAN.

THE late R. B. Sheridan being once on a Parliamentary Committee, happened to enter the room when most of the members were present and seated, though business had not yet commenced; when, perceiving that there was not another seat in the room, he with his usual readiness, said, "Will any gentleman *move* that I may *take the chair*?"



DUKE OF ANJOU.

WHEN John, duke of Anjou, advanced towards Naples, with a large army, to invade that city, he placed upon his colours the words of the evangelist, "A man was sent whose name was John." Alphonso, of Arragon, who defended the city, answered him by a similar device—"He came, and they received him not."



A JUST DECISION.

LOUIS the Fourteenth of France, playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw; a dispute arose, and all the courtiers remained silent. The Count de Grammont came in that instant. "Decide the matter," said the King to him. "Sire," said the Count, "your majesty is in the wrong." "How so," replied the King, "can you decide without knowing the question?" "Yes," said the Count, "because had the matter been doubtful, all the gentlemen would have given it for your Majesty."



CUTTING MISTAKE.

A FRENCHMAN, on landing at Dover, went into a barber's shop, to be shaved. The poor man's cheeks were so much collapsed, that the barber was under the necessity of thrusting his fingers into his customer's mouth, to assist the operation. "O, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman, whilst the barber was dashing away, "me be cut." "Confound your thin lantern jaws," replied Strop, "I have cut my fingers cursedly *through your cheek*."

GARRICK'S EYE.

MISS POPE was one evening in the Green-room, commenting on the excellencies of Garrick, when, amongst other things, she said, "He had the most wonderful eye imaginable—an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that would penetrate through a deal board." "Ay," cried Wewitzer, "I understand—what we call a *gimlet eye*."



REMEMBRANCE.

A PORTUGUESE sculptor, upon his death-bed, had a crucifix placed before his eyes by a confessor, who said, "Behold that God whom you have so much offended. Do you recollect him now?" "Alas! yes, Father," replied the dying man, "it was I who made him."



A WITTY JUDGE.

A CAUSE was tried in one of the western counties which originated in a dispute about a pair of small-clothes. Upon this occasion, the judge observed that it was the first time he had ever known a *suit* made out of a *pair of breeches*.



TRIED FRIENDS.

A SHARPER, having observed that there was no knowing one's friends till they were tried, was asked if most of his had not been *tried* already.



EMPEROR OF CHINA.

THE Emperor of China inquired of Sir George Staunton, the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When his majesty was made to understand what the practice was, he exclaimed, "Can any man in England *afford* to be ill? Now, I have four physicians, and pay all of them a weekly salary, but the moment I am sick, that salary is stopped till I am well again; therefore my indisposition is never of any long duration."

WHERE YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN.

A CLERGYMAN, who was in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long ago at an inn, where he observed a horse-jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and, taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed—"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man, in this way." "Well, (replied the parson,) if you had been where you ought to have been, last Sunday, you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.



THE APOTHECARY.

AN apothecary asserted in a large company, "that *all* bitter things were *hot*." "No," replied a physician, "a bitter cold day is an exception."



A CUP TOO MUCH.

A THIEF having stolen a cup, was pursued and taken—a bystander was asked what was the matter? "That fellow," said he, "has taken a cup too much!"



A COUNTRY paper, in alluding to some advertisements of *patent coffins*, says, curiously enough, that being made of iron, they will "secure the person buried against the possibility of *resurrection*; (meaning resurrection *men*.)



BIGAMY.

AN Italian being accused of marrying *five wives*, was asked by the judge why he wedded so many. "In order to meet with a good one, *if possible*," the fellow replied.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

JAMES the Second created Miss Sedley his mistress, the daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, countess of Dorchester. Sir Charles, however, was instrumental in the revolution which placed William and Mary on the throne. Being reproached for his conduct, as a proof of ingratitude to James who ennobled his daughter, he answered: "He has made my daughter a countess; and how can I show my gratitude better than by making his daughter a queen?"



LATIN SCHOLARS.

THE following anecdote is from the Essays of Sir Francis Bacon:—A company of scholars going together to catch conies, carried one scholar with them, who had not much more wit than he was born with; and to him they gave in charge, that if he saw any he should be silent for fear of scaring them. But he no sooner espied a company of rabbits before the rest, than he cried aloud, *Ecce multi cuniculi*, which in English signifies, "Behold many conies;" which he had no sooner said, than the conies ran to their burrows: and he, being checked by them for it, answered, "Who the devil would have thought the rabbits understood Latin?"



THE KING'S SAFETY.

THE Duke of York, presumptive heir to the crown, meeting King Charles the Second, attended only by two persons, expressed his surprise that the King should so expose himself—"No man," replied the monarch, "will take away my life to make you king."



LIEUTENANT O'BRIEN.

WHEN Lieutenant O'Brien was blown up in the Edgar, and carried to the Admiral, black and wet, he said with pleasantry, "I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I left the ship in so great a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself."

SUICIDE PREVENTED.

LIKE most men of genius, the late Judge Brackenridge was distinguished by many striking peculiarities. He chose to do every thing in a manner to please himself, without caring for the observations of others. When he resided at Pittsburg, he was in the practice of going every morning, during the summer, to bathe in the Alleghany; and, in order to save time and trouble in undressing, he walked to the river with no other habiliments than his cloak and slippers. One of those votaries of humour, who are to be found in almost every part of the country, took it into his head to have a little fun at the learned gentleman's expense; and one morning, just as he had set out, to indulge in his customary dip, the wag hired an Irish labourer who was passing by, to keep a watch upon the "unfortunate gentleman;" telling Pat that he was a little out of his mind, and that his friends feared he intended to make way with himself. On, walks the Judge, and, close after his heels, his newly-engaged keeper; off, goes the old cloak, and, just as the supposed maniac was about taking the dreadful leap, his faithful guardian seizes him firmly by the arm, exclaiming, "Och! not so fast, my gay fellow; you sha'n't commit so great a sin this time, if Paddy Malone can help it!" and sticking fast to the wondering eccentric, he replaced his cloak and slippers, and led him in safety to the hotel, amidst the merriment of half the people in the borough, who had been drawn together to enjoy the fun.



THE WORKING-MAN.

MR. B. a member of the Philadelphia bar, offered himself, a few years ago, as a candidate in the first congressional district, to run against Dr. S.—It was all the go, then, to be considered a *working-man*, and at the time of the election, every sort of professional pride was thrown by, until a more fitting season. "My *great-grandfather* was a *blacksmith*," exclaimed the lawyer, in a triumphant voice, at one of the

preparatory meetings in Southwark; "I am one of the *people*," (raising himself up with appropriate dignity;) "I ask you to vote for *me*, in preference to that *doctor*, who has no plebeian blood."—"The gentleman prides himself," replies Patrick Lyon, "on being the *great-grandson* of a blacksmith. I am *myself* one of that honourable calling; one *living* blacksmith is worth a score of *dead* ones, any day of the year; I am just the very man you want; send *me* to Washington, and the learned gentleman back to his books."



THE LOST KEY.

PATRICK LYON was a capital hand at making a safety-lock, and no less adroit in picking one also, in an honest way. A merchant in Philadelphia, having unfortunately lost the key of his iron chest, sent for Mr. L. to come to his office, for the purpose of opening it. Patrick speedily accomplished the task, and when asked how much he charged for the service, demanded five dollars. The merchant was quite amazed, and refused to pay so much; whereupon the artist, who had still kept his hand upon the ponderous lid, slapped it down again, and, leaving it in statu quo, departed. The merchant was in a quandary; the contents of the chest were indispensable to his commercial operations; there was not another locksmith in the United States who possessed the *open sesame* of a door so hermetically circumstanced. He sent for Patrick a second time, and a second time did Mr. Lyon effect the liberation of the imprisoned bolt, taking care to hold in his hand the lid, as before. The merchant, quite delighted at again beholding his account-books, handed Mr. L. a five-dollar note; but the chest had been opened *twice*, and Patrick demanded *ten*. The merchant was indignant at the former demand, but he was bouncing mad when he found the compensation doubled; he peremptorily refused to pay him; and Patrick, having slapped down the lid again, walked a second time leisurely back to his work-shop. The blacksmith, however, was finally

triumphant; the merchant was compelled to send again for the ingenious mechanic, and, having received the sum of *fifteen* dollars, *beforehand*, he applied his instruments a third time, and having unlocked the chest, left it open for his employer's use.



AN IRISH ABDUCTION.

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN and Miss St. Lawrence, a daughter of the Earl of Howth, being desperately in love with each other, determined to have themselves united by that every-day contract, vulgarly called marriage. Two difficulties, however, stood in the way of their intended happiness,—the decided opposition of the lady's father, and the law of the land, which very ungallantly declared that the forcible abduction of an heiress was a capital offence. The bands of matrimony are inconveniently tight to some folk, after the honey-season is over; but the idea of a *halter* carries with it something so extremely uncomfortable, that it cannot be endured even by the courageous spirit of a military man. "Love," however, it is said, "laughs at locksmiths," and the hangman too, sometimes; and though it was then felony in Ireland for a man to carry off a woman, the parliament had omitted making it in any way penal for a woman to practise abduction upon a man. The business was accordingly settled thus:—The captain, when taking the air, as it were, one evening near his lordship's demesne at Howth, was suddenly beset by the lady, armed with a case of her father's pistols, and accompanied by a couple of his trusty servants; when having been dragged from his horse, he was carried in his lordship's chariot to the city of Dublin, where the matter was compromised by a certain gentleman in a white robe; and when the captain was tried for the supposed outrage upon the unhappy damsel, the servants testified that it was not the *lady*, but Captain O'Brien, who had reason to complain of the violation of the laws.

Two gentlemen were walking, one afternoon, down Fourth Street,—Mr. G. and Mr. E. “Gigs are *going out*,” said the former, observing one of those new-fashioned vehicles that were just driving past. “I think they are just *coming in*,” replied the latter, pointing to two gigs that seemed then to be returning from the country.



THE HORSE-SHOE.

WHEN Dean Swift was once travelling at night, his horse unluckily lost a shoe. The dean stopped at the house of the nearest blacksmith, who was well acquainted with the rider's waggery, and having knocked him up out of his bed, asked him if he could put on a shoe with a candle. “No, your reverence; I can't put on one with a *candle*, but I can with a *hammer*.”



HAITCHES AND HOES.

A MR. THOMAS OGDEN, having arrived in New-York from England, went several successive mornings to the post-office, to ask for letters. Inquiring always for letters addressed to Thomas *Hogden*, the post-master invariably replied that there were none for him; but, becoming at length quite impatient at these frequent disappointments, he thrust his head through the delivering window, and soon discovered the cause. “You are looking amongst the *Haitches*, Sir,” he said to the officer within; “you should look amongst the *Hoes*.”



THE JENNIES.

EVERY one has heard of the immense fortune made by the late Sir Robert Peel, by the manufacturing and printing of cotton fabrics. Two of his sons, Thomas and Edmund, had married into noble families, the name of each of their wives being *Jane*. Soon after the present Sir Robert was made secretary of state for the home department, *he* also married a Lady Jane; which caused the late George IV. very pleas-

antly to remark to one of his friends, that "these Peels will always be amongst the *Jennies*."* His secretary, however, did not much relish this *jeu d'esprit*; and when it came to his ears, he declared he would resign his office, were it not that the public business might suffer.



THE "Norwich Green-room," at this time, (observes Mr. Bernard in his *Retrospections*,) contained three or four individuals whom it may be worth while to notice; and first, Mrs. Ross (afterwards Mrs. Brown,) a comedian whose merit will be sufficiently attested by the fact, that she was the acknowledged prototype of Mrs. Jordan; the latter lady having imbibed the idea that she could play comedy, from seeing the former perform a hoyden at York. When she appeared at Covent Garden, (in Miss Prue, I believe,) the audience were delighted, but the critics in the pit exclaimed, "It's a pity she imitates Mrs. Jordan!" which reminds me of the story of a silk-mercator, who had associated with Shuter till he caught not only all his best jokes and ditties, but the very manner in which they were given. The latter, hearing this, determined to visit a club one evening, which this gentleman frequented, and see what would be the effect of his good things at first hand, which had told so well at second. He did so; but soon lost both humour and temper, at hearing the worthy cits, whenever he attempted to be funny, respond, with mingled wonder and delight, "how like Tom Bennet!"



BOWLES took me to a club one evening, where the subject of public speaking being debated, a gentleman asked his friend, what he thought of Mr. Hopkins' *style*; who replied, that he considered it to be very troublesome, and wished it was broken down; as he had to get over it every morning in going to his farm, at the hazard of dislocating his hip.—*Ibid.*

* *Jenny*; the name of a sort of spinning machine.

TIMES PAST.

MRS. IBBOT used to relate to me many whimsical illustrations of dramatic life, and amongst others, once said, that about the period of her entering the profession (1740) she was present at the performance of an old Roman play, in a gentleman's barn in Norfolk, when the principal actor came forward to deliver the Prologue (which then in the country used generally to be an epitome of the plot,) and having to say, "When Hannibal and Scipio first waged war, they took a circumference to Africa," he enunciated—"When Han-ni-bawl and Ski-pi-o first wag-ged war, they took a kirk-kum-ference round to Afri-ca."—*Ibid.*



NORWICH.

THE character of the good people who reside in this part of the world, whilst laying claim to as great a portion of integrity and generosity as any other in Christendom, is (or was) nevertheless distinguished for a peculiar simplicity. It was quite common for a servant, who would come to the box-office to learn what was the play, and being informed, "The Beaux Stratagem," and "The Virgin Unmasked," to go home and say, we intended to do "The Boar Strangled," and "The Virgin Mary!"—A grazier who had got into the theatre, and seen Griffiths play Richard, on one occasion waited upon the manager, the next morning, to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of cattle in his meadows, and should be happy to deal with him.—*Ibid.*



PLYMOUTH DOCK.

MRS. BERNARD, on her benefit-night, received an unexpected compliment. We were playing "The Chances," in which my wife acted the "Second Constantia," and when repeating the soliloquy upon her escape from Antonio, she exclaimed, "Well! I'm glad I've got rid of that old fellow, however; and

now, if any handsome young man would take a fancy to me, and make me an honest woman, I'd make him the best wife in the universe!" A middy in the slips, who had never seen a play before, and took a deep interest in the scene, immediately started up, and leaning over the box, in a manner which made him conspicuous to the whole house, clapped his hands, and cried out, "I'll have you, ma'am, I'll have you; d—n my eyes, if I don't. I have three years' pay to receive, besides prize-money!"—*Ibid.*



JEMMIE WHITELY.

WHITELY, in the course of his itinerancies, once came to a village where the magistrate was distinguished for two things,—an infirmity of nodding his head, and a genuine Jeremy-Collier-distaste to plays and players. Jeremy nevertheless determined to wait upon him:—the magistrate was a butter merchant by trade; and Jemmy found him behind the counter, industriously attending to the wants of a dozen customers. "Plaze, Sir," said Jemmy, taking off his hat, and bowing very low, "my name's Mr. Whitely, the manager, well known in the North of England and Ireland, and all the three kingdoms, for my respectability of karakter!" The magistrate stared, nodded his head, and said nothing:—"and I have come to ask your permission (nod again,) in passing through the town, (nod)—there are no *villages* in dramatic geography)—to favour the inhabitants (nod) of whose liberal and enlightened karakter I have often heard, (nod, nod,) with a few evenings' entertainments," (nod, nod, nod.)

The magistrate's horror at the request had sealed his lips; but Jemmy interpreted the nodding of his head as a tacit consent, and a hint that he wished such consent to be kept secret from those who were about him. "Oh, oh!" he continued, "I understand your Worship, (nod)—very well, Sir, (nod)—mum, thank you, Sir, (nod, nod,) your Worship and your family will come for nothing, (nod, nod,) good morn-

ing to you, Sir; I'm much obliged to you, Sir; St. Patrick and the Saints keep you and your butter!" (nod, nod, nod.)

Jemmy then hastened to his myrmidons; a room was engaged, the theatre fitted up, and the play announced. The magistrate in the mean time was informed of their design, and ordered his constables to attend and take the company into custody. His indignation at what appeared to him an open defiance of his authority, suggested this secret and severer mode of proceeding. As the curtain drew up, a pack of "boys in office" accordingly leaped on the stage, surrounded their victims, and though they did not "worry them to death," they carried them off in their stage clothes and embellishments to the house of the magistrate, leaving the audience (who had paid their money) in as great a quandary as themselves. The magistrate had put on an important wig and demeanour, to receive the culprits, and demanded of Whitely, with an accent like that of Mossop in Mahomet, "Had he dared to attempt to contaminate the inn and the village with a profane stage-play, without his authority?" Whitely, civilly replied, that he had received it. "What! do you mean to assert that I gave you permission?" said the magistrate. "No, Sir, but I mean to say that you nodded your head when I axed you; and was not that maning that you gave your consent, but didn't want the Calvinistical bog-trotters who were buying your butter to know any thing about it?" A long altercation ensued, which terminated in the release of the Thespians, on condition that they instantly quitted the "town."



JEMMY was not particular, in poor communities, as to whether he received the public support in money or in "kind." He would take meat, fowls, vegetables, &c. value them by scales, &c. and pass in the owner and friends for as many admissions as they amounted to. Thus, his treasury very often, on a Saturday, resembled a butcher's warehouse, rather than a banker's.

At a village on the coast, the inhabitants brought him nothing but fish ; but as the company could not subsist without its concomitants of bread, potatoes, and spirits, a general appeal was made to his stomach and sympathies, and some alteration in the terms of admission required. Jemmy accordingly, after admitting nineteen persons for a shad apiece, stopped the twentieth, and said, "I beg your pardon, my darling, I am extremely sorry to refuse you ; but if we ate any more fish, by the powers, we shall all be turned into mermaids !"



A MISNOMER.

JACK BARNSHAW, the singer, had been brought up a butcher, and received no education,—his ideas were therefore on a par with his manners ; but the gift of a pleasant full-toned voice had enabled him to embark and make his way on the stage : scarcely a night passed but Jack made some egregious blunder, which would puzzle the audience, and convulse the actors with laughter. Playing Leander, one evening, in "The Padlock," when he addressed Leonora, and said—"Beauteous Leonora ! have you observed a pilgrim at your gate, who has often watched you ?" he continued,—"*I am that pilgrim, one that would change shapes as often as Portius,* to gain a sight of you !*"

When he came off, Bernard was at the wings, (being the Mungo of the night,) and stopped him for an explanation. "Jack, what did you say just now about *Portius* ?" "What ! *Portius* !" said he—"Change shapes as often as *Portius*, why, it's in the book !" "And who was *Portius*, may I ask ?" "Why, Jack Bernard, I didn't think you was so hignerant ! Why, don't you remember the Merchant of Venice t'other night, where there is a *Portius* that first is a woman, you know, and then doesn't she change shapes, and come on as a man ? and then doesn't she change shapes again, and come on as a woman ? that's what it means."

* The fellow meant *Proteus*.

THE BEST LEG FOREMOST.

IN one of his theatrical tours, in the year 1783, Mr. Bernard was introduced to Mr. Rice of Carrickfergus, a great patron of theatricals, and a noted bon vivant; as well as Mr. Amyas Griffiths, the critical sovereign of Belfast; and, through the favour of these gentlemen, to the "Philharmonic Society," a weekly meeting, at which there was as much mirth as music. Mr. Griffiths, though not eminent as a singer, was the leading talker of the evening: he had an original stock of ideas, and great fluency in delivering them. Unhappily, he was deformed, both in his back and legs, which procured him from many the title of the modern Esop. One thing, however, distinguished him more than his bodily peculiarities, a complacency of mind, which could not only tolerate his defects being alluded to, but permit him to laugh at them himself. At the above meeting one evening, he was rattling and sparkling away, with the least crooked leg of the two thrown over the other, (a piece of pardonable policy,) when the conversation happened to turn upon dancing. A wag in company, who knew his good humour, asked him "if he was fond of the amusement?" "Yes," he replied, "and mean to subscribe to the winter balls." "What! with that leg?" "Ay, with that leg; and notwithstanding your sneering, I'll bet you a rump and dozen, there's a *worse* leg in the room." "Done, done!" cried a dozen voices. Amyas shook the hands of each.—"Now," said his antagonist, with a smile of confidence, "come forward, gentlemen, and let Mr. Griffiths point out such another limb as that." "Here it is," he replied; and throwing off his left leg, raised his right in the air, immeasurably more hideous than the other. A general laugh was the result, and the society decided he had fairly won his wager.

LIFE IN CONNAUGHT.

SHORTLY after they closed the theatre at Sligo, Mr. Bernard and a few more of the dramatic corps, took a ride into the country, one fine Sunday morning, to view some adjacent scenes of renowned picturesque, and return home to dinner. Having satiated themselves with the beauties of nature, they began to think of satisfying another sense—the palate, and rode to a shebeen-house, situated on one corner of a common, with the usual insignia of a red stocking, a pipe-stem, and certain characters chalked on a board, signifying, to those who could read them, that entertainment was to be had within for man and beast.

The furniture of this caravansera consisted of a large iron pot, two oaken tables, two benches, two chairs, and a whiskey noggin: there was a loft above, attainable by a ladder, in which the inmates slept; and the space below was divided by a hurdle into two apartments, the one for their cow and pig, the other for themselves and guests.

On entering the house, the party discovered the family at dinner, (eleven in number,) the father sitting at the top, the mother at the bottom, and the children on each side of a large oaken board, which was scooped out in the middle, like a trough, to receive the contents of the pot of “paratees.” Little holes were cut at equal distances, to contain salt, and a bowl of milk stood on the table; but all the luxuries of meat and beer, bread, knives, and dishes, were dispensed with. They eat as nature directed, and as God had given; they eat, and were satisfied.

The landlord was of the ordinary broad-backed, black-browed breed, with a leg like an elephant’s, a face as round as the shield of Douglas, and a mouth which, when open, bore the same proportion to his head, that the sea does to the land. His wife was a sun-browned, but well-featured woman, and his young ones were chubby, full of impish hilarity, and bare enough for so many Cupids.

When the visitors asked the landlord what he had to eat, he said, "Whiskey!" What he had to drink, "Whiskey!" What they could contrive to stay their stomachs on, his answer was still "Whiskey!" There was nothing to be had at this place but the one commodity.



AN IRISH SERMON.

STROLLING into an adjacent lane, the party heard the sound of music at a distance, and presently espied a chapel, peeping out amongst a clump of trees. The service was going on when they entered the building, which bore many resemblances to the old abbey at Butterfelt. The congregation was wild and wretched, beyond description: Falstaff's regiment was composed of portly, well-clothed men in comparison: but, in beautiful relief to such a scene, a person rose up in the pulpit, whose sufficiency of stomach and benevolence of aspect would have led me to surmise his occupation, had we met in the open air. He addressed his flock, to something like the following effect:—

"My dear children! You know that I have been your Father, and Comforter, and Confessor, these six-and-twenty years, next Feast of the Virgin; and you all of you know what trouble I've had in keeping Satan from taking hold of your souls. Ay, you may well look glum, but you are mighty sure, every son of Adam amongst you, that I have worked hard enough. But will you never lave off your abominable tricks. Will you never grow obedient? What! you think you may sin as you plaze, the whole week long, and come to me for absolution at the end of it! Then, I tell you what, darlings, you won't get it!—Arrah now, Mr. Pat. Maloney, why did you cock your eye on the pulpit, just then? I didn't say I meant *you*; but now you'll give me lave to suppose so. And you, Mr. Philip O'Shaughnessy, you are making a great bother with your nose and throat, as if you had a big could: wait a bit, darling; I'll come

to you prisently, and mind if I don't tickle your rotten conscience to some tune !

“ Does any one know Judy Bryant ? Oh, to be sure, everybody knows poor Judy ; and yet I dare say some of you will pritind to tell me that you never heard or saw such a cracher in all your born days. Now, couldn't poor Judy hang her blanket out to dry, *her ownly blanket*, on her own palings, but that the Divil must put it into the heads of sartain parsons, whom I have at this moment in my eye, to take a fancy to the same ? Well, Murtock O'Donnel, I didn't say it was *you* did it, although you do look so fidgety and flustered ; nor *you*, Barney Mac Shane ; but you remember I said I had the parson in my eye, do you ?—And you, Meggy Flanagan,—you can't sit azy in your sate either : yet who would suspect *you*, that have got a comfortable home, and your husband Teddy one of the best cobblers in the country ?” He now deepened his voice, and threw into his manner a very impressive solemnity. “ Remember what I have said, my children !—Poor Judy Bryant has lost her blanket ! I have the big thafe before me that stowl it ; and if it isn't returned to her before to-morrow morning, I'll excommunicate him and all that belong to him ; and I'll have nothing more to do with him in this world or the next !”



MURDOCK O'DONNEL.

In the year 1782, this celebrated horse-stealer was executed at Londonderry. After hanging his appointed time, he was cut down, and conveyed away by his friends to an adjacent house, where, it being discovered that his neck was not broken, a physician was called in, and the means of resuscitation were successfully employed. He then fell into a profound sleep, and was ordered to be given a cup of new milk when he awoke, and was thirsty. Two female relatives sat up with him ; and the worthy doctor sent them a bottle of whiskey, to cheer the tedium of the night ; but, in drinking healths to one and the other's families, and long life especially to Murdock, they very

soon became too sociable to be discreet. When Murdock awoke, he rubbed his eyes, and looking round him wildly, exclaimed,—“Where am I, dear lady—in Purgatory?”—“No, no, Mavourneen; don’t you know Judy Flynn’s cabin,—your own sister Judy?” “And is that you, Judy?—and is this a bed?” he inquired, quite bewildered. “To be sure it is,” said Judy—“and this is a bed, though it’s not as good as I could wish;—and here’s Molly Dorgan, your own cousin-jarman; and we have been both drinking your health, Murdock, and long life to you, wid the whiskey the doctor sent us to kape the ould blue divil from tazing us.”—“But sure I was hang’d, Judy,” said he. “Sure enough, darling, for not returning Farmer Doyle’s pony that you borrowed; but Doctor Mulready, blissins on him! who brought you into the world five-and-twenty years ago, when your mother Katy was put into the straw, has brought you alive again, after you had been made the picture of the ‘slaping beauty’ on the Government sign-post.” “Why, then,” replied Murdock, “I don’t thank Doctor Mulready;—I was very azy where I was. Father O’Connel had forgiven me my sins; my misery was all over, and a swate slape had begun; and here you have brought me back to this dirty world, to beg, steal, and starve, as I have done before. I don’t thank you, Judy; you never axed my consent.—And, by the powers! since Doctor Mulready has had me born over again, he shall be at the expense of bringing me up!” To mollify Murdock’s discontent at his restoration, the women handed him the whiskey-bottle, (though strictly enjoined by the doctor to give him nothing but milk,) which he seized with desperation, and drained at a draught, and the liquor meeting the wind in his throat, he struggled, gurgled, and fell back upon the bed, beyond the skill of Doctor Mulready to revive again.



EDWIN’S PORTRAIT.

LAWRENCE, the comedian, owed all his notoriety, when at Bath, to his son “Tom,” a boy of about nine

years of age, who exhibited a wonderful precocity of talent in taking likenesses. There was something about little Lawrence which excited the surprise of the most casual observer. He was a perfect man in miniature; his confidence and self-possession smacked of one-and-twenty. His father frequently brought him to the Green-room, where he used to set him upon a table, and make him recite Hamlet's directions to the Players. On one of these occasions, Henderson was present, and expressed much gratification. The little fellow, in return for our civilities and flatteries, was desirous to take our likenesses, the first time we came to Devizes; and Edwin and myself afforded him an opportunity, soon afterwards, on one of our non-play-day excursions.

After dinner, the young artist collected his materials, and essayed my visage the first. In about ten minutes, he produced a faithful delineation in crayon: he next attempted Edwin's, who, startled at the boy's ability, resolved (in his usual way) to perplex him.

No man had a more flexible countenance than Edwin: it was not only well featured, but well muscled, if I may be allowed the expression, which enabled him to throw over its surface, as a moral prism, all the colours of expression, minutely blending, or powerfully contracting. He accordingly commenced his sitting, by settling his face into a sober, and rather serious aspect; and, when the young artist had taken its outline, and come to the eyes, he began gradually, but imperceptibly, to extend and change it, raising his brows, compressing his lips, and widening his mouth, till his face wore the expression of brightness and gayety. Tom no sooner perceived the change, than he started in supreme wonder, attributing it to a defect in his own vision. The first outline was accordingly abandoned, and a second commenced. Tom was now more particular, and watched him narrowly; but Edwin, feature by feature, and muscle by muscle, so completely ran what might have been called the gamut of his countenance (as the various components of its harmony) that the boy drew and rubbed out, till

his hand fell by his side, and he stood silently looking in Edwin's face, to discover, if possible, its true expression. Edwin could not long maintain his composure at this scrutiny, and revealed the hoax with a burst of merriment that mimicked thunder.—*Bernard's Retrospections.*



PRIGMORE AND THE WIDOW.

AMONGST the corps at Plymouth, was a Mr. Prigmore, a gentleman of some vanity and little merit, whose opinion of himself was in an inverse proportion to that of the public. One of the peculiarities of this person, was to suppose (though he was neither handsome nor insinuating) that every woman that he saw, through a mysterious fatality, fell in love with him. There was a very benevolent widow living in Plymouth, in respectable circumstances, who frequently came to the theatre, and was kind enough to inquire into the private situations of various members of the company. Amongst others, she asked about Prigmore, and was told that he had but a small salary, and made a very poor appearance. Hearing this, she remembered that she had a pair of her late husband's indispensables in the house, which she resolved to offer him. A servant was accordingly despatched to the object of her charity, who, meeting one of the actors, and partly disclosing her business, he went in search of Prigmore, and finding him, exclaimed, "Prigmore, my boy, here's your fortune made at last; here's a rich widow in the town has fallen in love with you, and wants to see you." Prigmore, not suspecting his roguery, was led to the servant, in a state of bewildered rapture, and by the latter was informed that the widow would be glad to see him, any morning it was convenient. He appointed the following, and went home to his lodgings, to indulge in a day-dream of golden independence. His friend, in the mean time, whispered the truth through the Green-room, where there were two or three others wicked enough to join in the conspiracy, by walking to Prig-

more's house, to tender their congratulations. Prigmore, as will be supposed, passed a sleepless night, and spent an extra hour at his toilette, the next morning, in adorning himself with a clean chin and neck-cloth. He then sallied forth, and, on reaching the widow's, was shown into her parlour, where, casting his eyes around on the substantial efficiency of its furniture, he began to felicitate himself on the aspect of his future home.

The lady at length appeared: she was on the verge of forty; a very fashionable age at that time, which, resting on the shoulders of a very comely-looking woman, seemed to be in character with her very comfortable dwelling. Prigmore's satisfaction, and her own benevolence, operated equally in producing some confusion. At length, a conversation commenced. She acquainted him that she had heard his situation was not so agreeable as he could wish,—that his income was a confined one; she was therefore desirous to do him all the service that lay in her power. Prigmore, considering this an express declaration of her affection, was about to throw himself at her feet, when she suddenly summoned her servant, and exclaimed, "Rachel, bring me the breeches!"

These words astounded him, and he stared in her face like a block of marble; the widow, as suspicionless as himself of the hoax, could not interpret his wonder; but, on receiving the habiliments, folded them carefully up, and remarking that they were as good as new (her husband having caught his fatal cold in them the first night he put them on) begged Prigmore's acceptance of the same.

"And was it for this you wanted me, Madam?" exclaimed Prigmore, rising from his chair; his tone and countenance bespeaking a mixture of surprise and disappointment.—"Yes, Sir."—He put on his hat, and walked to the door in silent indignation. The good woman, as much astonished as himself, followed him, and said, "Won't you take the breeches, Sir?" "No, Madam," he replied, pausing at the door, to make some bitter remark—"wear them yourself!"

WOODFALL.

OF the various clubs existing in London, about forty years ago, few were superior to the "Beef-steak Club." One of the most intelligent members of this convivial association was the celebrated Woodfall, who, with little wit, and less humour, possessed the faculty of clothing the most common-place subject with a degree of interest. He was at that time in the height of his reputation as a *reporter*, which enabled him one night to say a pleasant thing. A certain nobleman was dead, who had been noted for the feminine delicacy of his hands. The circumstance being mentioned at the club, the members, with their usual waggery, began to look at their digital extremities; and Merry called for a show of hands, to decide the point of who had the smallest, when Woodfall remarked, "It should be given in my favour, gentlemen; I have more credit for my *short hand* than any man in England."



THE HUMBUGS.

LORD BARRYMORE, who flourished not many years ago, was the most eminent compound of contrarieties, the most singular mixture of genius and folly,—of personal endowment and moral obliquity, that any man perhaps ever encountered. Alternately between the gentleman and the blackguard,—the refined wit, and the most vulgar bully, he was equally well known in St. Giles's and St. James's, and well merited the appellation he received in noble quarters of the "Modern Duke of Buckingham, "who was every thing by turns, and nothing long." In Dublin, on account of his having a reel foot, he was nick-named "Cripple Gate," (the name of a place in London) and his brother Colonel Barry, who was of equally immoral conduct, was called "Hell Gate," after a place of that name in the Irish capital.) His lordship could fence, dance, drive, or drink, box or bet, with any man in the kingdom; and could discourse slang as trippingly as French. Had he lived some centuries

previous, there is no doubt he would have been a prime favourite with Prince Hal, and the maddest wag of Sir John Jalstaff's acquaintance.

To keep around him a choice collection of convivial and eccentric spirits, his lordship instituted the "Blue-bottled Club," or, as it was more commonly termed, "The Humbugs," which numbered Hanger, Morris, Arabin, Taylor, Carey, Hewardine, and many others, and was held at a tavern under the Piazzas.

The name of "Humbugs" was given to it, on account of the manner in which every new member was initiated. The system was to introduce two candidates at a time, and to set them quarrelling as soon as they were seated. It did not signify in how trivial a point the difference originated: the members, expert in roguery, would, by taking opposite sides, aggravate the matter until it assumed the aspect of insult; and the disputants were urged from arguments to proceed to epithets, and from epithets to blows; when the noble supervisor of this farce interfered, took the strangers by the hand, and told them "they were both humbugged," and had become members.

Barrymore was extremely pleased with Incledon's conversation, as well as singing, and had long desired to enrol him amongst the members. The "Son of Song" expected therefore an unusual degree of attention when he came. He was then extremely popular in the ballad of "Black-eyed Susan," for which the first call was unanimous; but he had not finished the first line, when a member exclaimed, "Oh! Charles, Charles! come, it's too bad to fool us in this way!" Incledon stared, and asked what his friend meant. The person beside him joined in the inquiry: others, however, interposed, and begged Incledon to proceed.

"All in the Downs, the fleet was moored"—

"Incledon, Incledon," cried a dozen voices, "recollect you are singing to gentlemen, not to Covent Garden gallery."

Incledon looked round in the utmost bewilderment: the manner of the members was so judicious, that he

could not suspect the motive; they were all good comedians at table—not a face betrayed a double meaning; whilst a roar of voices around him overwhelmed those of the malcontents. “It’s a scandalous shame,—Ungentlemanly interruption,—Order, order!” &c. &c. At their request, Incledon was persuaded to proceed again.

“All in the Downs, the fleet was moored”—

“Stuff, stuff,—(hiss)—Incledon, Incledon, you’re drunk!”—“Who says I’m drunk?” shouted Incledon. Twenty voices espoused his cause, and twenty swelled the chorus of reprehension; whilst the cries of “Order, order!” tended only to increase the confusion. “I’ll give any man twenty pounds,” said Incledon, “who’ll say I’m drunk, or give me the lie.”—“You’re drunk—you lie.” In another instant, Incledon had quitted his seat, stripped off his coat, and was offering to fight any man in the room for the value of his Benefit. Lord Barrymore had now his cue to interfere,—and sufficient cause, for Incledon, an athletic, powerful man, was wrought up to the fury of a foaming bull, and nothing under broken bones and bloody noses appeared likely to satisfy him. The instant, however, that his lordship said he was “humbugged,” the club, which before presented a state of unusual irritation, burst into a roar of deafening laughter; the rule was then explained at large, and every member came up to shake hands with him.



THAT amicable result, however, did not always ensue. Major Hanger one evening brought two friends to be “humbugged,” who were both natives of the “Sister Isle.” The members succeeded in setting them at variance, as usual; but the Hibernians, having been drinking pretty freely before they came, were in that critical condition when a slight thing will put a man in the best humour in the world—or in the worst. The convivial meeting being therefore changed to the pugnatory, when the members explained that they had been “hum-

bugged" all the while, their indignation was excited in a tenfold degree towards the club, for the liberty it had taken. Vengeance was denounced against the whole assembly, and a riot *à la Donnybrook* commenced, which involved every thing animated and tangible in the room. Tables were upset, bottles flew about in every direction, and "such method" had the strangers in their madness, that in less than five minutes the apartment was completely cleared. On the servants running up, they found Lord Barrymore and one of his countrymen stripped to their shirts, to dispute their respective prowess,—the floor covered with a mass of plates, fruits, and glasses, and Dickey Suett, the comedian, in one corner of the room, entrenched under a table, ejaculating his everlasting "Oh, la!"



WHEN Bowden, the singer, went to Dublin, his nose, strange to say, destroyed his voice. The former absorbed the public attention, and at night led their eyes to suspend the use of their ears. In characters where he could slouch a hat over his face, (as in "Robin Hood") this nasal promontory was not so remarkable; but, when incapable of shading its red dimensions, the light of the house seemed to converge upon its tip, as did the eyes. The Smock Alley house was long and narrow, and whenever he came on, the audience were in the practice of holding conversations from the opposite stage-boxes, as to the authenticity of his great feature. "Captain Flynn, Captain Flynn!"—"Mr. O'Grady, what is it?"—"Is that a nose?"—"A what?"—"A nose! to be sure."—"No, by the powers! it isn't."—"It is."—"I'll bet you ten pounds it isn't; there never was such a nose!" Such an interruption, in the midst of a sentimental song, must have been very pleasant to the singer.



RELATIONSHIP.

"PATRICK, has your sister got a son or a daughter?" "I know not," said he, "whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

A SIMPLETON.

A COUNTRYMAN giving his evidence at court was asked by the counsel, "if he was born in *Wedlock*?" "No, Sir," he replied, "I was born in *Devonshire*."



STUPIDITY.

"I BELIEVE the jury have been *inoculated for stupidity*," said a lawyer.—"That may be," said his opponent, "but the bar are of opinion that *you* had it in the *natural way*."



A PLEA.

At a late term of the Municipal court at Boston, a culprit pleaded "Guilty, *but I am not the one*."



CRIER.

A CRIER in Boston, being in the habit of crying Auction sales, after having cried a *stray female*, exclaimed, "sale at twelve o'clock."



GONE OFF.

"I THOUGHT you told me that Smith's fever was gone off," said a gentleman. "I did so," said his companion, "but forgot to mention that *he* went off along with it."



A SIGN OF LIFE.

SOME robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of the footman, and told him if he moved he was a dead man. "That's a lie!" said he, "for if I move, I am sure that I am alive."



EFFECTS.

It was observed of a deceased lawyer, that he left but few *effects*; to which, a female remarked, that "he had but few *causes*."

WITTY REPLY.

A GENTLEMAN lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied he, "for I vow you are as *plump as a partridge*."—"At first," said the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but I find you are actually making *game* of me."



A LADY'S PUN.

A CERTAIN linen-draper waited upon a lady for the amount of an article purchased at his shop. She endeavoured to remind him that she had paid when he called some time ago: he declared he had no remembrance of the circumstance; on which she produced his receipt. He then asked pardon, and said, "I am sorry I did not recollect it." To which the lady replied, "I sincerely believe you are sorry you did not *re-collect* it."



BARBER'S SIGN.

A THIRSTY fellow went into a barber's shop to be shaved, and, after his beard was taken off, he presented the barber with a penny, and asked for something to drink. "I do not keep a bar-room," replied the shaver. "It is printed on your sign," said the customer, "What do you think, I shave for a penny and *give something to drink*." "That's a new reading," retorted the barber, I read the sign thus: "WHAT! *Do you think* I shave for a penny and give something to drink?"



INEXPERIENCE.

A CERTAIN citizen, who had suddenly risen into wealth from a very low condition of life, standing up in the pit of the opera one evening, with his hat on, a lady whispered to another, "We must forgive that man; he has been so little used to the luxury of a hat, that he does not know when to pull it off."

AN ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

GARRICK asked Rich, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, how much he thought it would hold? "I would tell you to a shilling," replied the manager, "if you would play Richard there."



BEFOREHAND.

ADDISON was in the habit of keeping one hand behind him, and upon being asked the reason, said, he "wished always to be beforehand in the world."



USURY.

A VILLAGE parson, in his sermon one day, vehemently inveighed against usury, and said, that lending money upon interest was as great a sin as wilful murder. Soon after this, he had occasion to borrow twenty pounds himself, and, coming to one of his parishioners with that intent, the other asked him, "if he would have him guilty of a crime he spoke so much against, and lend out money upon use?"—"No," said the parson, "I would have you lend it gratis."—"Ay," replied the other, "but in my opinion, if lending money upon use be as bad as *wilful murder*, lending it gratis can be little better than *felo-de-se*."



TAPPING.

AFTER a consultation, several physicians decided that a dropsical patient should be *tapped*. Upon hearing of the decision of the doctors, a son of the sick man approached him and exclaimed, "*Father! don't submit to the operation, for there never was any thing tapped in our house that lasted more than a week.*"



EVIL.

ONE asked his friend why he, being a stout man himself, had married so small a wife. "Why, friend," said he, "I thought that you had known that of all evils we should choose the *least*."

A FOUNDER.

AN auctioneer, at a sale of antiquities, put up a helmet, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a helmet of Romulus the Roman Founder, but whether he was a brass or an iron founder I cannot tell."



BORROWING.

MASTER MASON, of Trinity College, sent his pupil to another of the fellows, to borrow a book from him, who told him, "I am loath to lend my book, but if it please the tutor he may read it in my chamber as long as he will." A few days afterwards, the same fellow sent to Mr. Mason to borrow his bellows; to which, he replied, "I am loath to lend my bellows, but if thy tutor will come and blow the fire in my chamber, he may as long as he will."



LONG ENOUGH.

A MAN upon the verge of bankruptcy, who purchased an elegant coatee upon credit, when told by an acquaintance that the cloth was beautiful, but the coat was too short, replied, "it will be *long enough* before I get another."



SMART RETORT.

Two gentlemen, one named Chambers, the other Garret, riding by Tyburn together, the former said, "This is a very pretty tenement, if it had but a garret."—"You fool," said Garret, "don't you know there must be chambers first?"



SUN AND AIR.

A PERT young lady was walking one morning on the Steyne, at Brighton, when she encountered the celebrated Wilkes: "You see," observed the lady, "I am come out for a little *sun* and *air*." "You had better, madam, get a little husband first."

EXAMINATION.

A CLERGYMAN, wishing to know whether the children of his parishioners understood their Bible, asked a lad that he one day found reading the Old Testament, who was the wickedest man. "Moses, to be sure," said the boy. "Moses!" exclaimed the parson; "Moses! how can that be?" "Why," said the lad, "he broke all the commandments at once."



FISH AND FLESH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY, being one day in company with his courtiers, the conversation fell on the institution of Lent, when the cardinal said the reason it took place was, that the apostles were fishermen, and it promoted the fish trade. One of the courtiers answered, "Well, cardinal, when you are pope, you will certainly strike it out of the calendar, for you remember your father was a butcher."



VIOLATION OF THE SABBATH.

IN the time of Marlow, the celebrated patriot, fanaticism ran so high, that an order was issued by the privy council that no *beer* should be brewed on a Saturday. This very singular order being the subject of conversation, King James the Second asked Marlow, during the period he was composing his celebrated "Jew of Malta," what his opinion was of the subject. "May it please your majesty," replied Marlow, "you may depend upon it, the reason why they will not suffer any *beer* to be brewed upon a Saturday, is, for fear it should *work* on a Sunday."



CLERICAL SHEEP-SHEARING.

A REVEREND divine, being accused of negligence in his calling, and styled "an unfaithful shepherd," from scarcely ever visiting his flock, defended himself by saying, he was always with them at "*shearing time*."

THE SINGLE-SPEECH PARROT.

THERE is an Eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at 100 rupees. A mogul asked the parrot, "Are you worth 100 rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed, as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"



RETORT.

THE pope's nuncio once dined with a party, most of whom were ultra-Protestants. After dinner, a good deal of wine having been drunk, one of the party, being desirous to quiz the nuncio, proposed as a toast—"the devil." When the bottle came round, the nuncio, to the astonishment of the company, took up his glass, and drank the health of his Satanic majesty, with the utmost gravity. Then, after a pause of a few minutes, the nuncio rose, and requested that he might be allowed to propose a toast; which being agreed to, he gave—"the pope." This toast having produced murmurs of disapprobation, the nuncio again got up, and said,—"*Gentlemen, I am really quite surprised at your objecting to my giving, as a toast, the head of my church, after I have, in compliance with your wishes, drank the head of yours.*"



ADVANTAGES OF GIBBETS.

TWO highwaymen were crossing Hounslow-heath, when one of them observed a gibbet. "Curse those gibbets," said he; "if it were not for them, *ours* would be the best trade in the world."—"You are a fool," cried the other; "there's nothing better for us than gibbets; for were it not for them, every person would turn highwayman, and we should be *ruined.*"

EXPLANATION.

SOME person asked Charles James Fox, what was the meaning of that passage in the Psalms, "He clothed himself with cursing, like as with a garment." "The meaning!" said he; "I think it clear enough; the man had a *habit* of swearing."



A SWISS RETORT.

A FRENCH officer, quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting on either side for *money*, "while we Frenchmen," said he, "fight for *honour*." "Yes, Sir," replied the Swiss, "every one fights for that he most wants."



INCH AND ELL.

IT being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who boldly pretended it was *Linch*, "I am very well assured," said the judge, "the old proverb is verified in this man, who, being allowed an *Inch*, has taken an *L*."



A COMPLIMENT.

A VERY amiable woman, to whom Santeuil owed some money, one day met him, and said, "You never visit me now—is it because of the debt?" "Quite the contrary," replied the poet; "my visiting you would prevent me from ever paying you." "How so?" said the lady. "Because," replied Santeuil, "when I see *you*, I forget all disagreeable things."



CORONATION.

AT a late coronation, a gentleman paid six guineas for a seat in Westminster-abbey; the instant the king entered, he turned to a friend, and protested he was the greatest fool in Britain. "Indeed," said his friend, "how so?" "Why, Sir, I paid six guineas for a seat here, when his majesty, who can better afford it, comes in for a *crown*."

REBUFF.

DR. P., an Irish parson, and in person very ordinary, having a neat parsonage-house, very curiously furnished, was one day showing it to Bishop Berkeley. "Well, my lord," said the doctor, "you see what a nice *marriage-trap* I have got here." "Yes, doctor," replied the bishop, "I see you have; but I am afraid you will not find a lady who will relish the *bait*."



INSANITY.

IN a late cause respecting a will, evidence was given to prove the testator a lunatic, and amongst other things, it was deposed that she had swept a quantity of pots, potions, phials, lotions, &c. into the street as rubbish. "I doubt," said the judge, "whether sweeping physic into the street be any proof of insanity."—"True, my lord," replied the counsel, "but sweeping the *pots* away certainly was."



VISIT FROM COLLEGE.

WHEN Dr. South was at the university, he once paid a visit to an old friend who was married, and lived in the country near the university. He was asked to dinner by his friend, and shown into the parlour, the door of which being opened, South heard a dialogue between his friend and his wife, of no very pleasant kind. The words, "If it was not for the stranger below stairs, I would teach you how to behave and speak to my friends—I would give you a sound beating, that you might remember that I am master of the house." South, who knew the lady to be a virago, hastened to the relief of his friend, and exclaimed, at the bottom of the staircase, "My dear Sir, I beg you will make no *stranger* of me."



A BULL IN DR. JOHNSON'S LIFE OF POPE.

THE doctor observes, that every monumental inscription should be in Latin; for that, being a *dead* language, would always *live*.

SMART.

A YOUNG lady having given a gentleman, who was not very remarkable for his taste in dress, a playful slap on the face, he called out, "You have made my eye *smart*."—"Indeed!" said she; "well, I am happy to have been the cause of making something *smart* about you."



IRISH HOSPITALITY.

FOOTE, praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips from the sister kingdom, a gentleman present asked him whether he had been in *Cork*. "No, Sir, said he quickly; "but I have seen a great many *drawings* of it."



THE ROYAL SHIPWRIGHT.

KING CHARLES II. was reputed to be a great connoisseur in naval architecture. Being once at *Chat-ham*, to view a ship, just finished, on the stocks, he asked Killegrew, "If he did not think he should make an excellent shipwright." Killegrew instantly replied, "He always thought his majesty would have done better at any other trade than his own."



PERIOD.

SOME gentlemen talking of the inattention of writers to punctuation, it was observed, that the gentlemen of the law used no stops at all in their writings. "I should think nothing," said one of the company, "of their not using commas, semicolons, or colons; but the worst of it is, they put no *period* to their works."



FOR SALE.

AN illiterate grocer on the long-wharf in Boston, not many years ago, placed an empty cask in front of his store, upon which he wrote in chalk, "*for sail*." A wag shortly after wrote underneath, "for freight or passage, apply at the bung-hole."

SHIFTS.

A YOUNG lady, who had married a wild spark that soon dissipated his fortune, and was reduced to great straits, said one day to her husband, "My dear, I want some *shifts* sadly." "How the deuce can that be," replied he, "when we make *so many* every day?"



CON AMORE.

A GENTLEMAN, speaking of the marriage of lord D. with Miss F. expatiated *con amore* on the lady's beauty and *elegant form*, and praised as liberally the *good nature* of his lordship. "Then," said Butler Danvers, "the worst thing they could do was to marry. It will *spoil the shape* of the one, and the *temper* of the other."



LALANDE.

THIS eminent astronomer, during the most perilous times of the French revolution, confined himself closely to the pursuits of his favourite science. When he was asked to what happy cause he was indebted for escaping the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely answered, "I may thank my *stars* for my preservation."



THE LOST THING FOUND.

AN old woman wishing to make a clergyman believe she read her Bible, took it as he was coming in at the door, and upon opening it, exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am, for here are my spectacles, which I lost three years ago."



HANKERING.

THE duchess of Bedford, meeting a student, asked how a relation did—"Truly, my lady, he is a brave fellow—and sticks close to Katherine Hall"—(the name of a college at Cambridge)—"I vow," said she, "I feared as much, for he always had a hankering after the girls."

POLITENESS.

A GOVERNOR of Virginia being saluted by a negro, immediately returned the compliment—"Can you demean yourself so far," said a slave-holder, "as to raise your hat to a negro?" "Undoubtedly," said the governor, "I should be sorry for him to exceed me in politeness."



NAME OF A COACH.

A TRAVELLER in a stage, not particularly celebrated for its celerity, inquired of the gentleman who sat next him, what the coach was called; upon which the latter replied, "I think, Sir, it is called the *Regulator*, for I observe all the other coaches *go by it*."



MUSICAL PUN.

A YOUNG musician, on his first appearance before the public, said, "He *trembled* so much he could not *shake*."



EQUALITY.

DR. JOHNSON remarked, "Your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves, but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves."



LEFT-HANDED.

AN ignorant matron who could not read, when told by her clergyman that the Bible before her was upside down, replied, "Sir, I am left-handed."



BOARD OF HEALTH.

A COUNTRYMAN upon visiting New-York during the yellow fever, asked why a board fence was placed across the street, and upon being informed it was erected to separate the infected part of the city, observed that "he had often heard of the *Board of Health*, but had never seen it before."

ARCHBISHOP MOUNTAIN.

ARCHBISHOP MOUNTAIN, who had raised himself from being the son of a beggar, to the see of Durham, was asked by George the second, for a fit person to appoint to the see of York. The Doctor replied, "Hadst thou faith like a grain of mustard-seed, thou wouldst say to this Mountain (laying his hand upon his breast) be thou removed and cast into the *sea*, (see.)" His majesty laughed heartily, and gave the preferment to the doctor.



EXTENSIVE VIEWS.

A WAG once observed that the hop-grounds in Kent, England, presented more extensive views than any other place in the world; for there your prospect extends from *pole* to *pole*.



REFUGE.

A BOY, who in term-time picked a pocket, fled inside the bar for protection. He was asked the reason of this strange conduct, and replied, that "*in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.*"



TECHNICAL WIT.

A GENTLEMAN in a stage-coach, passing through the city of Boston, and observing a handsome edifice, inquired of the driver what building it was? The driver replied, "It is the Unitarian Church." "Unitarian!" said the gentleman—"and what is that?" "I don't know," said Jehu, "but I believe it is an *opposition*!"



LE PERE ARRIUS.

LE PERE ARRIUS said—"When le Pere Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, the tradesmen forsook their work-shops, the lawyers their clients, the physicians their sick; but when I preached there the following year, I set all things right—*every man minded his own business.*"

CAPTAIN GEE.

WHEN Marion's brigade was engaged in the battle of Eutaw, Capt. Gee was supposed to be mortally wounded. A ball passed through the cock of his hat, very much tearing the crown, and also his head. He lay for many hours insensible; but suddenly reviving, his first inquiry was after his hat; which being brought to him, a friend at the same time lamenting the mangled state of his head, he exclaimed, "Oh, I care nothing about my head: time and the doctors will mend that: but it grieves me to think that the rascals have ruined my new hat for ever."



AN IRISHMAN'S REPLY.

LORD ST. JOHN being some time ago in want of a servant, an Irishman offered his service, but being asked what countryman he was, answered, "An Englishman." "Where were you born?" said his lordship. "In Ireland, an' plaze your worship," said the man. "How then can you be an Englishman?" said his lordship. "My lord," replied the man, "sposen I was born in a stable, that's no razen I should be a horse."



TESTAMENTS.

A COUNTRYMAN, going into the Probate office where the wills are kept in huge volumes on the shelves, asked if they were all *bibles*? "No, Sir," replied one of the clerks, "they are *testaments*."



A RARE MATHEMATICAL WIND.

THE late Professor Vince, one morning, (several trees having been blown down the night previous) meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's College, Cambridge, was accosted with, "How d'ye do, Sir? quite a blustering wind this." "Yes," answered Vince, "it's a rare *mathematical wind*." "Mathematical wind!" exclaimed the other, "How so?" "Why," replied Vince, "it has extracted a great many *roots*!"

LOOSE HABITS.

THE late Bishop of Bristol, (Dr. Mansell, Master of Trinity College) disapproving of the large Cossack trowsers, which he thought savoured more of a martial than a clerical air, forbade them to be worn by the young men of his college, who were ordered to appear in tight breeches. "The good Bishop," observed one, "does not approve of our present *loose habits*." "True," replied another, "and surely he behaves very inconsistently." "How so?" "Why, you cannot but allow that it is both inconsistent and indecorous in him to *contract* the loose habits of the University!"



AN EXTRA ORDINARY.

AN avaricious person, who kept a very scanty table, dining one Saturday with his son at an ordinary in Cambridge, whispered in his ear, "Tom, you must eat for to-day and to-morrow." "Oh yes," retorted the half-starved lad, "but I ha'n't eaten for yesterday and the day before yet, father."



GOOD GOING.

"I SHALL soon die, Cuffy—I must soon set out upon a long journey," said a sick man to his old negro servant. "Berry well," replied Cuffy, "I guess Massa hab good going, cause it be all way down-hill."



A LIBERAL JUDGE.

JUDGE BOND said to an old hag while under examination, "You keep a brothel, and I will *maintain* it." "Will you?" she exclaimed; "I always took you to be a kind-hearted, liberal gentleman."



CHINESE PAINTER.

WHEN a person who wished to look better on canvas than he did in the looking-glass, found fault with a Chinese painter, that his portrait was not handsome, he replied, "No hab handsome face, how can hab handsome picture?"

DR. BUSBY.

THE celebrated Dr. Busby having chastised some of the boys at Westminster school, they resolved to revenge it, which they effected in the following manner:—They daubed with mud the balustrades of the stairs leading to the school, which the doctor, being infirm, always laid hold of. He was much incensed at the trick, and on reaching the school offered a reward of half a crown to any boy that would inform him who had a hand in it. The apprehension of those concerned may be imagined, when a junior boy rose, and said that he would tell, provided the doctor promised not to flog him, which being agreed to, the lad directly exclaimed—“*You, Sir—you had a hand in it.*” He rewarded the boy for his wit.



DIGNITY OF AN ELECTOR.

AN Englishman, travelling through Germany, having presented himself at the gate of a German city, was desired, in the usual manner, to describe himself. “I am,” said he, “an elector of Middlesex.” The Germans, who hold the dignity of an elector as next in rank to that of king, and know little or nothing of the English titles and rank, immediately opened their gates, and the guard turned out, and did him military honours!



LEGAL PRESUMPTION.

BALDUS, a very eminent lawyer of the 14th century, and Menochius, who wrote on legal presumption in the 16th century, both lay it down as clear law, that “if it be proved that a certain man’s head has been cut off, a violent presumption will follow from thence, that *that man is dead.*”



MOVING SPEECH.

AN indifferent pleader asked Catullus—“Have I succeeded in making a very *moving* speech?” “Certainly,” said he, “for many of the audience pitied you, and the rest *walked out of court.*”

EPIGRAMS.

 EPITAPH.

HERE is my much-lov'd Celia laid,
 At rest from all her earthly labours !
 Glory to God ! peace to the dead,
 And to the ears of all her neighbours.



An old gentleman of the name of Page, finding a lady's glove, sent it to the owner, with this distich.

IF that from glove you take the letter G,
 Then glove is love, and that I send to thee.

Answer.

If that from Page, you take the letter P,
 Then page is age, and that won't do for me.



To rob the nation, two contractors come :
 One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum ;
 The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain,
 The rogue in spirit, or the rogue in grain.



On a prelate's going out of church, in time of divine service, to wait on the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

LORD Pam in the church (could you think it ?) kneel'd
 down ;

When told that the duke was just come to town,
 His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
 He flies from his God to attend on his grace :
 To the court, it was fitter to pay his devotion,
 Since God had no share in his lordship's promotion.



WHILE Dick to combs hostility proclaims,
 A neighbouring taper sets his hair in flames :
 The blaze extinct, permit us to inquire,
 Were there no *lives* lost, Richard, in the fire ?

A WELSHMAN and an Englishman disputed
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
The Welshman yet would not his vaunts abate:
Ten cooks, quoth he, in Wales, one wedding sees;
Ah, quoth the other, each man toasts his cheese.



*A case of conscience, submitted to a late dignitary
of the church, on his narcotic exposition of the
following text: "Watch and pray, lest ye enter
into temptation."*

By our pastor perplext,
How shall we determine?
"Watch and pray," says the text,
"Go to sleep," says the sermon.



ON A LADY WHO SQUINTED.

If ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes,
Sure greater praise to her is due,
Who looks a hundred ways with two!



*To a lady, with the print of Venus attired by
the Graces.*

THAT far superior is thy state,
Even envy must agree;
On thee a thousand graces wait,
On Venus only three.



"BROTHER bucks, your glasses drain:
"Tom, 'tis strong and sparkling red."—
"Never fear—'twon't reach my brain."
"No, that's true—but 'twill your head."



THE gay Flirtilla showed her mimic bust,
And ask'd blunt Senso if 'twere fashioned just.
"Ma'am," he replied, in this 'tis much like you,
"The face is painted, and that badly too."

THE INCURIOS.

THREE years in London, Bobadil had been,
 Yet not the lions nor the tombs had seen ;
 I cannot tell the cause without a smile—
 The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.



ON A PALE LADY.

WHENCE comes it that, in Clara's face,
 The lily only has a place ?
 Is it, that the absent rose
 Is gone to paint her husband's nose ?

*On seeing a miser at a concert.*

MUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast,
 To calm the tyrant, and relieve the opprest :
 But Vauxhall concert's more attractive pow'r
 Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threescore :
 O ! strange effect of music's matchless force,
 T' extract two shillings from a miser's purse !

*On a gentleman who expended his fortune in horse-racing.*

JOHN ran so long, and ran so fast,
 No wonder he ran out at last ;
 He ran in debt ; and then, to pay,
 He distanc'd all—and ran away.

*On a collar of a dog, presented by Mr. Pope to the Prince of Wales.*

I AM his highness' dog at Kew ;
 Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you ?



BY PRIOR.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool ;
 By demonstration Ned can show it :
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
 Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

The following lines were handed up to a beautiful young lady who was attending the trial of criminals at the Assizes in Surrey.

WHILST petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing one's heart?
You, fair one, will smile, and cry, "Laws, I defy you;"
Assur'd that no peers can be summon'd to try you;
But think not that paltry defence will secure ye;
For the muses and graces will just make a jury.*



BY DR. SWIFT.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the
rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice;
But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,
Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life;
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.



A SMART REPARTEE.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
"What reason can be giv'n,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?"
"There are no women," he replied.
She quick returns the jest—
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."



ON A BAD TRANSLATION.

HIS work now done, he'll publish it, no doubt;
For sure I am that murder will come out.

* There are *nine* Muses, and *three* Graces.

TO A BAD FIDDLER.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd old nick,
Whilst thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.



A PRUDENT CHOICE.

WHEN Loveless married lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
I chose her, says he, like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.



FROM THE LATIN.

UNHAPPY, Dido, was thy fate,
In first and second wedded state!
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying,
Thy death the other caus'd by flying.



THE HUMOURIST. IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.



THUS with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend:
Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st depend:
I know thy fortune is but very scant;
But be assur'd, I'll ne'er see Dick in want.
Dick's soon confined—his friend, no doubt, would free
him:
His word he kept—in want, he ne'er would see him.



*A country parson's answer to a young lady, who sent
him her compliments on the ten of hearts.*

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear;
Old English services are more sincere.
You send ten hearts; the tythe is only mine,
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

BY PRIOR.

ON his death-bed, poor Simon lies,
 His spouse is in despair :
 With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
 They both express their care.
 A diff'rent cause, says parson Sly,
 The same effect may give ;
 Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
 His wife—that he may live.



*Written on the bed-chamber door of Charles II. by
 Lord Rochester.*

HERE, lies our sovereign lord the king,
 Whose word no man relies on ;
 He never says a foolish thing,
 Nor ever does a wise one.



BY BANKS.

YOUNG Courtly takes me for a dunce ;
 For all night long I spoke not once :
 On better grounds, I think him such :
 He spoke but once, yet once too much.



GILES JOLT.

GILES JOLT as sleeping in his cart he lay,
 Some waggish pilf'rers stole his team away.
 Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? Ods-dicken !
 what ?
 Why how now ? am I Giles, or am I not ?
 If he, I've lost six geldings, to my smart ;
 If not, ods-boddikins ! I've found a cart.



SCOTLAND, *by an English Poet.*

HAD Cain been a Scot, God would have alter'd his
 doom ;
 Not forced him to wander, but confined him at home.

A RECEIPT FOR COURTSHIP. *By Swift.*

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets;
 Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
 Two or three serenades, giv'n as a lure;
 Two or three oaths how much they endure;
 Two or three messages sent in one day;
 Two or three times led out from the play;
 Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
 Two or three tickets for two or three times;
 Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
 Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
 Can never fail making a couple of fools.



BY SWIFT.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
 Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.



A FAIR GROUND FOR PRIDE.

JACK his own merit sees: this gives him pride,
 For he sees more than all the world beside.



THE MISER'S FEAST.

His chimney smokes! it is some omen dire!
 His neighbours are alarm'd, and cry out, Fire!"



EPITAPH ON A DYER.

HERE lies a man, who dyed of wool great store;
 One day he *died* himself, and *dyed* no more.



SAYINGS AND DOINGS.—INNOCENCE.

Our parson contradicts himself, 'tis plain,
 For he has warned me often and again,
 Not to love Henry more;
 Then in a breath he says, "The Scriptures tell,
 Our duty is to love our neighbour well"—
 And Henry lives next door.

EPIGRAM.

GOLD is so ductile, learned chymists say,
That half an ounce will stretch a wondrous way.
Our metal's base, or else the chymists err,
For now-a-days a guinea won't *go far*.



A COMMERCIAL traveller lately left an article of his wardrobe at an inn, and wrote to the chambermaid to forward it to him by the coach. He received the following answer :—

I hope, dear Sir, you'll not feel hurt;
I'll frankly tell you all about it;
I've made a shift of your old shirt,
And you must make a shift without it.



A THIEF.

As Spintext, one day, in the mansion of prayer,
Was declaiming a sermon he'd stolen from Blair,
A large mastiff dog began barking aloud;
"Turn him out," cried the doctor, enraged, to the crowd.
"And why?" answered one; "in my humble belief,
He's an excellent dog, for he barks at a thief."



REPARTEE.

CHARLES to the altar led the lovely Jane,
Then to her father's house return'd again;
Where to convey them on their wedding tour,
Already stood a landaulet and four.
When lo! the gath'ring clouds at once descend,
Cloud rolls on cloud, and warring winds contend.
This moves him not, but in he hands his bride,
Then seats himself enraptur'd by her side;
And thus to cheer the fair, he quick begun:
"I hope we soon shall have a *little sun*."
But she, to whom the weather gave no pain,
Who heeded not the clouds nor pattering rain,
But most about her future hopes bethought her,
Replied, "My dear, I'd rather have a *daughter*."

THE AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

"THIS asthma soon will take the life
 Of my dear husband," cried the wife,
 Like Niobe in tears.
 "Weep not," the doctor cried; "this ill
 Is very seldom known to kill,
 Though it will last for years;
 The only remedy—is death!"
 The matron scarce could keep her breath,
 It went and came so quick.
 "Good doctor, are there then no grains,
 To shorten my poor husband's pains?
 I would not have him sick."



MORE, STRANGE, AND WRIGHT.

At a tavern one night,
 Messieurs More, Strange, and Wright,
 Met to drink and good thoughts to exchange;
 Says More, "of us three
 The whole town will agree,
 There is only one knave, and that's *Strange*;"
 "Yes," said Strange (rather sore,)
 "I'm sure there is one *More*,
 A most terrible knave and a bite;
 Who cheated his mother,
 His sister and brother;"
 "O yes," replied More, "that is *Wright*."



EPIGRAM.

"Vat is one rout?" a Frenchman thus inquired—
 A rout? A party at which folks get tired.
 "Ah! by my fait! Ve have dese parties too;
 De rout vat fagg'd me most—vas Vaterloo."



EPITAPH ON FOOTE.

FOOTE from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd;
 Death *took* him *off*, who *took off* all the world.

THE LETTER-CARRIER.

A WAG at the gallows who relish'd a jest,
 With a risible phiz thus the hangman address'd :
 " Well Jack, I am going to visit the place
 Where your father is gone, and the rest of your race ;
 'Tis a chance but I see him, and you, my good friend,
 May by me your respects to the family send."
 Ketch gravely replied, as he fasten'd the twine,
 "*I beg leave to trouble you, Sir, with a line.*"



TAXATION ON WHISKEY.

" PRAY can you tell the reason why
 Our whiskey has been taxed so high?"
 " Why, Sir," says Erskine, "'tis that Pitt,
 Who some sagacity inherits,
 Has on this sort of project hit,
 In these hard times, to raise our spirits."



EPIGRAM.

SAID Joe to the mistress of twenty fine farms,
 " You exceed all your sex in the depth of your
 charms ;
 My love is so *grounded*, that nothing but death
 Can conquer my love, by conq'ring my breath ;
 Oh ! then grant your lover a smile to be fed on,
 Who loves—ay, loves the very *ground* that you tread
 on.



TO A SEAMSTRESS.

O ! what bosom but must yield,
 When, like *Pallas*, you advance,
 With a thimble for your shield,
 And a needle for your lance ?
 Fairest of the stitching train,
 Ease my passion by your art ;
 And in pity for my pain,
 Mend the hole that's in my heart.

THE CHOICE OF A FRIEND.

WERE I to choose a friend for life,
 That friend should be a modest wife;
 To whom I might with joy impart
 The tender feelings of my heart.
 With such a friend I might with ease
 Sail over life's tempestuous seas.
 A passage with a friend like this
 Would make it smooth and full of Bliss.



NEW BOOTS.

"THESE boots were never made for me,
 They are too short by half;
 I want them long enough, d'ye see,
 To cover *all* the calf."
 "Why, Sir," said Last, with stifled laugh,
 "To alter them I'll try;
 But if they cover all the calf,
 They must be six feet high."



NOT MARRIED AT ALL.

AN Hibernian once, in a Limerick paper
 Advertis'd, 'cause his wife ran away;
 That she had set off with a fat linen-drapeer,
 And her debts, sure, he never would pay.
 This caution he gave, that she might not be trusted,
 To the old and young, great and small;
 "If you e'er trust my wife, you will surely be worsted,
 For we never were married at all!"



ALLAN RAMSAY.

THIS pleasing author of the pastoral comedy called
 "The Gentle Shepherd," wrote the following epigram
 on receiving an orange from the countess of Aboyne:

"Now, Priam's son, thou may'st be mute,
 For I can proudly vie with thee;
 Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
 The fairest gave the fruit to me."

THE BRUSH-MAKERS.

Two *brush-makers* who were *thieving* and contriving to undersell each other, one day met and thus accosted one the other, who had still the upper hand :

"I *steals* the stuff to save my pelf,
And then I makes them up myself,
So cannot think, though oft I try,
How you can cheaper sell than I."
"Ill tell you, friend," the other said,
"I *steals my brushes ready made!*"



THE OATH.

"Do you," said Fanny, t'other day,
"In earnest love me as you say?
Or are these tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?"
"Dear, cruel girl," cried I, "forbear,
For by these cherry lips I swear——"
She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
And said, "You've sworn—now kiss the book."



DEAN SWIFT, having dined with a rich miser, pronounced the following grace after dinner :—

"Thanks for this miracle, it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness.
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonders of a chine of beef;
Chimneys have smok'd that never smok'd before,
And we have din'd, where we shall dine no more."



GREAT GRIEF.

A JUDGE did once his tipstaff call,
And say, "Sir, I desire
You go forthwith and search the hall,
And send me in the *cryer*."
"And search, my lord, in vain I may,"
The tipstaff gravely said :
"The *cryer* cannot cry to-day,
Because his wife is dead."

SPINNING AND REELING.

A CANON of Windsor, enjoying a stroll,
 One night when the evening was fine,
 Met one of his vicars, a good merry soul,
 Now rather elated with wine.
 "Ah, Sir," said the latter, a little dismay'd;
 "To meet me, you wonder, no doubt;
 I have stopp'd over long with my friend, I'm afraid;
 Indeed we've been spinning it out."
 "From your manner of walking, your tale I don't
 doubt;
 (Though 'tis wrong in these frolics to roam);
 "I see," he replied, "you've been *spinning* it out,
 And now you are *reeling* it home."



EPIGRAM ON A TAX-GATHERER.

WHEN Mr. Winter (one of those lucky individuals on whom fortune never frowns) obtained the assessorship of taxes, he happened to go into a coffee-room where the author of "Sayings and Doings" was amusing the company with his wit. As Mr. Winter approached him, the wit addressed his friends with this impromptu:—

"Here comes our friend Winter, assessor of taxes;
 He's a fortunate man, for he gets what he *axes*;
 He's none of your folks for humbug and flummery,
 For, though *Winter's* his name, his proceedings are
summary."



NEAT COMPLIMENT.

THERE scarcely ever was a finer compliment paid to a lady than that which was addressed by Dean Swift to a wife who was always praising her husband.

"You always are making a god of your spouse,
 But that neither reason nor conscience allows;
 Perhaps you may think 'tis in gratitude due,
 And you adore him, because he adores you.
 Your argument's weak, and so you will find,
 For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind."

OUT OF SPIRITS.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said John with a sigh,
 As her voice of a tempest gave warning;
 "Quite out, Sir, indeed," said her maid in reply,
 "For she finish'd the bottle this morning."



BREAKING THE ICE.

BILLY SNIP went to skait, when the ice being loose,
 He fell in, and was sav'd by good luck;
 Cried the tailor, "I'll never more leave my *hot goose*,
 To receive in return a *cold duck*."



USE OF LETTERS.

A SCHOOLMASTER wrote to a lady:—
 How comes it, this delightful weather,
 That U and I can't dine together.
 She answered:—
 My worthy friend, it cannot be—
 U cannot come till after T.



THE PRETTY VIXEN.

WITH angel face, and faultless form,
 How strange that you're not to my liking!
 Yet, when you cuff your spouse and storm,
 I own your beauty—*vastly striking!*



THICK ANKLES.

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick,
 "What makes my ankles grow so thick."
 "You do not recollect," says Harry,
 "How great a *calf* they have to carry."



EPITAPH ON STEPHEN, A NOTED FIDDLER.

Stephen and Time
 Now are even;
 Stephen *beat time*,
 Now Time beats Stephen.

THE DEVIL'S CHOICE.

"HONEST PAT, if the Devil his choice had to make,
Which of us two, the first, do you think he would take?"
"Why, 'tis me, to be sure, he would carry away,
Your honour, he knows, he could have any day."



EPIGRAM.

"WELL," said my friend, "I like your creed—
That friends in need are friends indeed;
Thus you and I are friends most true,
For I'm in need, and so are you!"



EPIGRAM.—LAWYER'S DECLARATION.

FEE simple, and a simple fee,
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing, when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees, *fe-male*.



THE NEWCASTLE SQUIRE.

At tea, with some ladies, a Newcastle squire
Rose to hand round the toast, which stood long at the
fire—

The touch burnt his fingers; he stamped and he swore,
And, quitting his hold, dropped the whole on the floor!
The ladies all laugh'd—but young Turf cried elate,
"Well—the HEAT I have gained, though, it seems,
lost the PLATE."



GAMBLING.

A RUIN'D gamester once foul play had shown,
And, from a second-story window thrown,
Asked Will's advice.—"The case," said Will, "is
plain;
Observe this rule—ne'er play so *high* again!"



STOCKINGS.

"BLACK stockings of ALL colours," were lately ad-
vertised in a country newspaper.

SYNONYMY.

A FRENCHMAN, who English would learn,
 Got hold of an old dictionary,
 But had not the sense to discern,
 How the meanings of words often vary;
 He found that "to squeeze and "to press"
 Were both pretty much the same thing;
 So he thus a friend did address;
 "Pray squeeze that young lady to sing."
 Like most of the French, he was not
 At trifles accusom'd to stickle;
 Soon in a fresh hobble he got,
 For he thought "to preserve" was "to pickle;"
 So thus he took leave at the door—
 "To see you, dear lady, I glad am,
 And till we meet happy once more,
 Kind Providence pickle you, madam."



EPIGRAM.

DICK on his wife could not bestow
 One tear of sorrow when she died;
 Her life had made so many flow,
 That all the briny fount was dried.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

ROBERT complain'd in bitter terms one day,
 That Frank had ta'en his character away;
 "I take your character!" said Frank; "why, zounds!
I would not have it for ten thousand pounds!"



IMPROMPTU.

A WOMAN, singing for money to bury her husband,
 gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*—
 For her husband deceased, Sally chants the sweet
 lay,
 And faith it's a *singular* sorrow;
 But I doubt, since she *sings* for a *dead man* to-day,
 She'll *cry* for a *live one* to-morrow.

THE MASQUERADE.

"To this night's masquerade," quoth Dick,
 "By pleasure I am beckon'd,
 And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
 To go as Charles the Second."

Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
 And thus to Richard said:
 "You'd better go as Charles the first,
 For that requires no head."



A LOVER'S REQUEST.

"O SPARE me, dear angel, one lock of your hair!"
 A bashful young lover took courage, and sigh'd.
 "'Twere a sin to refuse you so modest a prayer,
 So take the whole wig," the sweet creature replied.



A TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

MIDAS, (we read) with wondrous art, of old,
 Whate'er he touched, at once transform'd to gold;
 This, modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
 Touch *them* with gold, they'll turn to what you please.



PADDY'S PURCHASE.

IT chanced on a time, that an Irish dear honey,
 Who'd lately received a small sum of money,
 Took it into his head to dispose of his riches,
 In what he much wanted—a good pair of breeches.
 On a piece of prime stuff, his eye over-casting,
 And asking the name, he was told, "Everlasting;"
 "If it be *everlasting*!" quoth Pat, with a stare,
 "Then, Erin go brah! faith, I'll purchase *two* pair."



ON A MISER.

HERE crumbling lies, beneath this mould,
 A man, whose sole delight was gold;
 Content was never once his guest,
 Though thrice ten thousand fill'd his chest;
 For he, poor man, with all his store,
 Died in great want—the want of more.

IRISH WIT.

A PAT, an old joker, and Yankee more sly,
Once riding together, a gallows pass'd by;
Said the Yankee to Pat, "If I don't make too free,
Give the gallows its due, and pray where would you
be?"

"Why, honey," says Pat, "faith, that's easily known;
I'd be riding to town by myself all alone."



GOLD VS. GOULD.

AN old man of the name of Gould having married
a young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend, to
inform him of it, and concluded thus:

"So you see, my dear Sir, though I'm eighty years
old,

A girl of eighteen is in love with *old Gould*."

To which his friend replied—

"A girl of eighteen may love Gold, it is true,
But believe me, dear Sir, it is Gold without U."



THE IRISH FISHERMAN.

AN Irishman angling one day up the Liffy,

Which runs down by Dublin's sweet city so fine,
A smart shower of rain falling, Pat, in a jiffy,
Crept under the arch of the bridge with his line.

"Why, that's not the way to accomplish your wishes,"

Cries Dermont; "the devil a bite will you get."

"Och, bother," says Pat, "don't you know that the
fishes

Will flock under here to get out of the wet."



BETTER MARRY THAN BURN.—BY SELECK OSBORN.
IN India, one day, an American sat

With a smart native lass at a window;

"Do your widows burn themselves? pray tell me that,"

Said the pretty, inquisitive Hindoo.

"Do they burn! that they do!" the American said,

"And that was the case with my mother;—

Our widow, the moment her husband is dead,

Immediately burns—for another!"

INSCRIPTION.

A SHORT time since, in a churchyard in Hertfordshire, were written on a grave rail the following lines:

“Remember me as you pass by;
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be;
Therefore prepare to follow me.”

Underneath these lines, some one wrote in blue paint:—

“To follow you I’m not content,
Unless I know which way you went.”

~~~~~

## MAIMED, NOT MURDERED.

AN Hibernian scribe, being told that his orthography was faulty, and that, by spelling the word *curiosity*, *curosimy*, he had murdered the word, set up the following defence:—

My *curosimy*’s claim you refuse to admit,  
And *I murder the muse*, says your classical wit;  
By the hoky, dear critic, that must be a lie;  
At worst ’tis but *maiming*, to knock out an *eye* (i).

~~~~~

EPIGRAM ON EMPLOYING HORSES ON THE STAGE.

No wonder that nightly such companies press,
And for places “’tis catch as catch can;”
The reason is clear, and all must confess,
That a horse will *draw* more than a man.

~~~~~

## EPIGRAM.

SAID Celia to Damon, “Can you tell me from whence  
I may know a coquette from a woman of sense?  
Where the difference lies?” “Yes,” said Damon, “I  
can,  
Every man courts the one, t’other courts every man.”

~~~~~

A STRIKING LIKENESS.

“COME hither, Sir John; my picture is here;
What think you, my love? don’t it strike you?”
“I can’t say it does, just at present my dear,
But I think it soon will, ’tis so like you.”

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

LAST night, as o'er the page of Love's despair,
 My Delia bent deliciously to grieve,
 I stood a treacherous loiterer by her chair,
 And drew the fatal scissors from my sleeve.
 She heard the steel her beauteous lock divide,
 And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
 She cast a furious frown on me, and cried,
 You stupid puppy—you have cut my *wig*.



THE following marriage is announced in the papers:—"Thomas Butler Chinn, Esq. of the Close, Litchfield, to Eliza Tippet, daughter of the late secretary of the navy." A wag, who is always on the alert, wrote the following couplet upon this union:—

"Although the sun is sultry yet,
 The cold will soon set in;
 And Thomas does quite right to get
 A Tippet for his Chinn."

S. R.



AN IMPORTANT INQUIRY.

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,

There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake;
 It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife."

"Why so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?"



EPITAPH ON A POET, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

ALIVE, a pittance had preserved my breath;
 It was not granted, and I starved to death.
 But, dead, behold a costly tomb appear!
 Rich men proclaim a matchless bard lies here.
 Me and my fate the Bible well has shown;
 I ask'd for *bread*, and I received—a *stone*.

"My father," relates Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, "would occasionally make me his companion in his walks, when not too much occupied by his profession. The day before the commencement of the Westminster plays, he took me to Prince's Court, to see Wilkes. My father and he conversed for a short time apart, on business, and then, as I afterwards learned, concerning me and my education. This led to a curious equivoque, for Wilkes, turning suddenly towards me, said, in his usual urbane manner, "Well, my boy, how far have you got?" I, whose mind was wholly occupied by our late removal from Salisbury-square, replied, "As far as the Adelphi, Sir." "Upon my word," rejoined Wilkes, "your son is very forward for his age." "Forward, indeed!" cried my father, smiling; "why, Fred, you young rogue, you know nothing of Terence." "Don't I," replied I, rather snappishly, "why, you yourself saw me with him, this very day, and I heard him tell you, that your upper story was in a very bad condition." "Ho, ho!" said my father, laughing heartily; "I understand the matter now; he means Terence, the foreman to the three Adams', who built the Adelphi."*



SHORTLY after Mr. Richard Reynolds had been called to the bar, as he was preparing to go to a dinner party in Pall-mall, a porter knocked at the door, and left a letter, directed in a strange hand, to Richard Reynolds, Esq. John-street, Adelphi. The contents were as follows:

"SIR,

"Last night, after Captain Smith left the Bedford, a strange gentleman publicly proclaimed him as 'a black-legs!' This being told the Captain by some good-natured friend, the former called at the Bedford

* "A member of the British House of Commons, not long deceased, whenever he quoted Latin, used to translate the passage, "for the benefit of the country gentlemen,"—so, for their benefit, and that of their ladies, allow me to state, that *Terence*, (not the above-mentioned carpenter) but the Carthaginian, wrote a comedy called the *Adelphi*.

this morning, and learned that his accuser's name was Mr. Richard Reynolds. Now, as I have often had the pleasure of conversing with you at that coffee-house, and supposing you the person implicated, I feel myself bound to give you this information. However, as the enraged Captain neither knows your person nor address, I trust, he will not be able to effect a meeting.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"A. B."

"P. S.—Though the Captain does not know your abode, he suspects it to be in the neighbourhood of the Adelphi."

"Surprised and somewhat amazed by the communication of this *really* good-natured anonymous correspondent, Mr. R. showed it to his father; who, soon perceiving the whole to be a mistake, (for he had not been at the Bedford for more than a month) advised him to think of it no more. Acceding to the justice of this advice, Mr. R. proposed to join his dinner party.

After dinner, when hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood, he accompanied his host to his box at the Opera. For a short time, the dancing of Baccelli solely engaged Mr. R.'s attention; but it was suddenly withdrawn, by something in the adjoining box, far more attractive. This *something*, was an extremely handsome woman, the wife of Sir Charles —, a baronet of fashion and fortune. At her, Mr. Reynolds gazed, and glanced, and sighed so deeply, that he rendered himself not only ridiculously conspicuous to the object of his idolatry, but to her whole party; amongst which was rather a rare character at the Opera,—a loving, jealous husband.

The Ballet being concluded, the lady and her friends left the box, followed, at a respectful distance, by the enamoured, tipsy Mr. R. They entered the hall, the carriage was announced, and he was on the point of losing his inamorata, when the violent pressure of the crowd momentarily separated her from her

party. Seizing the golden opportunity, Mr. R. gallantly advanced, and triumphantly handed her into the carriage; when, forgetful of his usual good taste and good manners, he placed his foot on the step, with the intention of accompanying her. At this unlucky moment, "the green-eyed monster," the furious husband, darted forward, and grasped his arm: high words ensued, and cards were exchanged; Mr. R. putting into his pocket that of "Sir Charles ——, Lower Grosvenor-street," and the husband putting into his pocket that of Mr. Richard Reynolds, John-street, Adelphi." After this preamble, to another exchange, I mean, to that of shots, Sir Charles ——, instead of getting into the carriage, proceeded towards White's, in a fit of spleen, leaving his wife to return alone.

The disappointed Reynolds, in the interim, also attempted to bend his way homewards; but, from the increasing effects of the wine, he lost all recollection. After wandering for some time in St. James's square, he at length, completely confused and exhausted, seated himself under a portico, and instantly fell asleep. In this condition, a watchman discovered him, and after several vain attempts to awaken him, committed him to the guardianship of the chairman of an empty sedan that was passing at the moment. Into this, with some difficulty, they had placed their torpid load, and were preparing to depart, when one of the chairmen cried to the watchman, "Paddy, Paddy, who is he, and where is the direction post?" "True, Phalim," added his brother in portorage, "at this rate, we may come out with him at the world's end, and be no jot the richer or wiser." "Faith, he is no acquaintance of mine, honies," replied the watchman; "but, if on searching him, I find nothing of the jontleman about him, by the pow'rs, I'll coolly house him with the constable of the night." The search commenced—no letter—no memorandum—poor Reynolds was in dreadful peril, when a solitary card was discovered, and by the light of his lantern, the watchman read aloud, "Sir Charles ——, Lower

Grosvenor-street." This was the passport, and away they trotted, much gratified by so sufficient and satisfactory a direction.

Arriving in the above-mentioned street at one o'clock in the morning, with the supposed baronet, (and drawn blinds, to prevent an exposition of his humiliating situation,) the chairman knocked, and a servant appeared. On their inquiry, whether that were the house of Sir Charles —, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, the chair was conveyed into the hall. The paddies explained to the servant, how, and where, they had found his master, and showed his card.

As this was an unusual occurrence, the servant, alarmed, feared to disturb the baronet, till he had received the instructions of her ladyship; who, having awaited the return of her husband a considerable time, had at length retired to her room. The servant therefore sent one of her women, to inform her of his master's arrival, and then, with the assistance of the chairmen, removed the chair into the library, when they themselves were sent below, to wait for further orders. The *minor* performers having now left the stage, the *principal* now remained, solus. Mr. R. having awakened, and raised the lid of the chair, and finding himself housed, at first naturally thought some kind person had conducted him home—but great were both his surprise and alarm, when he discovered that he was in a strange house. Eager for explanation, he was proceeding to ring the bell, when he heard a loud knocking at the street door, and at the same instant, the loved cause of his pursuit, the identical fair one of the Opera, rushed into the room. Breathless with joy, and astonishment, he stood motionless; when the baronet's wife, deceived by the imperfect light of a single wax taper, and half blinded by her agitation, rushed into her supposed husband's arms, who, "*nothing loath*," was about to return her embrace, when lo! the *real husband* entered, and stood aghast. Rage deprived him of utterance; his wife, confounded by her error, seized her husband's

hand, and wept in silent entreaty; while Mr. R. completely sobered, explained, and apologized. By degrees, the baronet yielded to the naiveté of Mr. R.'s account, his own reflections, and the corroborating testimony of the chairmen; when suddenly, his passion again broke forth, and he exclaimed, "This is not the only provocation I have received from you. Do you know a Captain Smith, Sir?" "I have heard," replied Mr. R. "of such a man this evening, for the ——" "Hear me then, Sir!" interrupted the impetuous baronet; "passing up St. James'-street not half an hour ago, and assisting in emancipating this Captain Smith from a ring of pickpockets, he would not leave me, till he was informed where he was to call to return his thanks. I gave him my own address, as I thought, but unluckily it proved to be *your* card. He had no sooner glanced his eye over it, than he cried, 'So, Sir, I have found you at last!' and was proceeding to use the most intemperate language, when, fortunately for both parties, a friend explained to him his error; otherwise, Sir, *there*, I should have been as much indebted to Mr. Richard Reynolds for the loan of his name and character, as I am *here* for the unexpected pleasure of his company."

To conclude, it was at length determined to postpone all further discussion till the morrow; Mr. Reynolds pledging his honour that the baronet should then, one way or another, have satisfaction. Mr. R. kept his word, for, having gone to the Bedford, and learned from Captain Smith himself, that another Mr. Richard Reynolds had been his traducer, he and the captain proceeded together to Grosvenor-street; where, instead of the anticipated exchange of shots, they exchanged apologies, and there the matter amicably terminated.



A CROWDED HOUSE.

ON the night when Garrick took a final leave of the stage, the riot and struggle for places can scarcely be imagined. The door of one of the side boxes, though completely filled, was burst open, and an Irish

gentleman attempted to make entry, *vi et armis*.—"Shut the door, box-keeper!" loudly cried some of the party. "There's room, by the pow'rs," cried the Irishman, and persisted in advancing. On this, a gentleman in the second row, rose, and exclaimed, "Turn out that blackguard!" "Oh, and is that your mode, honey?" coolly retorted the Irishman; "come, come out, my dear, and give me satisfaction, or I'll pull your nose, faith, you coward, and *skillaly* you through the lobby!" This public insult left the tenant in possession, no alternative; so he rushed out, to accept the challenge; when, to the general amusement of the pit, the Irishman jumped into his place, and having deliberately seated and adjusted himself, he turned round, and cried, "*I'll talk to you after the play is over.*"



A BENEFIT NIGHT.

WHEN Mr. Reynolds landed at Waterford, in the year 1778, his attention was soon attracted by a lamp-post with a play-bill on it, stating, in large letters, that "Hamlet" was that evening to be performed, for the benefit of a Mr. Randall, a supposed *London star*. Mr. R. and his friend took a hurried dinner, and afterwards went to the theatre, which was so nearly empty (though for a favourite's benefit) that the hero of the night, on his entrance, suddenly receded, with a start of horror; then again advanced, and, bursting with rage, exclaimed:—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, ought ye not to be ashamed of yourselves? and is this the way you support sterling talent?" "By the pow'rs," replied a spectator near the orchestra; "I only know the *whole pit here*—that is myself, my son Larry, and Donaghadoo, my mother's son—paid to support you—and is this your gratitude, jewel?" "Feeth, and that's just our way of thinking," cried a voice from the gallery; "so, go it, my *pippins*!—Three cheers for the *present* company, and three groans for the *absent*!" These opinions opened Randall's eyes, and he apologized, and thanked his few, but real, benefactors. The play then proceeded, and

for some time, with only a few interruptions; when, suddenly, a new and most unexpected *actor* made his appearance; not less a personage than old father Neptune; who, owing to an uncommonly high spring tide, followed them up even into the theatre. At first, however, he only invaded the passages, and lower parts beneath the stage; but soon filling them, and bending his irresistible course through the orchestra to the pit, it appeared probable, that more personages than Ophelia would have "*too much of water.*"—At length, the manager stepped forward, and informing the audience, that "rather than see an *existence* put to their *lives*, he begged they would *return* their money, and *humbly gave them leave to depart.*" This address was received with thunders of applause, and the gallery people seeing the water fill the theatre more and more, shouted out as they departed, "Good luck to you, Randall, for you've at last got 'a bumper.'"



SUICIDE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE father of Mr. Frederick Reynolds had a country seat at South Barrows, and so convinced was he of his agricultural knowledge, and of considerable profits ultimately accruing from it, that, though the annual balance was always greatly against the *gentleman farmer*, he contended it was wholly owing to bad management during his absence. In this, he always persisted; and one day, as he and his son Frederick rode to town, overtaking a gentleman of the neighbourhood, his son overheard his father, without the slightest idea of a joke, relate that, two or three years before, having been compelled to attend the Salisbury Assizes, on his return he discovered that (such was the negligence of his family!) a neighbouring farmer had nightly sent his cattle to devour his clover and turnips:—that the hay had self-ignited from being stacked when wet; that the granary had been robbed; and that his favourite horse, Captain, deserted by every body, and gnawed by hunger, had walked to the pond in the court-yard, and *deliberately drowned himself!*"

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

THE late duke of Gloucester on a certain occasion visited the small theatre at Saddler's Wells. Wroughton, who at that time frequently played at Drury Lane the parts of *Lear*, *Evander*, and other aged characters, was then, as manager of Saddler's Wells, dressed in court costume, and looking his real age, about thirty-five, lighted his Royal Highness to his box. "Eh? how?" exclaimed the Duke, "who, what are you?" "My name is Wroughton, please your Royal Highness." "Oh! what," rejoined the Duke, "son of *old* Wroughton of Drury Lane?"



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

IN the neighbourhood of his dilapidated mansion, Mr. Elwes, the celebrated miser, had a formidable rival, in *finance* a retired barrister; the desolate state of whose house, gave it the appearance of being haunted, or of a property twenty years in chancery. One day, when he was receiving from one of his tenants, his midsummer rent, the barrister turning towards the farmer, presented him with a small glass of port wine, which he took and drank; but then, exhibiting a face of evident disapprobation, the barrister exclaimed, "What! do you not like the flavour of this glass of wine, as well as of the one, I gave you last Christmas." "No, dang it," replied the tenant, "you see, it has a kind of a different taste." "Ha, ha!" rejoined the lawyer triumphantly, "now, I have caught you. It is out of the *very same* bottle, and has never been opened since."



A DREADFUL and destructive earthquake occurred at Lisbon, in the year 1755. A late traveller says, "This earthquake had the *honour* of being noticed by the Royal Society." As Manly says in the *Provoked Husband*, "What a *well-bred age* do we live in!"

OLD WHISKEY.

THE Mail Coach, on its way from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, stops, to change horses, at a small inn, kept by a very clever fellow, named Young. "This is good whiskey," said a traveller one night to the landlord, after taking a sip out of his tumbler. "It *should* be good," replied Mr. Y.; "it is *old*, Sir; it has been in my cellar at least *three weeks*."

But in Ohio, it is not thought necessary to keep that beverage quite so long, in order to give it age. "Which will you have, Sir?" is frequently asked by the innkeepers in that part of the world: "*old* whiskey, or *new*?" "Why, what's the difference, landlord?" "The old, Sir, was distilled *yesterday*, and the new *to-day*."



THE grandiloquence of the people of the United States, far surpasses any attempt made hitherto, by any other nation. The language used by the peruke maker in Paris, who told Mr. Sterne that he might dip one of his wigs into the *ocean*, without softening a curl, is utterly insignificant in comparison. "I'll give you a toast, gentlemen," exclaimed a leading politician, at one of those splendid dinners served up, on a public occasion, in Spring Garden, Philadelphia. "Here's General M'Kean, a brilliant *constellation* in the *hemisphere* of Pennsylvania." "And I'll give you," said another gentleman, at the opposite side of the table; "I'll give you Mr. William Ruff; may he be successfully elected sheriff at the next *gubernatorial concert*."



MR. JACOB H——L——E, when reporting the result of his *reconnoissances*, as a Commissioner of Internal Improvements in Pennsylvania, stated that a tunnel through the Alleghany Mountains, might aptly be considered as a *horizontal well*.

THE duke of Buckingham was one day entertaining Charles II., when the king said, "Buckingham, I think you are the greatest rogue in all my dominions;" upon which, Buckingham immediately replied, "Of a subject, I believe I am."



JUDGE B——.

THE late eccentric Judge B—— was challenged by Major C——, but not recognizing the modern code of honour, declined the duello. The major was much incensed, and resolved to obtain what in such cases is called satisfaction. He called at the house of the Judge, but was told he was not at home. As he was about departing, the Judge put his head out of an upper window. "Come down stairs, you old rascal," exclaimed the major, "and I'll horse-whip you." "Tut, tut, man," replied the Judge, "do you think I have nothing to do but to be shot at like a crow? Come down stairs, indeed, to be horse-whipped! I would'nt come down for twice as much."



A MILL-SEAT.

MR. C——, of the western part of Pennsylvania, by a successful prosecution of business, became wealthy. He, of course, was desirous of retiring from the bustle of trade, and purchased a farm in the vicinity of the town for a country retreat. He was assured by the person from whom he bought it, that among its numerous advantages, it was possessed of an excellent mill-seat. Mr. C. was delighted with his purchase, and soon after he had made it, went to pay his farm a visit. He sought a long time for the mill-seat, in vain; there being no river or creek on the premises, nor even a rivulet sufficient to turn a coffee-mill. The next time he saw the vendor of the farm, he charged him with deception, in misrepresenting its advantages, and declared that he had made long and fruitless search for the mill-seat. "I'm very sorry to hear it" said the other; "but I'm certain that there are a great many mill-seats on the farm, if you

can only find *water*." After this mortifying disappointment, whenever Mr. C—— heard of any one having been overreached in a bargain, he would say that the lucky fellow had found a mill-seat.



FREDERICK W. AUGUSTUS, BARON DE STEUBEN.

AFTER General Arnold had treacherously deserted his post at West Point, the Baron de Steuben never failed to manifest his indignation and abhorrence of his name and character; and while inspecting Colonel Sheldon's regiment of light horse, the name of Arnold struck his ear. The soldier was ordered to the front. He was a fine-looking fellow, with horse and equipments in excellent order. "Change your name, brother soldier," said General Steuben, "you are too respectable, to bear the name of a traitor." "What name shall I take, General?" "Take any other name. Mine is at your service." Most cheerfully was the offer accepted; and his name was entered on the rolls as Steuben. He or his children now enjoy lands given to him in the town of Steuben, by the baron. This brave soldier met him after the war. "I am well settled, General," said he, "and have a wife and son. I have called my son after you, Sir." "I thank you, my friend. What name have you given the boy?" "I called him Baron. What else could I call him?"



WHEN the Baron was at the head of his division at Yorktown, waiting for the striking of the British flag, he perceived himself in danger from a shell thrown by the enemy, and suddenly threw himself into the trench. General Wayne, in the jeopardy and hurry of the moment, fell upon him. The Baron turning his eye, saw it was his brigadier. "I always knew you were brave, General," said he; "but I did not know you were so perfect in every respect of duty. You cover your General's retreat in the best manner possible."

A LEARNED man was writing to a friend; a troublesome fellow stood beside him, who was looking over his shoulder at what he was writing. The former, who perceived this, continued writing, in these words, "If an impertinent chap, who stands beside me, were not looking at what I write, I would relate many other things to you, which should be known only to you and to me!" The troublesome fellow, who continued reading, now thought it incumbent upon him to speak, and said, "I swear to you, that I have not read or looked at what you are writing." The learned man replied, "Blockhead as you are, why then do you say to me what you are now saying?"



WHEN Lady C. was presented at court, his majesty, George the Second, politely hoped, "that since her arrival in England, she had been entertained with the gayeties of London." "O yes, please your majesty, I have seen every sight in London, worth seeing, except a coronation."



THIS naiveté is certainly not equal to that of the English earl marshal, who, when his king found fault with some arrangement at his coronation, said—"Please your majesty, I hope it will be better the next time."



A NAIVETE of the same species entailed a heavy tax upon the inhabitants of Beaume, in France. Beaume is famous for Burgundy wine; and Henry the Fourth passing through his kingdom, stopped there, and was well entertained by his loyal subjects. His majesty praised the Burgundy which they placed before him—"It was excellent! it was admirable!" "O, sire," cried they, "do you think this excellent? *we have much finer Burgundy than this.*" "Have you so? then you can afford to pay for it," replied Harry the Fourth; and he laid a double tax thenceforward upon the Burgundy of Beaume.

OF the same class of blunders, is the following speech, which Miss Edgeworth once heard from an Irishman: "Please your worship, he sent me to the devil, and I came straight to your honour."



THE French, at least in former times, were celebrated for politeness; yet we meet with a *naïve* compliment of a Frenchman, which would have been accounted a bull, if it had been found in Ireland. A gentleman was complimenting Madame Denis on the manner in which she had just acted Zara.—"To act that part," said she, "a person should be young, and handsome." "Ah, madam," replied the complimenter *naïvement*, "you are a complete proof of the contrary."



WE know not any original Irish blunder superior to that, unless it be that which lord Oxford pronounced to be the best bull that he ever heard. "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at one who had attended him in childhood; "I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse."



WE find a similar blunder in Spain, in the time of Cervantes:—"Pray tell me, squire," says the duchess in Don Quixote, "is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?" "The very same, my lady," answered Sancho; "and I myself am that very squire of his, who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned in that history, *unless they have changed me in the cradle.*"



A WISE annotator on the Pentateuch, named Peter Harrison, observed of Moses's two *tables of stone*, that they were made of *shittim-wood*.



IN his message to the legislature of New-York, even the accomplished scholar, the late De Witt Clinton, speaks of the common canals in that state, as *hydraulic* communications.

SOME years ago, the mayor of a capital English city published a proclamation and advertisement, previous to the races, "That no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course, but *the horses* that are to run."



A MAYOR's blundering proclamation is not, however, worth half so much in the eye of ridicule, as a lord lieutenant's.

"A saint in crape, is twice a saint in lawn."

A bull on the throne is worth twice as much as a bull in the chair. "By the lord lieutenant and council of Ireland.

"*A Proclamation.*

"Whereas, the greatest economy is necessary in the consumption of all species of *grain*, and especially in the consumption of *potatoes*, &c. Given at the council-chamber in Dublin."



IN an Irish newspaper is to be seen an advertisement of lands to be let to *an improving tenant*—"A few miles from Cork, in a *most sporting country*, bounded by an *uncommon fine* turf bog, on the verge of which there are a number of fine *lime-kilns*, where *that manure* may be had on very moderate terms, the distance for carriage not being many hundred yards. The whole lands being now in great heart, and completely laid down, entirely surrounded and divided by *impenetrable furze ditches*, made of *quarried stone*, laid edgeways."



A NEWSPAPER, dated Nov. 19, 1807, contains the following:—"This day, were published, *Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter*, with a *new edition* of her *Poems*, some of which have *never before* appeared."



AN eye-witness assured us, that he saw an advertisement in the following terms, stuck up on the wall of an English coffee-house—"This coffee-house removed *up stairs*!"

A ROMAN emperor used to draw his stairs up after him every night into his bed-chamber, and we have heard of throwing a house out of the windows, but drawing a whole house up into itself is new. How can we account for such a blunder in an advertisement, on the wall of an English coffee-house, except by supposing that it was penned by an Irish waiter? If that were the case, it would be an admirable example of an Irish bull! and, therefore, we had best take it for granted. Let not any person be startled at the mode of reasoning, by which we have convicted an imaginary Irish waiter of a real bull; it is at least as good, if not better logic, than that which was successfully employed in the time of the *popish plot*, to convict an Irish physician of forgery. The matter is thus recorded by L'Estrange. The Irish physician "was charged with writing a treasonable libel, but denied the thing, and appealed to the unlikeness of the characters. It was agreed that there was no resemblance at all in the hands; but asserted that the doctor had two hands, his *physic-hand*, and his *plot-hand*, and the one not a jot like the other. Now, this was the doctor's plot-hand, and it was insisted that because it was not like one of his hands, it must be like the other."



HERE is another advertisement:—"Murder, Robbery, and Reward."—This seems a strange connection of things, according to our vulgar notion of distributive justice, but we are told that the wicked shall have their *reward* even in this world, and we suppose it is upon this principle, that over the stocks in a town in Ireland there appears this inscription—"A reward for vagabonds."



"RESOLVED *unanimously*, (with only *one* dissentient voice.)" If this be a bull, it is matched by that of the governor of Munich, who published a catalogue of forbidden books, and afterwards, under heavy penalties, forbade the reading of the catalogue.

AN uninformed Irishman, hearing the Sphinx alluded to in company, whispered to a friend, "The Sphinx! who is that now?" "A monster, man." "Oh, a *Munster*-man: I thought he was from *Connaught*," replied the Irishman, determined not to seem totally unacquainted with the family.



DR. HUTTON, in his treatise on mensuration, says, "As the *famous* quadrature of the late Mr. John Mackin, professor of astronomy in Gresham College, is extremely expeditious, and *but little known*, I shall take this opportunity of explaining it."



IT is natural for ignorant people to laugh at the Hibernian, who said, that he had stolen a pound of chocolate *to make tea of*. But philosophers are disposed to abstain from the laugh of superiority, when they recollect, that the Irishman could probably make as good tea from chocolate, as the chemist could make butter, sugar, and cream, from antimony, sulphur, and tartar.



WHAT can, at first view, appear a grosser blunder, than that of the Irishman, who begged a friend to look over his library, to find for him the history of the world before the creation. Yet this anachronism of ideas is not unparalleled: it is matched, though on a more contracted scale, by an inscription on a British finger-post—

"Had you seen these roads, before they were made,
You'd lift up your eyes, and bless Marshal Wade!"



THE legislature of Pennsylvania, when enacting laws upon that subject, invariably commence the preamble with, "Whereas, it is expedient to *make an artificial road*—— —"

A FRENCH BULL.

“Liberty and Equality !

May 29th, }
30th Horeal, 6 } Garrison of Ostend.

“Muscar, commandant of Ostend, to the commandant in chief of his British Majesty.

“General,

“The council of war was sitting when I received the honour of your letters. We have unanimously resolved not to surrender the place, until we shall have been *buried in its ruins*,” &c.



IN the classic ode on Eton College, the poet exclaims,—

“To each their sufferings, all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
The *unfeeling* for *their own*.”



WHEN General V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, whenever they got into their carriage by an old beggar-woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last, the lady's charity and the general's patience, were nearly exhausted, but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning, at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began—“Ah! my lady; success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour, this morning of all the days in the year; for sure didn't I dream last night, that her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco?” “But, my good woman,” said the general, “do not you know, that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?” “Do they so, plaze your honour,” replied the old woman; “then it must be your honour that will give me the tea, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco.”

GENTLEMEN SOLDIERS.

AT the battle of Waterloo, the Hanoverian hussars of Cumberland, as they were called, a corps distinguished for their high plumes, and the other embellishments of continental foppery, were ordered to avail themselves of an opportunity that presented, to charge the French cavalry; but, instead of making the proposed advance, they retreated, and took up a position behind the hamlet of St. Jean. The colonel of this regiment, when ordered to advance, urged the enemy's strength—their cuirasses—and, the consideration, which had, unaccountably, escaped the commander-in-chief, that his regiment “were all *gentlemen*.” This diverting apology, was carried back to the duke of Wellington; who despatched the messenger, again, to say, that, if the *gentlemen* would take post upon an eminence, which he pointed out, in the rear, they would have an excellent view of the battle; and he would leave the choice of a proper time, entirely to their own discretion and sagacity, in which he had the fullest confidence!—The colonel, not perceiving the sarcasm, conveyed by the messenger, actually thanked the aid-de-camp, for this distinguished post of honour; and followed by his gallant train, was out of danger, in a moment.



NAPOLEON'S DESCRIPTION OF MADAME TALLEYRAND.

SHE was a very fine-looking woman, English or East-Indian, but *sotte*, and grossly ignorant. I sometimes asked Denon to breakfast with me, as I took a pleasure in his conversation, and conversed very freely with him. All the intriguers and speculators paid their respects to Denon, with a view of inducing him to mention their projects or themselves to me, supposing that even being mentioned by such a man as Denon, for whom I had a great esteem, might materially serve them. Talleyrand, who was a great speculator, invited Denon to dinner. When he went home to his wife, he said, “My dear, I have invited Denon to dine. He is a great traveller, and you

must say something handsome to him, about his travels, as he may be useful to us with the emperor." His wife, having perhaps never read any other book of travels, than that of Robinson Crusoe, concluded that Denon could be nobody else than Robinson.—Wishing to be very civil to him, she asked him, before a large company, divers questions about his man Friday! Denon, astonished, did not know what to think, at first, but at length discovered, by her inquiries, that she really supposed him to be Robinson Crusoe. His astonishment, and that of the company, cannot be described; nor the peals of laughter which it excited in Paris, as the story flew like wildfire through the city, and even Talleyrand himself was ashamed of it.—*Grimshaw's Napoleon.*



NAPOLEON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

WHEN I was at Tilsit, with the emperor Alexander and the king of Prussia, *I was the most ignorant of the three in military affairs.* These two sovereigns, especially the king of Prussia, were completely, *au fait* as to the number of buttons there ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. Not a tailor in the army, knew better than king Frederick, how many measures of cloth it took to make a jacket. In fact, (continued Napoleon, laughing,) I was nobody, in comparison with them. They continually tormented me about matters belonging to tailors, of which I was entirely ignorant; though, in order not to affront them, I answered just as gravely as if the fate of an army depended on the cut of a jacket.—When I went to see the king of Prussia, instead of a library, I found he had a large room, like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs, in which were placed fifty or sixty jackets, of various modes. Every day, he changed his fashion, and put on one of a different make. He was a tall, dry-looking fellow, and would give a good idea of Don Quixote. He attached more importance to the cut of a dragoon or hussar uniform,

than was required for the salvation of a kingdom.—At Jena, his army performed the finest and most showy manœuvres possible; but I soon put a stop to their *coglionerie*, and taught them, that to fight, and to execute dazzling manœuvres, and wear splendid uniforms, were very different affairs. If, (added he,) the French army had been commanded by a tailor, the king of Prussia would certainly have gained the day, from his superior knowledge in the profession; but, as victories depend more on the skill of the general who commands the troops, than on that of the tailor who makes their jackets, he consequently was defeated.—*Ibid.*



A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

THE conversation afterwards turned upon the manner of living in France and England. “You drink an enormous quantity of wine. Ponitkowsky, who dines sometimes in camp, with the officers of the fifty-third, says that *they drink by the hour*; that, after the cloth is removed, they pay so much an hour, drink as much as they like, and sometimes sit until four or five o’clock in the morning.”—O’Meara replied, “So far from the truth is this, that some of the officers do not drink wine more than twice a week; and that on days when they are permitted to invite strangers.—There is a third of a bottle put upon the table, for each member that drinks wine; and when that is exhausted, another third is put on, and so on; members paying only in proportion to what they drink.”—The emperor appeared surprised at this explanation; and observed how easily a stranger, having only an imperfect knowledge of the language, was led to give a wrong interpretation to the customs and actions of other nations.—*Ibid.*



CONCORD.

“I WONDER,” said a woman of humour, “why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one grand point: he wishes to be master, and so do I.”

LORD ALDBOROUGH.

OVER the ostentatious front of Lord Aldborough's house in Dublin, the owner had this motto, cut in stone:—*Otium cum dignitate*. Leisure with dignity. In process of time his lordship changed his residence, or, since we must descend to plebeian language, was committed to Newgate (for some misdemeanour), and immediately there appeared over the front of his apartment, his chosen motto, as large as the life, in white chalk, "*Otium cum dignitate*."



MR. LOOKUP.

MR. LOOKUP had a strong propensity for play, and often won money from lord Chesterfield. After having beaten his lordship several times at billiards, he asked how many the nobleman would give him if he put a patch on one eye; lord Chesterfield gave him five, and Lookup beat him several times in succession. At length, his lordship said, "Lookup, I think you play as well with one eye as two." "I don't wonder at it," replied Lookup, "for I have *seen* only out of *one* eye *for ten years*." With the money he won on the occasion, he bought some houses at Bath, and named them *Chesterfield Row*.



IRISH REASONING.

A POOR Irishman, who was on his death-bed, and who did not seem reconciled to the long journey he was going to take, was kindly consoled by a good-natured friend with the common-place reflection that we must all die once. "Why, my dear, now," answered the sick man, "that is the very thing that vexes me; if I could die half-a-dozen times, I should not mind it."



MILTON, in melodious verse, inquires—

"Who shall tempt with *wandering feet*
The dark *unbottomed* abyss,
And through the *palpable obscure* find out
His uncouth way?"

THE BURIAL.

A CLERGYMAN, whose precepts and examples had conduced to stifle the numerous feuds that existed in his parish, being on his death-bed, was asked how he would be buried. "With my face downward," replied he, "for when I am dead, I am sure the parish will be turned *upside down*."



MERIT.

MR. GEORGE ROSE, when secretary of the treasury, being asked by an intimate friend, why he did not promote merit, with much simplicity retorted, "*Did merit promote me?*"



WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN sat down to write a deed, and began with "Know all women by these presents."—"You are wrong," said a bystander, "it ought to be, know all men."—"Very well," answered the other, "if all women know it, all men will of course."



THE KING'S EVIL.

A STUDENT of medicine from Boston, while attending lectures in London, observed that "the *king's evil* had been but little known in the United States since the *Revolution*."



JUDGE PETERS.

ON his entrance into Philadelphia, General Lafayette was accompanied in the barouche by the venerable Judge Peters. The dust was somewhat troublesome, and from his advanced age, &c. the General felt and expressed some solicitude lest his companion should experience inconvenience from it. To which, he replied: General, you do not recollect that I am a *Judge*—I do not regard the *dust*; I am accustomed to it. The lawyers throw dust in my eyes almost every day in the court-house.

BLUSHING.

A CERTAIN fashionable youth, more famed for his red nose than his wit, on approaching a lady who was highly *rouged*, said, "Madam, you blush from *modesty*." "Pardon me, Sir," replied the lady, "I blush from *reflection*."



NO CONVERT.

FATHER PETER endeavoured to convert the duke of Buckingham. "Out of our church," said the priest, "none can be saved." "And all in it will be damned," said his grace. "You want charity," said the priest. "Quite as much as your reverence," replied the duke.



CHINESE TAILORING.

A GENTLEMAN gave a coat to a Chinese, to serve as a pattern by which to make a new one; there happened to be a rent across the shoulder, and a large patch on the elbow of the old coat; the faithful Chinese made a large rent, and put a broad patch on the elbow of the new!



CUTTING TEETH.

CHARLES BANNISTER being caught one day in a shower of rain, went for shelter into a comb-maker's shop, where an old man was at work. "I am sorry," said Bannister to him, "that a person at your time of life, should have so much pain." "Pain, I have no pain," exclaimed the man. "Yes, you must have, are you not cutting your teeth?"



MUNDEN, when confined to his bed with the gout, being told by a friend that his *dignified* indisposition was the laugh of the green-room, pleasantly replied, "Though I love to laugh and make others laugh, yet I would much rather they would make me a *standing* joke."

A TENDER WISH.

A BEGGAR in Dublin had for a long time been besieging an old gouty, testy gentleman, who refused his mite, with much irritability; on which, the mendicant said, "Ah, please your honour, *I wish your heart was as tender as your toes.*"



AN ATHEIST.

AN Atheistical fellow during a storm at sea, concluded a prayer with the following words. "O Lord, I beseech thee to hear my prayers at this time, for thou knowest that I trouble thee but seldom."



INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICES.

THE master of a ship walking on deck, called into the hold, "Who is there?" A boy answered, "Will, Sir." "What are you doing?" "Nothing, Sir." "Is Tom there?" "Yes," said Tom. "What are you doing?" "Helping Will, Sir!"



TOKENS OF CIVILIZATION.

A PERSON who had resided for some time on the coast of Africa, was asked if he thought it were possible to civilize the natives. "As a proof of the possibility of it," replied he, "I have known some negroes, who thought as little of a *lie* or an *oath* as any European."



A PRIOR ENGAGEMENT.

MR. GOODALL, a learned assistant at Eton, the morning he married Miss Prior, daughter to one of the assistants, attended (to the astonishment of the scholars) his duty as a master. A luckless boy, who played truant, pleaded, as an excuse for his absence, that he really thought Mr. Goodall had had a *prior* engagement.

THE WORLD.

THE best of all worlds this, to live in,
 To lend or to spend, or to give in,
 But to borrow, or beg, or to get a man's own,
 'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.



LAWYER'S MISTAKE.

WHEN the regulations of West Boston Bridge were drawn up by two famous lawyers—one section was written, accepted, and now stands thus:—"And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the first Tuesday of June, provided the same does not fall on Sunday."



ANCIENT FAMILY.

THERE was much sound palpable argument in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted of his ancient family:—"So much the worse for you," said the peasant; "as we ploughmen say, *The older the seed, the worse the crop.*"



A SMART REPROOF.

IN a certain department of the custom-house in London, a gentleman, connected with the said department, being requested to stop a few minutes longer, seized his hat, buttoned his coat, and bolted off, declaring he would not stop a moment longer "for the king." "Perhaps, Mr.—," remarked the disappointed party, "you might not for a king, but I am sure you would for a *sovereign.*"



IRISHMAN'S ANSWER.

AN Irishman inquired at the Boston Post Office, if there were any letters for him—"Your name, Sir," said the clerk. "That you will find upon the letters," replied Pat.

PROFESSIONAL DIGNITY.

Two chimney-sweepers' boys were playing at marbles under the piazzas in Covent Garden, when Garrick and Foote happened to pass by together. One of the boys exclaimed to the other, "I say, Jack, lookee, lookee! Playermen, playermen!" "Hold your tongue," cried the other; "you don't know what you may come to yourself before you die."



PHILOSOPHY.

A GERMAN professor had collected a valuable cabinet of curiosities, which he highly prized. One morning, a friend came to tell him a very unpleasant circumstance—that he had seen a man get by a ladder into a window of the professor's house. "Into which window?" cried the philosopher. "I am sorry to say," replied his friend, "it was your daughter's."—"O, man," said the other, "you almost frightened me; I thought it had been into my cabinet."



A CRITIC DISAPPOINTED.

AN orator, having written a speech which he intended to deliver on a certain occasion, gave it to a friend to read, and desired his opinion of it. The friend, after some time, told the author he had read it over three times; the first it appeared very good, the second indifferent, the third quite insipid. "That will do," said the orator, very coolly, "for I have only to repeat it once."



HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

A JUSTICE of the peace, who was possessed with the itch of scribbling, and had written a book which he intended to publish, sent it to Ben Jonson for his opinion, who, finding it full of absurdities, returned it with his compliments, and desired his worship would send it to the *house of correction*.

THE DUTY OF A GOOD GENERAL.

AT a violent opposition election for Shrewsbury, a half-pay officer, who was a non-resident burgess, was brought down from London at the expense of one of the candidates, by whom he was regularly feasted; but the old soldier gave his vote for the other candidate.—Upon being reproached for his conduct, he said, “I made up my mind for whom I should vote before I left the city, but I remembered the duke’s advice when I served with our army in Flanders—‘Always quarter upon the enemy, my lads—always quarter upon the enemy.’”



EFFECT OF A FALL.

A FRENCH dancing-master, having been thrown from his horse, was asked if he was much hurt by the fall, when he very politely replied, “*Tout a contraire*” (quite the contrary) *monsieur*.”



A THIN HOUSE.

ONE night, during the performance of Reynolds’s comedy of “Mysteries of the Castle,” the author having expressed, to Morton, his surprise at the uncommon thinness of the house, and added that he supposed it was owing to the *war*; “No,” replied the latter, “it is owing to the *piece*.”



SERGEANT BOLTON.

THIS eminent lawyer fought a duel with Lord Lonsdale; in which, he was not only nearly shot by his antagonist, (the ball grazing his ear;) but the worthy sergeant had nearly shot himself. Having very gallantly received his lordship’s fire, he was proceeding to return it, when his pistol accidentally going off, as he raised it to take aim, the ball carried off the top of his pointed shoe, just touching the foot; a circumstance which he used to describe with much humour, adding, “I see I am no Sergeant *at Arms*.”

DUKE OF RICHMOND.

No man ever better loved his bottle, than the late Duke of Richmond. He jocularly offered as an excuse for this propensity, that when a man had once taken *too much*, he never could have *enough*.



THE NEW PLAY.

ON the first night's performance of Sheridan's now celebrated comedy of the Rivals, during the violent opposition in the fifth act, a potatoe hitting Lee, who personated Sir Lucius O'Trigger, he stepped forward, and, with a genuine, rich brogue, angrily cried out, "By the pow'rs, is it *personal*? is it *me*, or the *matter*?"



GEORGE THE SECOND.

"THE first night that George the Second attended the Haymarket theatre, the performance commenced with the farce of the Mayor of Garratt. When his majesty arrived at the theatre, Foote, as manager, hobbled to the stage door, to receive him; but, as he was to play the part of Major Sturgeon, in the first piece, instead of wearing the court dress, usual on these occasions, he was equipped in the immense cocked hat, cumbrous boots, and all the other appurtenances of the most grotesque military uniform imaginable. The moment George the Second cast his eyes upon this most extraordinary figure, as he stood bowing and stamping with his wooden leg, his majesty receded with astonishment, thus addressing his officers; "Look! vat is dat man,—and to vat regiment does he belong?"



AN IRISHMAN.

AN Irish sailor, as he was riding, made a pause,—the horse in beating off the flies, caught his hind foot in the stirrup, when the sailor observing it, exclaimed, "How now, Dobbin! if you are going to *get on*, I will *get off*."

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

His majesty George the Fourth, though happily blending the utmost urbanity with a disposition at once social and festive, is said never to have forgotten his rank. Before his majesty succeeded to the throne, among the gentlemen admitted to his parties, was one who had frequently partaken of the festivities of the palace. The gentleman, mistaking the politeness of the host for the familiarity of a companion, bet with a nobleman that he could use greater freedom with the prince than any other person, and that he would request his highness to ring the bell, the next time he visited Carlton House. It was not long before he had an invitation; and when the bottle had circulated pretty freely, he ventured to decide the wager, by saying familiarly, "Wales, ring the bell!" His royal highness, without being disconcerted by the freedom which filled every one else with astonishment, rang the bell, and, when the servant appeared, mildly said, "Show Mr. — to his carriage."



THE MARRIAGE-DINNER.

WHEN Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, had returned from church, after the ceremony of his marriage with Miss Mansel, he found, to use his own language, "that their female major-domo (the old nurse) had prepared everything for their reception—even dinner—but unluckily, when put on the table, the meat not being sufficiently roasted, they were obliged, (most awfully *ominous*!) to commence with a *broil*."



THE LOVING SONS.

AN Irishman, swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded:—"and this deponent further saith, that the only one of his children who showed him any real filial affection, was his youngest son, Larry, for he never *struck him when he was down*."



GUESSING.

"JACK, which is the way to Epping?"—"How do you know my name is Jack?"—"I guess it."—"Then guess your way to Epping."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THIS illustrious philosopher was once riding over Salisbury plain, when a boy, keeping sheep, called to him—"Sir, you had better make haste on, or you will get a wet jacket." Newton, looking around, and observing neither clouds nor a speck on the horizon, jogged on, taking very little notice of the rustic's information. He had made but a few miles, when a storm, suddenly arising, wet him to the skin. Surprised at the circumstance, and determined, if possible, to ascertain how an ignorant boy had attained a precision and knowledge in the weather, of which the wisest philosopher would be proud, he rode back, wet as he was. "My lad," said Newton, "I'll give thee a guinea if thou wilt tell me how thou canst foretell the weather so truly." "Will ye, Sir? I will, then," said the boy, scratching his head, and holding out his hand for the guinea. "Now, Sir," (having received the money, and pointing to the sheep,) "when you see that black ram turn his tail towards the wind, 'tis a sure sign of rain within an hour." "What!" exclaimed the philosopher, "must I, in order to foretell the weather, stay here and watch which way that black ram turns his tail?" "Yes, Sir." Off rode Newton, quite satisfied with his discovery, but not much inclined to avail himself of it, or to recommend it to others.



PATERNOSTER ROW.

A PUNSTER remarks, that Paternoster Row, instead of being the most *literary*, is in fact the most *military* street in London; for it has numerous *magazines*, and there are many *reviews* every month.



SAFE SIDE.

DURING the riots in 1780, most persons in London, in order to save their houses from being burned or pulled down, wrote on the doors, "*No Popery!*" Old Grimaldi, to avoid all mistakes, wrote on his, "*No Religion.*"

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

DURING the celebrated contest for Westminster, the duchess of Devonshire personally canvassed for her friend, Charles Fox. While engaged in this employment, calling at a house in Dean street, a gentleman, whom she supposed, in course, to be the landlord, very politely received her. When she requested his vote, he gallantly replied, that, though he would not willingly refuse her grace anything, he could grant her request only on one condition—a chaste salute. The duchess, being too good-humoured and patriotic to refuse so innocent a request,—or a payment so harmless to herself, and to the pockets of the patriot she supported,—turning her cheek, allowed him to seal the bargain; when, having learned his name, she proceeded, according to form, to inquire how long he had “kept the house?” “These two months,” he replied. “What, from Christmas?” she continued. “Please your grace, no—from *illness*,” replied the arch *lodger*; for such was this deceiver, who had thus coolly walked off with as high a bribe as any that had been received during the course of this memorable contest.



RAKES.

A CAPTAIN of a vessel loading coals, went into his merchant’s counting-house, and requested the loan of a rake. The merchant, looking towards his clerks, replied, “I have a number of them, but none that wish to be *hauled over the coals*.”



CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

A SOLDIER having, by order of a court-martial, been sentenced to corporal punishment, one of the drummers, ordered to inflict it, absolutely refused, saying that it was not his duty. “Not your duty!” said the sergeant-major. “Not your duty!” repeated the adjutant, “what do you mean?”—“I know very well,” replied the drummer, “it is not my duty; I was present at the court-martial, as well as you, and I heard the colonel say, he was to receive *corporal* punishment. I am only a drummer, not a corporal.”

LORD CLONMEL.

THE late lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more than a shilling for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied, provided it was a *good one*. In his time, the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following extraordinary precautions to avoid being imposed upon by taking a bad one—"You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God! *Is this a good shilling?* Are the contents of this affidavit true? Is this your name and hand-writing?"



AN AMENDMENT.

REYNOLDS's comedy of *Fortune's Fool* was received very favourably by the audience. Amongst others, who congratulated the author on its success, were Dr. Moore, (the author of *Zeluco*,) Mr. Jerningham, and a gentleman who had risen from the subordinate situation of bricklayer's foreman, to be one of the leading architects of the metropolis. Mr. R. asking each of them whether he could be kind enough to suggest any alterations, Dr. Moore and Mr. Jerningham replied, "That as long as that fine actor, Lewis, with his usual vivacity, would continue to *run*, that play would continue also to *run*." But the architect was not so easily satisfied: he had a decided alteration to propose, and one, he said, of considerable importance; "For," he added, "in the scene of Berkley Square, painted by Richards, the *bricks* are much too large, and too red."

THE END.

